TAIT'S

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1833.

Dundee has always had one excellent Newspaper. It has now two; both Radical or Independent Reformers. The new Paper, The Dundee Chronicle, like its elder brother, The Advertiser, is conducted with great vigour and talent.

It gives us pleasure to announce another new Independent Paper, in a place, where, not many years ago, nothing but Toryism prevailed. It has been found, that Dumfries-shire cannot support its original Tory Journal; and has become even a little impatient of its excellent Whig Paper. We are immediately to have a thorough-going associate in The Dumfries Times, a new Paper, to be conducted by Mr Douglas of the London Spectator; a man of ability, experience, and sound principles. This new Paper is to advocate the Ballot, short Parliaments, and an Extension of the Suffrage; in short, Radical Reform, in the best sense of the term. The Dumfries Times, under the care of so excellent an Editor, cannot fail to be one of the ablest and most honest Papers in Scotland. From what we know of the sentiments of the people of Dumfries-shire, this new Paper is certain of that extensive support which it will deserve.

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TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

POLITICAL MORALITY OF MODERN STATESMEN.

No. I.—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE following paper will be devoted to an examination of the political character of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel.

In this examination we shall be thoroughly outspoken: conventional phraseology, and all the bland hypocrisies of private life shall be discarded. However necessary such amenities may be to preserve the peace and well-being of society in its every-day intercourse, they are in the highest degree mischievous in public affairs. Truth is here of paramount import. So vast are the interests involved, so wide-spreading may be the evil resulting from error, that we cannot afford to tamper with the matter, or to risk the great and terrible sacrifice that might follow on any undue estimation. The simplest, that is, the right names, shall be employed to designate the conduct of which we may have to speak; and should our language appear harsh, the evil must lie at the door of those who performed acts that may thus be rightly described not at ours, who have told the simple truth on the occasion.

To sift the worth of existing reputations, is at the present time peculiarly necessary. We are beginning a new era; new rules will guide the conduct of those who govern, since new ends will have to be sought by them. During the past, the great business of all who have presided over public affairs, has been to pursue one object and pretend another; to forward, in fact, the interests of a class, under specious pretences of providing for the public welfare. The great art has been, to coin apt phrases to blind the multitude, to forge plausible schemes to deceive them; under the guise of intense solicitude for the general weal, dexterously to fill particular pockets; to describe, with shew of reason, all existing evils as necessarily inhering in the frame-work of society, and all existing good as flowing from the wonderful sagacity of themselves and predecessors. He who was successful in these pretences, obtained unbounded renown and power; part of the deep-laid plan of depredation being to poison, at the fountain-heads, the public morality of the people, to corrupt as well as to deceive their judgments, and thus to make them the active instruments of their own degradation. To purify, and render uncorrupt this popular estimation, to strip the deceivers of their decent coverings, to expose the rotten and hideous deformity which their

art has disguised, should now be the great business of all who pretend to watch the conduct of public men. Now, when popular judgments will lead directly to change and fashion legislative acts, these judgments become intensely important. Hitherto, the influence of the public opinion has been merely indirect, guiding the conduct of those governing, through the medium of their fears; but now, it is to be hoped, that the acts of the government will result immediately from the will of the people, and not from that of their rulers. It is in consequence of the immense and direct importance of public judgments respecting public men, that we now proceed to investigate the character of one who has enjoyed no small share of consideration,—we mean Sir Robert Peel. Exploring the stews of corruption is a disgusting office; is performed because of its imperious necessity, not from any predilection for sights of hideous deformity.

Of all the many plausible pretenders that have lately appeared in the political arena, Sir Robert Peel seems most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession. In Mr. Canning, there was too much passion, and even too much brilliancy and talent, to make him at all times a wily pretender. With Mr. Huskisson, the matter was one of trade. He hired himself for the job, and performed it like a hireling. Lord Eldon, that worthy tutor of the Right Honourable Baronet, had the "interest-begotten prejudices" of his tribe; and he went through his business like a paid advocate whose sympathies readily accommodated themselves to his brief. But with Sir Robert Peel it is a labour of love. He seems to have the feeling of a man we had once the misfortune to know, who was dying with a desire of enacting Joseph Surface, being possessed with the notion, that his own character was so like the one imagined by the dramatist, that he could not fail of acquiring renown from the performance. So Sir Robert Peel seems to have undertaken the part of political impostor, from sheer love for the character. He has therefore enacted the same with much unction, but with rather too much care. He has, in truth, overdone the matter. His eternal trickery, his unblushing front, his ever-ready plausibility, his many-sided pretences, his too solemn knavery, have betrayed him. The elaborate finish of the performance has militated against its general effect. Still he has acquired much renown; with very moderate abilities, has contrived to obtain the reputation of a man of great power and judgment; with an extremely shallow knowledge, has come to be thought of vast acquirements; and because possessed of mere routine habits of business, has been considered endowed with the master spirit of a great statesman. Use has made him a somewhat dexterous debater. He understood thoroughly the character of the past House of Commons, and was skilled in the means of addressing himself to their ignorance and their interests; could wield, with some art, the sophistry suited to their narrow understandings; and could usually lead, though he could never impel them, to his purposes. Extended views are beyond his grasp. Of the science of legislation he knows not even the elements; though, like an attorney's clerk, he be master of the mere machinery by which it is put into operation. To the higher moral attributes he is also a stranger. Cold, and overlaid with the debasing artifice of office, his soul knows no high emotions. His bosom is warmed by no generous and expanded sympathies, no high-toned and ennobling feelings. Chilled, blighted, choked by the rank growth of his party vices, every thing generous, every thing exalted, died with him; and he now stands the impassible instrument of a treacherous, insolent, and rapacious party.

Heir to a great fortune, but sprung from a father of humble birth and connexions, Sir Robert (then Mr. Peel) early sought the means of covering the stain of his plebeian birth; of acquiring a station and consideration among the aristocracy of the country, which mere wealth cannot obtain. Political importance in England treads down all distinctions. By this, therefore, did Mr. Peel endeavour to raise himself from the mortifying position of a rich tradesman's son. Like most men in his station, he assumed High-Tory politics. There is nothing so aristocratic as a plebeian running from his tribe. There are few such fierce Christians as a renegade Jew. The bright model chosen by the young aspirant, his "tutor, guide, and friend"—was the then Lord Chancellor Eldon. He, before him, had played the same game, with a success unrivalled in the annals of political subserviency. The plebeian lawyer had become the oracle of the aristocracy: from their veriest slave, had become their leader. In the glory of his works, the lowness of his origin faded away, and was lost for ever. How had he done this? Could not his successful example be followed, and the same results attained? He had done this by a steady, unflinching, unblushing support of every aristocratic abuse, of every aristocratic prejudice; by becoming the crawling hind, the ever-ready tool, the forward instrument, the reckless, cruel worker of their unhallowed will, to an overbearing, ruthless aristocracy; by pursuing, unhesitatingly, the many dirty ways of his profession; by bending all forms, all laws, to their purposes; by blotting out from his nature the warm charities of life; by covering his countenance with hypocrisy; by tuning his voice to cant; by having tears at command, and solemn and pious declarations ever ready: in short, by being a servile, callous, unprincipled, useful hireling. Such were the means by which this, his worthy model, stole into the ranks of nobility. So, in youth, Sir Robert Peel prepared to run the same race, and girded up his loins to the task. He set out with good speed, and soon gave evidence of good-will. He was not shocked at what he saw, nor flinched from what he was called on to perform. Lord Castlereagh found him not a backward instrument. The concocter of the Six Acts, and the author and defender of the Manchester massacre, complained of no hesitation in the obsequious underling. The canting Eldon took him to his bosom, and chilled him into a semblance of himself. In those days of mourning, at that dark moment of our history, there was no feeling exhibited by him but one of bitter hostility to the popular cause; no prejudice was too strong, too miserable, too drivelling, to obtain his support. The Constitution, in allit s deformity, was the constant theme of his praise. The constitution meant exclusion from participation in the business of government, of all but a few of the privileged class—exclusion of all dissent. The Test and Corporation Acts were, in his supposed belief, absolutely necessary to the conservation of the state; the degradation of the Roman Catholics, the vivifying spirit which kept us in health and being. Free trade would have then been, in his statements, a portentous innovation—every monopoly a perennial source of profit to the nation. Such, at the outset of his career, was Sir Robert Peel.

When Lord Castlereagh executed the judgment that had long been passed on him by the suffering millions of the universe, and cut himself off from the living world, a change began to be discernible in the councils of our rulers. This change was partly owing to the indolence of George IV., and partly to the growing determination of the people to resist oppression. It was plain to the indolent and voluptuous monarch,

that the arbitrary conduct of Castlereagh would, if continued, involve him in trouble, perhaps in civil war. His growing infirmities, though they had not lessened the despotism of his nature, had considerably increased his dislike of labour. Ease was what he desired; and he felt that ease could not be preserved if the people were insulted and oppressed as they had hitherto been. From that moment the advance of aristocratic despotism was arrested. Castlereagh had carried their domination to its highest point, and each succeeding year after his death brought a diminution of their power. Their onward march first was checked: retreat quickly followed; and on the heels of retreat came defeat and ruin. In the whole of these proceedings, what was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel? So long as success attended despotism, he was of the number of its retainers: he cheered on the minister in his work of cruelty and insult; he aided and abetted his nefarious designs. When downright open violence and opposition were no longer possible, he employed the insidious arts of his tribe to check the popular advance, to increase and retain the ill-gotten and worse-used power of the aristocracy. The ministry of that day pretended to a liberal section: was Mr. Peel of that somewhat liberal party? No. He began to be the avowed head of the bigots and oligarchs of the band. With Lord Eldon for his friend and adviser, he ranged himself in opposition to every liberal idea; and for the purpose of currying favour with the Church, he waged fierce war against all toleration. But in his bosom there was another passion raging, and that was jealousy. Canning's brilliancy and wit cast into shade the merits of his wealthy compeer. While Canning lived, Mr. Peel was compelled to occupy a subordinate station. Rage, ill suppressed, drove the less gifted aspirant to political power, to adopt other support than what he might derive from his talent. He propped himself up by the Church on one side, and the aristocracy on the other. Canning supported Catholic Emancipation; Peel, therefore, was fiercely opposed to it. The list of Canning's liberal ideas was short; but, nevertheless, few as they were, they had an ever-steady opponent in his right honourable compeer. Bearing in mind that one of the guiding influences under which he acted was jealousy of Mr. Canning, let us consider the conduct of Sir Robert Peel respecting the memorable question of Catholic Emancipation. From the time he came into office, till the death of Lord Liverpool, he was ranked among its chief opponents. This period was not one of mere tutelage. He had arrived at a time of life, when, if ever, he was fully capable of forming his opinions. On deliberate consideration, we may suppose (seeing that his opposition had been continued some twelve or fourteen years) he had come to the conclusion, that Catholic Emancipation would be the ruin of the state—of that blessed thing called the Constitution. Acting on this conclusion, he resisted every attempt to grant it, and derived great fame and power from his pious consideration of our glorious institutions. Taking the Right Honourable gentleman at his word, we are to believe this opposition the result of a conviction of its necessity. Of that necessity he had now been judging fourteen years, in the prime of his life, during the time best fitted for consideration. His constant asseveration was, that ruin,—"hideous ruin and combustion,"—would be the immediate consequence of any concession to the demands of the Catholics. Lord Liverpool died, and then came the interesting question, who was to be Premier? Unfortunately for Mr. Peel's ambition, Mr. Canning was living, and his competitor. Mr. Canning obtained the desired post, and Mr.

Peel would not serve in a subordinate situation in his ministry; but to say this at once and openly, would have been too honest for men in office. A pretence was to be framed—a pretence by which favour might be obtained. To what party did Mr. Peel turn for favour? As usual, to the party of bigots. He could not agree with Mr. Canning on the Catholic question; and so important did he deem that question, that he could not consent to form part of any ministry pledged to carry emancipation. Under the cover of this saintly pretence, he retired. Lord Eldon sighed and cried, called God to witness, canted, and, oh, lucky Providence! retired also. At this time Ireland was in a state of revolt—civil war was imminent. Mr. O'Connell was active in his agitation; and nothing to every reasonable person appeared capable of allaying the terrible ferment in that country but instant emancipation. Still to Mr. Peel's dull vision nothing of the sort could be descried. He would not, could not, dared not, consent to desecrate our holy constitution; to displace her very foundation stones, and overturn all that was valuable in the country. Such was the jargon employed, such the stuff lauded as the height of wisdom, by an interested priesthood. The exclusion of the Dissenters, the maintenance of the Test and Corporation Acts, was in the same way deemed and described as of the same vital importance. The proposed repeal of them was a proceeding to which precisely the same set of words was usually applied. The same rant, the same cant, the same hypocrisy, the same shallow sophistry, were employed in both cases; and with the same purpose and effect. The purpose was a pretence; the effect, currying favour with the clergy. Mr. Canning died before he could carry his intentions into effect. Again came the question, who was to be Premier? With all Mr. Peel's truckling, he had not yet conquered the prejudice against his birth. The old King thought, and called him a vulgar fellow, and resolved not to have for his minister a man to whom fashionable manners had not been familiar from his childhood. Again was Mr. Peel passed over, and the Duke of Wellington marched into office. Mr. Peel was now placed in a difficult position. There appeared no probability of ousting the military Premier. Office seemed impossible, except under him; while under him Catholic Emancipation was also to be granted. The pride of the Right Honourable Gentleman condescended to bow to the Duke of Wellington. *He* was a noble; to obey him was not so galling as to play second to the plebeian Canning, whose only superiority lay in his talent. Having consented to put his pride into his pocket, the next difficulty was to take care of his character; to preserve what is called consistency. A light was supposed to break upon the Secretary. He now saw the danger of withholding Emancipation. It is true, the circumstances of the case were not changed, but the Secretary now viewed them from a different position; he saw them under another aspect. The healing measure was necessary to the preservation of peace, and the maintenance of himself in office. The Duke had an awkward, peremptory way of requiring strict obedience. He dragooned his officers; would not permit them to have a will of their own; nor suffer the least attempt at making a bargain with him for half service. His declaration was, you must do all I desire, or nothing. So rather than do nothing, Mr. Peel consented to do all. To the pious Eldon this was a woful backsliding. The church, always thereby meaning the priests, actually "madden'd round the land." With these holy men Mr. Peel lost all his power; in the eyes of his former aristocratic associates, he all at once became the son of a cotton spin-

ner. He tasted the bitter fruits of the tree he had been so sedulously cherishing, and received the just reward of his labours. Despised by all good men as a time-serving tool; hated by those he so long had served, and now deserted, he vainly looked round for support. The world accepted his services with coldness and contempt. He consented to do what he could no longer withstand; now, at the twelfth hour, putting into execution plans which, in spite of his own constant opposition, had been matured and thrust upon him,—plans which he, for years, had been describing as leading to the ruin of every thing valuable in the country, which he had opposed so long as his interest dictated, and which, when that changed, but not before, he not only could view with complacency, but could actually carry into effect. We are desirous of dwelling, for a moment, on the consideration of this change. The change itself we believe to have produced much benefit; the people, no doubt, derived good from it. But this is not the light in which we wish now to view it. What we are specially desirous of doing is, to look at it as connected with the character of the person thus suddenly enlightened. In spite of the good it produced, it may be damning evidence against the political morality of the Right Honourable Gentleman himself; and however necessary might have been the support given to him, while carrying the Relief Bill through the House, we now, in the character of historians, and performing the most important of an historian's duties, viz. estimating the worth of those who have influenced the destinies of mankind, cannot but declare our utter scorn and loathing of the easy virtue, the sad lack of all that was honourable, too plainly manifested by that hasty interested change. We have had too much of this sudden enlightenment, and are likely to have much more. The conversions on the subject of reform are something approaching to miraculous; an anti-reformer, indeed, is not now to be found. Let no one, however, believe, that the men are changed with their changed declarations. In the case of Sir Robert Peel, at the one time as at the other, before and after the alteration of his declarations respecting Catholic Emancipation, he was thoroughly careless about the matter. He did not believe the assertions in which he so profusely dealt; he did not believe that evil would follow on concession. He employed these declarations to suit his own purposes; using them, in fact, as part of those plausible pretences, which we described above as among the chief instruments of English statesmen. During the ministry of Lord Liverpool, and previous to the death of Mr. Canning, it suited his interests to rave against the Catholic claims,—so he raved against them; to make plausible pretences to great care for our church establishment,—to great dread of any innovation upon its privileges; so he made these pretences. When Mr. Canning died, it was for his interest to unsay what he had so often said, so he unsaid it. It was for his interest to adopt another set of entirely new pretences, so he adopted them; and thus will he go on till the end of the chapter.

The world talks much of consistency, without appearing to care about it, or to understand what sort of consistency is really desirable. That a man should always retain the same opinion, that he should shut his eyes and his ears, learn nothing, and obstinately adhere to his first conceptions, no one who loves, and properly appreciates the value of truth and knowledge could possibly desire. One of the most powerful obstructions to the advancement of knowledge, is the too great readiness with which mankind make up their minds, shut up the book of expe-

rience, and rest contented with what they have seen. They who seek truth with fervour are ever open to new evidence; ever ready to reconsider, reinvestigate the opinions they hold. They deem none irrevocably fixed. They are tolerant of new views, and explore with candour the grounds on which they are supported. Consistency then, that is as we now employ the term, undeviating adherence to an opinion once held or expressed, is not a quality which they pretend to or admire. But be it remembered, that these truth-loving, truth-seeking, *Catholic* spirits, change only in consequence of *evidence;* evidence of the correctness or incorrectness of the opinions they hold, opinions, too, in accordance with their professions. Moreover, they who love truth, and are permitted to be inconsistent, are careful to make no declarations as to opinions without appropriate investigation. They are not firm advocates of crude conceptions on half-explored subjects. Men thus careful, thus honest, the world may safely allow to depart from consistency. But such permission must not be granted to those who assume opinions carelessly, or in consequence of their interest. If the opinion has been assumed carelessly, that carelessness ought to be punished: so ought the knavery. The great evil of laxity is the ease with which a knave may suit his professions to his interests. While doubtful of what course events may take, he deals in vague assertions, and often pretends to no opinions at all; when the event is certain, his declarations become definite; when circumstances change, his declarations change with them. To guard against this evil, the world should in most cases, therefore, require adherence to professions, unless an honest reason can be exhibited for change. When the change is coincident with an alteration in interest, we should scrutinize, with unsparing severity, the motives which are stated as those which led to it. Besides this precaution there is another. When professions are made, whether of uncertainty or of a definite description, the reasons for both should be strictly required; and if they be not forthcoming, we may safely conclude the party unfit for public life, and little worthy of our confidence. At the present moment, with those who follow the shuffling course pursued by Sir Robert Peel, the pretence is, on all questions on which they are opposed to the people, to state that they have not yet formed an opinion. In by far the greater number of cases, in which professions of such indecision are made, a downright falsehood is unblushingly hazarded. In those where there is no untruth, there is generally incapacity. These observations are drawn from us in consequence of the number of hoary senators, who come before the public with these evasive professions. We see several of the men* whom the people have been accustomed to look up to as leading reformers, while the Tories were in power, declaring, that they have not made up their minds on a question of such primary importance as the ballot. Can this be? Have not some of these men, during their whole lives, been occupied with the consideration of political questions; and are they, at their mature age, to learn the elements of legislation? Have they discoursed so often, and so long, on matters of politics, in utter ignorance of the first principles by which such questions must be decided? What a shallow pretender would he be deemed, who should talk upon the application of mathematics, while

* It would be easy to add to the force of what is here said, by referring to special instances of the conduct we reprehend; but we forbear, for the present, in the hope that such jesuitical conduct will be speedily abandoned, and a better and wiser course pursued. E. T. M.

ignorant of the first half theorems of Euclid? Yet, his presumption would not be greater than that of the politician who would pretend to discuss the practical application of the science of government, utterly ignorant of its first and leading principles. Such, however, is the position in which some of our most eminent Reformers have placed themselves, if we put faith in their assertions. Others there are, who have not made up their minds on the subject of the Septennial Act; others, on that of an extension of the suffrage; others, of Reform in the Church, and so on. We confess, that an extremely strong suspicion haunts our minds, when we hear these declarations of uncertainty. It is evident, that they *may* be made use of to screen knavish intentions; they are admirably fitted to that end. And one curious circumstance in several of these cases is, that very positive declarations have been made by persons now doubting, when the public were in a different state of mind. Have they not, some of them, publicly in their speeches; others of them by their organs of the public press, such as the *Times*, the *Globe*, the *Edinburgh Review*, &c. expressed themselves decidedly enough *against* the BALLOT? If they have, What, we may ask, except the changed feeling of the people, and their own present position as parliamentary candidates, &c. has happened to create doubt in the minds of any of them now? Before, they were certain, and were enemies of the ballot; now they are uncertain, and cannot tell whether they be friends or enemies. The statement of Lord John Russell, on this matter, is *naïve* at least. "If I be returned," he says in substance, "I shall still remain opposed to the ballot; but, if I be not returned, I shall become friendly to it; so take care, gentleman, what you are about." That is to say, "General reasoning, science, investigation, are of no weight with me. My mind is not open to that mode of conviction; put me, however, to personal inconvenience, and I shall see the evil at once." He does not see, that, whether he be returned or not, the question must remain precisely the same as at present. Whether the men of Devon make, or do not make, Lord John Russell a member, the evils which require, as a preventive, the ballot, are, and ever will be, the same, while human nature is what it is. Neither can the Noble Lord understand that his very doubt has settled the question; the admission of the *chance* of danger is sufficient. But no, this is not his view; if the chance turn in his favour the ballot is bad for the nation; if against him, the ballot is good for the nation. And such is the stuff of which our statesmen are made! Such is the way in which they are permitted to talk, without rebuke or censure! Just of the same nature was the conduct of Mr. Peel in the case which led to these remarks. For years we had heard him on one side, using arguments respecting the general evil that was to flow from concession. There came a change in his personal interest, and then those evils vanished. Would that we could impress upon the minds of all men, the paramount necessity under which we lie, of severely punishing this dereliction from truth; of binding men to their professions; of compelling them to be honest in word as well as deed! The ease with which falsehood is hazarded, in all public matters, cannot but appear remarkable, when we consider the hesitation which the very same men would feel at uttering falsehoods not half so gross in private life. Lies are laughed at in the House of Commons, which would, in a room, subject the utterer to hooting and scorn. Why is this? Because hitherto the interests of public men required it. To blind and mislead, to cajole and deceive, was their business; and like lawyers, they laugh at, and even admire the knavery

which their business requires. We have no doubt but that the pick-pockets have precisely the same sort of conventional morality.

The mode in which Sir Robert Peel himself justified, and we suppose still justifies, his conduct, is as follows: In a speech on the address, Feb. 4, 1830, he said,—"To him it appeared much better to act upon the principle avowed by the honourable baronet, who had proposed the amendment, and to look at every measure solely in reference to its merits, uninfluenced by the ties of any party, or by any preconceived opinions on the subject. He was ready to adopt that principle; he should always be ready to abandon opinions, when found to be *wrong*; and, on the contrary, he should always support those which he conceived to be right. As he said before, he could not see any change of opinions on the part of a public man, in receding from those which he had hitherto maintained, when the interests of the country called on him to do so." This is just such a declaration as was to be expected from one whose interest it was to mislead and confuse. There is no change in departing from opinions! In the name of common sense, what is departing from an opinion, but changing it? And what has the interest of the country to do with the truth of an opinion? Sir Robert Peel had declared it to be his opinion, that the country would be ruined by catholic emancipation. He then says, the interests of the country required that he should recede from that opinion. What is meant by receding from an opinion? Was his opinion correct? That is, was it true that the country was to be ruined by Catholic emancipation? If it was correct, how could the interest of the country require him to recede from that opinion? In good truth, this, his defence, was sheer mystification. Moreover, his assertions were not true; he did not mean what he said: neither has he adhered to the principle he here attempts to enunciate. He declares he will not be influenced by the ties of any party, but that he will look to the merits of every question and judge by them. Was such his principle when he spoke against the present Ministry, on the Timber Trade Bill? Let us put the question distinctly to the right honourable gentleman. Was it not notorious that the opinion of himself and colleagues was opposed to the existing restrictions on that trade? Yet in spite of this opinion, did he not, when out of the Ministry, for mere party purposes, oppose the bill by which the existing Ministers were about to remove those restrictions? That is, he, and his party,* joined with those interested in the monopoly, in the hopes of putting the ministry into a minority, and thereby forcing them out of place.—How he can reconcile this with his declaration above quoted, we leave him to explain.

What change of circumstances, we ask also, in a few months, rendered the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts no longer the cause of ruin to the Constitution? Some pretext may be brought forward as to the Catholic Relief Bill: it is but a pretext, however. It may be said, that the state of Ireland was now so decidedly marked, as to be no longer a doubtful matter. This, though true, is indeed no justification, seeing that the condition of that unhappy country was precisely the same as when Mr. Peel could not come to the conclusion that relief was necessary. This shallow pretext, however, is wanting in the case of the Test and Corporation Acts. The dissenters were in no state of

* It deserves to be remarked, that one man of this party was too honest to play this game; we mean Mr Courtenay. He supported the bill when out, which he had opposed when in.

combustion; there was no increased excitement, no increased danger from resistance. What, then, we again ask, excepting the peculiar circumstances of the right honourable gentleman himself, had so changed as to lead to his sudden conversion on this head?

We have not yet done with the double dealing of Sir Robert Peel. There is yet another direct assertion of an untruth which we are desirous of bringing home to him. The reason of our being anxious to perform this office by him, will be immediately explained. In the memorable debate on the disfranchisement of East Retford, the Home Secretary entered into an elaborate defence of the then existing system, and also attempted to demolish the arguments of all who attacked it. Lord Howick, among others, had stated "that the abuses which were alleged to exist in East Retford were not confined to that town, but were notorious in many cities and boroughs in the United Kingdom;" and proposed, as a consequence of this statement, that a general reform should be attempted, not the application "of particular remedies to particular places." The reply of the Home Secretary to this statement and argument is a curious specimen of hardihood. He denied at once the assertion of the noble Lord, as to the prevalence of corruption; and how, gentle reader, do you suppose that he supported his denial? By adducing the case of his own borough of Westbury, which he had as directly and openly bought as ever did his father a bag of cotton. The one could not be a more business-like, mercantile transaction than the other; and yet he, a minister of the crown, gravely, before the whole kingdom, does not hesitate to say, "he could not go along with the noble Lord in the declaration of general bribery and corruption amongst the boroughs and cities. He could not bring himself to consent to include in such a charge the borough of Westbury, which he had the honour to represent, or to involve its respectable electors in so sweeping a censure." Upon the utterance of this palpable falsehood, what did the House of Commons? were they shocked? were they indignant? did any one castigate the right honourable offender? No such thing; but they burst into a roar of laughter, in which the report says, "the right honourable gentleman joined!" In a few minutes afterwards, he called upon the House to believe him, on his honour, when he said that there had been no understanding with the Duke of Newcastle as to extending the franchise to the hundred of Bassetlaw. Believe him on his honour! Why should they or any one believe in that honour of which he had just given so admirable a specimen? Why should any body put faith in anything he said? For our parts, this, if we had not other and damning evidence, would be sufficient to induce us to distrust the right honourable gentleman, wherever the case was one in which he had interest in uttering an untruth; and had it been our fate to be in the honourable House, we should have told him so.

It may now be demanded of us, why we are thus careful to fasten upon the right honourable baronet the charge of duplicity; why we wish to make the public believe him utterly untrustworthy. The answer is twofold. In the first place, it is always desirable that every man should have the character he deserves. In the second, the peculiar position of Sir Robert Peel renders it imperatively necessary to place him in his true light before the public. Reputations at the present day are, in most instances, the result of charlatan arts, of deceit, of pretence. The code of morality for public men has been drawn up by themselves; made to suit their sinister purposes, and not the interests of the public. One

striking illustration of this morality can be made to serve more powerfully in the way of a correction, than any ten thousand general descriptions. It is under the influence of this opinion, that we have unceremoniously brought into relief the utter carelessness of truth evinced by Sir Robert Peel throughout his public life, that we have attempted to lay bare the selfish motives by which his conduct has been determined. Seen in their true light, in this striking and individual instance, these motives will serve as a clue or guide in other cases. Applying the tests here used, we may determine the value of most of the public characters that may appear; we shall thus be guarded against imposition at the hands of others; and also, (and this is far from being an inconsiderable matter,) at those of the right honourable gentleman himself. Sir Robert Peel's career is not yet ended. He will again be a suitor for public favour; and employing the same arts, though different pretences, he will endeavour to regain the power he has lost. If the public be forewarned, if they distinctly see what he has been, a wholesome distrust will occupy their minds; a distrust that will render powerless the artifices employed to delude them.

But, it may be remarked by some, that the people may thus do injury to the public cause, by excluding from the councils of the nation, the men best fitted, by their experience, to watch over the public affairs. And by these same persons it may be asserted that the aptitude of Sir Robert Peel may more than compensate for the want of the moral qualities requisite to the character of a perfect statesman. It may be thought, and said, in short, that probity may be rated too highly. The answer to this statement, in the present case is, that whatever may be the consequence in other instances, this evil will not result from the exclusion of Sir Robert Peel, since his talents and habits of business are not of so great and commanding a nature, as to make his assistance any mighty benefit, his loss any alarming evil. A pertinacious friend may dispute this assertion, and adduce, as evidence of the great utility of Sir Robert Peel, the reforms he has introduced into the law; this being usually the class of acts to which those persons now refer who are desirous of recommending him to public favour. They pass over the other part of his life; they attempt to slur over the many monstrous ills he has produced, and endeavour to fix attention upon these solitary instances of supposed good. While liking the man for the ills that he has accomplished, (his artful support of all abuses being his recommendation to them) they attempt to foist him upon the public by the aid of the few things he may have performed not exactly in accordance with their desires. Thus pretence is added to pretence throughout the whole range of their public dealing. But we meet them on this their chosen ground: we assert that the attempts at law reform made by Sir Robert Peel are the most convincing evidence of his unfitness; and, while his other acts show his moral unfitness, these prove his mental incapacity.

Placed in a position wherein he had power to make the remedy co-extensive with the evil, to frame and establish (had he been possessed of the mental qualifications for the task) regular and scientific arrangements, a simple and efficient judicature, he attempted nothing beyond some piecemeal alterations, some narrow expedients, some patch-work mending of a wholesale evil. The result was more evil than benefit: old decisions were disturbed, still greater uncertainty than previously existed was induced; the amendments did not fit in with the old system, and looked like the attempts of a modern plasterer to repair a

Gothic edifice. Discredit was thrown upon the idea of reforming the law, among legal men; they became yet more wedded to the errors of their tribe; and now point, with triumph, to the futile attempts, the blunders, and the many ills resulting from endeavours at reformation by the unhallowed hands of laymen. The crude and hasty performances of Sir Robert Peel, doubtless deserved, as they received the contempt of all legal men, though they by no means justified this conclusion so willingly adopted. Still, the countenance they have afforded to it must be considered, when we are attempting to estimate the worth of his law reform; and we fear it will be found to overbalance any little good which they may otherwise have produced.

Let us hope that, when the people have weighed these things, when they have made a searching scrutiny into his past life, they will consign to utter insignificance and neglect this one of the many plausible pretenders by whom the world is infested.

LOVE TOKENS.

We lov'd, where lips and tongues are seal'd,
And passions are by signs reveal'd;
Where from a flow'ret, or a wreath,
Affection's voice may only breathe;

And held our sweet communion there,
Thro' mediums beautiful and rare;
With citron blossoms, rosebuds bright,
As the first break of morning's light:

While in the tinting of a thread
The secrets of our hearts were read;
And hope, and joy, and grief, were told
With hues of green, and pink, and gold.

Our's was a triple share of bliss,
E'en in a mystic love like this;
Which made us one, ere either heard
The other's lips pronounce a word.*

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* The Oriental custom of making flowers, and colours, the interpreters of love, is here alluded to.—It is still most prevalent in Spain, and in the ex-Governments of that nation in South America; a verbal communication between the sexes (with the exception of near relatives) being seldom permitted. If a lady present you a bouquet, tied with green silk, it is the bright messenger of hope; and should you return the colour, she expresses affection's dawn by a delicate pink. The intermediate shades between that and scarlet denote the gradual rising of love's thermometer from 60 to 120. Yellow, in the progress of passion, is often used to convey anxiety or sorrow; but if you receive it on the first overture, it denotes despair; and should you persist in the pursuit, after so unequivocal a discouragement, black seals your doom, and (unless philosophy come to your aid, in the shape of a kinder beauty) may prove the last thread of your existence. Single flowers have also their various significations, and are received or rejected in quick succession. I once saw a Spanish gentleman in a crowded Tertulia, present a rose to a Peruvian lady, who had captivated him; and shall never forget her look, and the fatal action which accompanied it. She dashed the flower on the ground, and trampled upon it with a frown of ineffable contempt. The astonishment of the assembly, and the frantic rage of the Spaniard, can be more easily imagined than described. He rushed from the room, and the next morning was found a corpse, a strong dose of laudanum having terminated his earthly career. It is but just to add, that such instances of self-destruction are extremely rare, the philosophy of love being better understood by the Spaniards than perhaps any other nation; and the general remark made upon this melancholy event is seldom called for, "Que sonso! debia haberse enamorado de otra." "What a fool! he ought to have made love to another." The author of this tragedy was little affected by it. I met her at a ball a few evenings after, looking as gay and beautiful as ever.

CABIN CONVERSAZIONE.

A SKETCH.

"WELL, *irroo,* Crohoore *mollhaheh,** what was the hardest case you were ever in?" said Darby Shea. But I must premise a few words as to Crohoore and the scene of the conversation.

Jack Ahearin had a number of men digging potatoes for him, in the winter of 1823. Of course they did not dine until after nightfall; but that meal being over, a roaring fire was made down, and the boys and girls gathered round it to joke and tell stories for a few hours. A short wall stretched out from the hearth, and with the side wall of the house, served to enclose the fireplace. Along this a broad block was laid, generally the most comfortable seat at the fire. Crohoore, with his legs extended at full length, and his crutches lying by him, was its sole occupant, for two reasons; first, as an honour and a convenience to him; secondly, because whoever sat near him while telling a story, was sure to receive sundry hard punches and knocks. His mode of describing his innumerable adventures is exceedingly dramatic; and if he has to tell of a particular blow, in the excitement of the moment he gives the person next him a dreadful thump on the head or the body, as the narration requires. Those, therefore, who know him, edge off to a respectful distance as soon as he begins; and then, having no one to act on, it is surprising what a *pelt* he'll give himself on the side of the head, or what a sound he'll "take out" of his bare breast by a blow, to the great delight and laughter of all the children, who are thrown into ecstasies at it. Crohoore's life was one of constant adventures, and he literally carries them in his head. It is as irregular externally as a bog of turf, full of dints and holes, with every one of which some story is invariably connected. One had the lock of a pistol "smothered" in it, while they were endeavouring to arrest him as a Whiteboy; another was left by a broadsword on a similar occasion; a third was the fruit of a single combat, (with sticks,) and a thousand others were given in fights accurately registered with all their particular circumstances. When the young boys, with whom he is a prodigious favourite, almost as great as with myself, wish to excite him, and get some story, one of them passes his hand through his grey hairs, until he meets some well-known hollow, and says, "*Irroo,* Crohoore, blood and fire! this was a great cut; where did you get it?" Crohoore then, with apparent reluctance, begins to explain; word is sent in all directions, "Come, come, Crohoore is telling about the cut that Ned Charles gave him," and he has an audience immediately. The old men take nearly equal pleasure in him, for many have been themselves witnesses of his exploits; and as his courage, notoriously, was so desperate that there was scarce any thing too daring to be attempted by him, they are not shocked by a story, which, though improbable for another, is yet perfectly natural and likely, when told of him. Indeed, I never heard any doubts cast on his veracity. His name is a sort of voucher; and if, when he has to describe a scene, he seizes your hand and puts it into the hollow of a wound; or if, when he says, that on one occasion he got nine sabre cuts from his shoulder to his

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* Wicked, *i. e.* daring, Crohoore,—a name expressive of admiration and fear.

wrist, he can pull up his wrist, and show you as many white seams, it is very hard but to believe him.

He was a strange mixture of virtues and faults. With the most passionate tenderness of affection for his family, and for those friends to whom he attached himself, he had not a vestige of compassion for their enemies, or the enemies of their country. Naturally he would not hurt a fly: but a bailiff, a proctor, or a policeman, he would kill without the slightest sense of impropriety; and while in quarrels with others, whom he hated most bitterly, there was a generous fairness,—of all in any way connected with the laws, or in the service of "King George," he would have thought it a sin not to take every advantage. Open warfare in *their* case seemed as absurd as a fair duel with a rattlesnake or a tiger would appear to a backwoodsman. What justice would they show him at the assizes? They were only to be knocked on the head. An officer of the Court of Chancery came one time to serve a person, to whom he was much attached, with a law order. Crohoore was wild with rage. He stole out, took up a huge stone into an old castle, under which the officer must pass; and had he not most fortunately been discovered, would beyond all doubt have killed him. In short, he was as devoted to his friends as ever was clansman to his chief. Life and limb were nothing in their service; but, on the other hand, he expected, when in a scrape,—and he was enough of himself to keep the clerk of the crown in constant employment, the most usual charge against him being Whiteboyism,—that neither money, labour, nor interest should be spared to bring him through; and certainly if affection, courage, and fidelity, though often dreadfully misdirected in the mode of showing them, could deserve it, they would not be spared. A tub of gold could not purchase him; and, Iam sure, he might be cut in pieces before he would betray his friends.

Yet, with all his wildness, Crohoore was very industrious. He would toil like a slave at task work, and, indeed, was in much request as an excellent labourer. It was in the evenings after returning from a day's work that he did most of his own business, often continuing at it by moonlight; but he was never intended to be rich. At the time that Hoche's fleet arrived in Bantry Bay, he had a farm of twenty acres, and four or five good milch cows, and was, in short, in a thriving way. But the moment the news reached him, his blood was up, he killed and salted all his cows, and was of course broken. After some time he fell lame, and at length became a *gaberlunzie*. But his lameness could not seize him like an ordinary man. He was sitting in his own house, almost unable to move, when the word ran that the police were coming to arrest him; he sprung up at once, rushed out, and ran as well as ever. For two years after, he continued perfectly free from lameness: by degrees then it returned; and as, unluckily, he had no warrant out against him, it has never since departed.

Fronting the fire sat Larry Connor, a pensioner at a shilling a-day. This magnificent income would alone have made Larry a man of consequence; but he had also seen the world, been in several engagements, and was, moreover, a very shrewd hard-headed fellow. He, too, had a touch of romance in him, and was much given to reading. His usual place was at a sawyer's on the road side. There, during the dog-days, seated on a piece of deal, with an old pair of spectacles on his nose, he would read Goldsmith's History of Greece or Rome in a loud, stiff, unvarying voice to the sawyers; expounding it as he went along, and adding

many wise reflections of his own, with now and then, as an episode, some adventure of the Peninsular campaigns; often, while going to bathe, we stopped to listen to him, and were convulsed with laughter at his extraordinary pronunciations of proper names, for which, of course, we were gravely rebuked; but, notwithstanding these levities, the presence of the "Latin scholars" was always acceptable to Larry.—There was next Donulh Oghe, a noble specimen of the Irish peasant; over six feet high, and stout in proportion, with a fine, manly, open countenance. For a bet he tied the handles of seven half-hundreds (weight) together, and walked about with them in one hand for a short time; which gave him a high reputation for strength. But Donulh was one of the most sensible fellows in the house.—The others—Jack Connell, a second and much inferior edition of Crohoore, Simon Dauly, Owen Spillane—it is not necessary to dwell on more particularly.

For whatever reason, Crohoore could not be induced to tell any story. "Well," says Simon Dauly, "to open the ball, as Crohoore wont spake, I'll tell the hardest case I was ever in, and I think 'twas with a mad dog at Coolgorruv, when we were living there."

"Ah that's right, Simon, and good luck to you," exclaimed all the girls together.

"'Twas as fine a summer's night as ever came out of the Heavens, and I was after seeing the cows that war all sleeping in the field, ye know, before the house there, and just after my first sleep; when Kate stirs me, (women, Nell," to a lively black-eyed girl who hid her face with a laugh in her apron, "never let a poor fellow alone,) 'Simon, Simon,' says she, 'there's something the matther with the pigs abroad.' We had at that time a litther of young little *bonnuvs* [young pigs] in the linney outside; their mother, to be sure, was with 'um; and the cart was drawn across the mouth of the linney. Well, I heard all the noise of the bonnuvs abroad; so I puts on my shirt, and goes out. A little dog, Purty we called him, went with me. Sure enough there was terrible work' i'the linney, and I could not make out what it was. Purty ran in under the cart, but he was no sooner in than he began to cry for the bare life, and he runs out between my legs; and a yellow mastiff of a mad dog, as big as a calf, after him, eating him all the way,—he nearly thrun me down. Well, Purty runs into the house, for the door would not at all stay closed, and in with him under the bed, where Kate and the childer war; and the mad dog after him, chawing away at him. I ran to the door, and as there war three or four inches between the top of it and the post above, I pulls it out hard, and I calls to the three men that war sleeping on the chest, '*Thonom an dhiaoul*, Owen Cournane,' says I, 'the mad dog is within; hand me the pike over the door.' 'The divil take me thin, if I do,' says he."—"Oh, the coward," exclaimed Nell, "I'm ashamed of him."

"Thrue for you, but may be I did not give him a lacing for it; may be I did not give him the bating of a buck goat. 'Well, yirroo,' says I, 'you need only remain on the chest where you are: the pike is standing near it; push it out to me.' But the heart of a coward is deaf: he wouldn't stir. 'Father,' says little Paddy, getting up in the bed, 'I'll go and give it to you.'—'Lie down, you rascal,' says I, 'where you are, and don't open your mouth for fear he'd hear you: lie down, *agraghal dhe mwhahir*;* I don't want it at all.' Well, I didn't know what to do. The mad dog, hear-

* Fair-haired love of your mother; fair-haired object of your mother's love.

ing me, came out from under the bed, and began to run wild about the house, looking for the door; and how was I sure but he'd jump into the bed. I thought the heart would brake my ribs. At last I thought of the churn-staff that was stuck in the elder-tree, you know, Crohoore? (Crohoore nodded); the tree on the top of the ditch opposite the dunghill out. 'Twas only the day before we made up the dunghill; and there war a pool of wather between it and the ditch. So I gives the door a great pull to me; I runs up the dunghill, and leaps on the ditch: but the big limestone flag that was at the butt of the tree made me slip, and I fell down into the wather. The mad dog heard the noise, and he runs down with a tub of froth at his mouth. Well, I had only just time, and no more, to get upon the dunghill, when he makes at me, and two candles in his eyes; I had nothing, you know, only my hands: but the dung was long and soft, so I caught up a shafe of it, and just as his head was upon the dunghill, I thruv him back. But he makes at me worse than ever; I thruv him down again, and again: but the heap was getting lower every time, and a dog that way is a sighth stronger than one in his sinses; so I was in a dreadful puzzle; at last I thought of Captain, and I called him, Oych! He came, an runs at the mad dog," ("*Wishâh magreine eh* (my dear he is,) Captain," burst from all,) "and they runs at each other, but Captain knocked him down; and I remember very well, though he had such a grip, that with any other dog his hold was like Owen a Vocchig's vice, he used only give the mad dog a shake, and then throw him from him, they have such vinom. Well he wouldn't be satisfied until he drove him out of the farm, down through the cows to Madam O'Donoghue's, without letting him touch one of them; and as soon as he had done that, he sat down on the field, and began to *ulugone* as ever you heard a woman at a funeral."

"Oych, see that, what sinse he had! And what did ye do with him Simon?"

"Ah, I was obliged to get him killed two days after, he began to grow mad, and to eat himself; so we sent to Bill Doody, for I would not touch a hair of his head, and he shot him. I'd give the best cow on the bawn for him that morning."

"*Gondouth*, to be sure you would. But what happened the pigs; did they go mad?"

"A quare thing then. Their mother, about a month after that, went up to Sheeans, to the furze brake there, and began to root it away. In an hour you'd think she'd do more than twenty men: so we killed herself, and two or three of the *bonnuvs* that went the same way. The rest of them didn't go mad, but they never grew a bit, and the world wouldn't fatten 'um. The hair on 'um was like a field of new stubbles; all long and standing up for themselves, as if every one of 'um was mad."

"Well, the glory! But, Simon, what happened the mad dog?"

"Oych! bad luck to him over and over again! sure 'twas he bit Miss Hayes."

"Simon, what's that you say? Was it your mad dog that killed her?"

"Indeed it was, to my shame and sorrow. The next day he ran back towards Lismanghane; and the country, to be sure, was on fire after him. She was standing on the lawn abroad: they say she thought 'twas a hunt when she heard the *lu*, [the yell—the shouting of the country people in chase of the mad dog:] but before any one knew anything or could help it, he bit her in the cheek and the hand, and they were obliged to smother her between two beds."

"In the cheek? Oh, Simon, that was the pity on earth," said Donulh

Oghe, "I never seen such a face. I declare to Goodness, too, you'd rather hear her spaking, and more in particular when she laughed, than the finest echo Spillane ever took out of Glenna, 'twas so sweet."

"'Tis thrue for him," said Crohoore: "neither did I ever see such a face except her eye, and that was like the lake at Tomies, where the carbuncle is shining at the bottom."*

"Well, well, Crohoore, I suppose she was handsome enough; but if you was in Spain or foreign parts, you would not think so much of her," interrupted Larry. "I tell you what, when we were marching through Ballyfranca [Villafranca, perhaps] I seen a woman there that she wasn't priming to; a woman that would make a whole regiment, cry 'Eyes right!'"

"*Whisht*, hould your tongue; what were all the women in all the *bollihmwoers* [cities] of the world beyond sea to be compared with her? Do you want to throw the ould souldier over me?—Put away that work, I tell you. Look, did you ever see a fine field of whate, almost ripe, when the wind was blowing this way from the west on a summer's evening, and the shadows running over it? Well, that was like your face, Eliza Hayes, when you were listening to a story."

"*Wisha, ma greine hu, Crohuier!*" [Wisha, my love you are, Crohoore,] exclaimed two or three of the girls together; and the dispute ended by acclamation, Larry being completely silenced by this volley from the women.

There was silence for some time. "Well," says Crohoore, "as Simon told about the *bonnuvs*, I'll tell what happened me with Jack M'Carthy's boar. 'Twisn't the hardest case I was ever in; but faith he gave me enough of it,—my own bellyful! You remember Thigue Gaouncheuch, Larry?"—"I do, well."—"Well, he had this orchard over one year; and the apples was a show: you'd think the trees would break down with 'em. '*Virrah!*' says I, one evening, this way, to Jack Crimin and Owen Ahearin, and they were two as stout slashing fellows as you'd see at the patthern at Ghairah-na-Ornhun, 'wouldn't we relieve the trees of that neger over, and November night not far off?'—'Done,' says Jack, 'I'm at you,' says Owen; and we settled the night."

Stealing apples, it ought to be observed on Crohoore's behalf, was never regarded as an offence or shame. It was purely a piece of fun to please the girls; and young fellows showed their spirit and address on the occasion. At the same time, the orchard-man was expected to guard his apples the best he could, even to the length of shooting a man. Without danger, there would have been neither honour nor pleasure in the matter. In fact, it was an understood thing on both sides, that the boys were to steal the apples if they could, and the owner of the apples to shoot the boys in the act if he could; but any appeal to the law was, by universal consent, pronounced very mean,—quite a disgrace.

"When the night came,—'twas a windy blowing one, and the moon

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* The deepest part of the lake is near Tomies: The depth is about 60 or 70 fathoms. In several legends the carbuncle cuts a considerable figure. Sometimes it is part of O'Donoghue's immense wealth, guarded by the dog Bran, at the bottom of the lake; where it may be seen on particular occasions, flashing up through the water with supernatural brilliancy; and sometimes it is floating on the surface, as is attested by a native poet, when enumerating the wonders of Killarney in such sweet-flowing verse as the following:—

"'Tis there you'd see the carbuncle that's swimming by nature,
The deer running up and down, and the hounds tallying after."

was to rise late,—there was a great *coholaune* [company] at my house, waiting for the apples. So off we sets with six sheets that the girls made into bags, and a wallet for the night itself, because the bags warn't to be touched till November eve. Every one of us had a fine stick, and we took a spade and shovel and a big *gwaul* [bundle] of hay. There was at that time a great brake of furze over Dan Morarty's ground, and in the middle of it within, I suppose 'twas the Good People, as they call 'em [Fairies: Crohoore was much too proud to give this title in a tone of any thing but contempt,] made it for their pattherns, as fine and smooth and round a green field as you'd desire to see. We left the other things here until we'd come back with the apples and bury them, and then up the hill with us. Thigue had his *fuhurruch* [cabin] in the middle of the orchard, but all our design was on the farmers, [a kind of apple,] you know, Simon, near the west ditch."—"Is't me? Often I robbed it."—"So we got in near that. I was first: the clouds were running across the sky like two factions at a fair, crying five pounds for each other's head; but the night, after all, was not very dark. Well, there was a path, you know, from the tree, and always was, up to the cabin and over to Hugh Folvey's ground; so I stole over under the shadow of the trees to the cabin, and I looked down the chimney. Sure enough, the cabin was almost full of people, playing cards, and laughing, only the wind did not let me hear 'em. Tim himself, (and sure, Larry, wasn't he a fine player? That I mightn't stir out of this seat if he wasn't a match for the White Piper!)"

"Oych, the villain of the world! if he didn't colour the cards there isn't a cottner in Cork. We played for my great-coat, before ever I thought of going sodgering. There was thirty games for it; and, bad luck to me! if I had more than five won, when he shouldered it off with him. Before you could bite a cartridge, 'twas gone. By the same token 'twas Corney Clifford, from Listhry, made it; and I bate him the same evening, because it was not full enough in the skirts. But, right shoulders forward, Crohoore: you were in the militia yourself."

"Well, may be he did; but, any how, he had the *bonnuv* [the ace of hearts, which in the usual Irish game always ranks as the third trump] that night in his hand, and he was in great glee. I knew, too, that his partner opposite me, Ignatius Sullivan, had something good, from his face. Well, says I, they wont be in a hurry to look at the orchard, and I went back to the boys and told them how matters was. So I put Jack on the path between the farmers and the cabin, to watch; and if any one was coming, to whistle to us; and we were to whistle to him when the bags was full. Jack knelt down in the path on one knee, and put his chin this way in his hand, and looked over to the cabin. He had a black thorn stick across his thigh that would be fit for King George himself."

"Larry, I suppose the King has a great faction," said Jack Connell; "have they all bagnets (bayonets?)"

"God help your head. Do you know the reeds below in the lake? he has more cannons than is there of 'um, and every one of 'um like a chained shot that would may-be kill all the sodgers in Ross castle at once."

"*Thonom an dhiaoul*, Larry, what's that you say?" said Jack in the utmost astonishment. "Would he bate the *Counshellaire* then?"

The *Counshellaire* is the familiar and affectionate title by which Mr O'Connell is known among the country people. A short time before this conversation occurred, the Association had been established in Dublin, and was already exciting great attention among the peasantry

in the remotest districts, and beginning to exercise over their opinions and conduct, that influence which soon became unbounded. Some streaks of more correct information,—the forerunners of that broad day of political knowledge diffused by its own proceedings, speeches, publications, and discussions, and by those that resulted from it in every part of Ireland,—might be already discerned. Like Crohoore, many as yet thought the Association was Captain Rock's headquarters: but the notion of its real character was spreading with great speed, and lawless outrage was even now struck with a palsy. Burnings and murders became less frequent, then soon ceased altogether; and law, which it was formerly a disgrace to resort to, was at length regarded as the most effectual and cherished instrument of redress. But to return. The possibility implied in Jack's question gave mortal offence.

"*Whisht,*" interrupted Darby Shea, indignantly; "what's that you say? The *Counshellaire* would make two of him."

"'Pon my soul he wouldn't. I tell you when I seen the King, 'tis a big man would be as great as him, let alone make two of him. Tom Scanlan, after eating the fifteen pound salmon, when they were obliged to tie the boat chain about him for fear he'd burst, wouldn't make two of him."

"Larry," says Dhonulh Oghe, "I wouldn't give a button for that. The Counsellor himself says there's to be no fighting now, that he'll do it all by the Rint and the Parliament House they'll be in Dublin. That's what I want to know; you read the newspapers!"

"That's true Larry," says Crohoore: "what's that going on in Dublin? I'm tould there's something great there. *Thau chree na Catholiki bwoelha laudhir anish. Oych uss foddha vec u skeeah chorikh er lhaur.*"*

"Why then now, Crohoore, though I'm a sodger, I gives in to every word the Counsellor says."

"He's right, Dhonulh: there's to be no fighting nor Whiteboys, nor any thing of that. It must be all by law."

"By law? how's that, Larry?"

"Why, Crohoore, he, and another little man that's with him, (bad luck to his name, where is it gone?) they'll make the king ashamed before the whole world out; and they'll swear informations against Lord Wellesley, and against every Orangeman that does any thing out of the way; and all the bad laws they'll change 'um."

"And they'll do that by law? *Beech morshin*, [be it so!] Oh! if I could see him on a black stallion, that you'd see yourself in her skin, and a sword like a flash of lightning in his hand, and he for ould Ireland, *dar Dhia!* I'd throw away those crutches, and I'd be as young again as ever."

"By the vestment, you're right, Crohoore," said Jack Connell; and the glistening looks of the girls showed how much they too admired the wish. "What are thim Sassenachs good for? Did not Jack Cronin, with a little *kippin*, make twenty of the Down and Caunall† run away? Sure they're good at nothing but the fist, and who ever saw a raal man fight but with a stick?"

"Crohoore," said Larry, not deigning to notice Jack Connell at all, "where are the arms? tell me that; tell me, what did ye ever gain by

* The heart of the Catholics is beating strong now; oych, their shield of battle was long laid low!

† The Devon and Cornwall Militia.

Captain Right, [this had been Crohoore's title among the Whiteboys,] or Levtenant Starlight, or Giniral Bouldface, eh, Dhonulh? what made the Police but the Whiteboys? Who pays 'um, as the Counsellor says, but ourselves? Who made Captain Blake below there but ourselves? Crohoore, tell me what did my mother's sister's son gain that was hanged only for shooting Parson Herbert's proctor? See *fwy*, how many are hanged and transported, as the paper says, by the Special Commission; though, I declare to Goodness, why they call 'umselves that way, I don't know, when there isn't a giniral or even a lance-corporal in it? What did Arthur Leary and the rest of 'um that were hanged for Brereton gain, when there wasn't a mother's son of 'um present to the fore? What d'ye say to that, ye foolish girls?"

"Larry, you're right, and, from my *soul*, I'll pay the rint."

"Eh, Dan'l, amn't I? A man does not go to foreign parts for nothing and fight the Frinch. Doesn't the Counsellor himself say the same? And what did Father Fitzmaurice say last Sunday from the altar?"

"Faith, I believe you *are* in the right intirely," said Simon; and nearly all present gave in their adhesion to Larry, at the same time.

"Eh, Simon, was I short there, Simon?" said Larry, going over to the wall, with a look of great wisdom, and tapping it with his knuckles, "I'm as deep as that wall."

The tide was now fairly turned in his favour, but Crohoore was not convinced, and he resumed the story.

"Where was I?"—"With Jack Crinin in the path," exclaimed one of the children, who was most impatient for the issue of the apples. "Oh that's true. Well, Owen and I went to the farmers, and though there was enough on the ground for a porcupine to tumble in,* Owen should go up on the tree and shake it. At last the bags and the wallet were filled, and we carried them over to the top of the ditch. 'Call Jack,' says I; Owen, and he had a very fine whistle, let a whistle out of him, but 'twas no good; and another and another, but the wind was too high; so Owen went over, and tipped Jack on the shoulders. Jack leaps up, turns west, and hits him a *lubbher* of a blow that raised a welt like a cow's tail upon his cheek; thinking, to be sure, it was the orchard-man. '*Thonom an dhiaoul*, what's that for;' says Owen, and he *pleeasks* Jack. So there they tackled to one another, down on the path. I wondered myself what was keeping 'em, and I goes over, and finds 'em blacking away for the bare life, and a terrible noise out of the sticks. 'D'ye want to be heard at the cabin?' says I; 'bring away the apples first, and then satisfy yeer hearts, whatever 'tis for.' Well, at last, so they did. The moon was just rising, and we carried down the three bags; and came back, (I believe they were all still in the cabin,) and carried away the other three and the wallet. Jack and Owen then dug the hole, and covered the apples in the hay very snug; and the divil'a word they says to each other all the time, but they were in a terrible hurry with the hole, and I knew 'twas in their hearts for one another; so, when the apples were buried comfortably, (the moon was shining beautiful,) I sat down on their coats; 'Well,' says I, 'in the name of Goodness, satisfy yeerselves of each other.' So to it they fell."

"And which of 'em got the day, *irroo*, Crohoore?" asked one of the children.

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* It is firmly believed by the peasantry that hedgehogs, or, as they call them, porcupines, roll themselves in the heaps of apples, and carry off an apple on each thorn.

"Faith, I don't know, but they had each of 'em four or five good cuts in their heads. At last, when they were well tired, 'Come,' says I, 'take up the wallet, we're delaying them below, ye can wash yeerselves in the sthrame, make haste.' So we found the boys and girls all there, and there never was such racketing till daybreak."

"Well, but Crohoore, where's Jack M'Carthy's boar?"

"Sure, that's what I'm coming to just now. We were to have a great let out, as I told ye, Snap-apple night. All the parish, you'd think, was to be there, and blind Joe was to come from Twoeh, and Daniel Leary, to be sure, should be there with his bags, [bagpipe,] and some of the *Sheeffree na Twoehah** were to come; oych, why, there was to be as fine a set of hearty boys and handsome girls, Nell, as ever danced at a patthern, or played at goal on an *eensha*.† Them war the times when you'd see the fine *trihulhs*, and when the workman would get his 'nough of meat and of ale, that if you left the can on the table, 'twould stick to it like glue, 'twas so strong. Well, but as I was saying, about a week before the night, I was sitting this way on the floor and looking out, and I wondered, my dear life, at the great recoorse of pigs up by the doore. There was like a flock of 'em going to Cork passed up, and amongst 'em, trotting and grunting, the big boar. Hero was sitting with me, and when he sees him he looked at me; 'Down, sir,' says I, for I tell you this boar used to go about the country on his tantrums, and when he was rooting in a potato garden, 'twas only a good mastiff could make any hand at all of him, Mick Casey's dog now daren't sneeze at him, and when he was in a passion, see, his back was like the mane of a cropped horse. Well, the next morning I got up very early, and, my dear life, I sees the big boar again, like a fugleman or a giniral, out before all the pigs of the parish, you'd think, and he making the devil's own noise, with his tail curled up in a ring, for all the world like an officer with a cocked hat on his head. I wondered very much, but at last I goes away to work. The next morning at the first light I was up, and, sure enough, I sees the boar going up the hill, grunting and groaning like a woman in the ordher,‡ the thief of the world, with his spy-glass, to be sure, in his tail, and a swarm of pigs and *bonnuvs*, of coorse, after him. I was in a dhrame all the day, and at last I couldn't tell what was the matther with me. Well, I shakes myself, takes the stick, and up the hill with me to go to the bog, as I thought. But when I was walking up the path through the brake, I sees a one side in the grass a piece of an apple. If 'twas a ghost it couldn't give me such a start. I runn'd up like lightning; and when I came to the little green field,—what should I see,—but Jack M'Carthy's boar on his hands and feet, down in the apples, rooting away for the bare life, and the earth like the wall of a *fuhurruch* out before him. But the show of pigs that was there! That I mightn't lave this, if there wasn't as many as from this to Knock-na-mookaluch. '*Thonom an dhiaoul, us dha phutthogah un ansun a theentu,*' [Your soul and your guts to the devil, is it there you are?] says I. Was it for this you were industhering so early in the morning? and was this the maning of all

* The fairies of Twuch; a name given to the inhabitants of a particular parish, to express their spirit and activity. They were distinguished as hurdlers.

† A smooth green sweep of land by the side of a river; a favourite place for *golling*.

‡ A religious order. Crohoore, who is a mortal enemy to cant, means one of those old *votheens* (devotees) who pretend by groans and contortions to superior piety.

your aggravations going up the hill?' I runs over, and I gives him a blow in the butt of the ear that would knock down John O'Connell's *mwale** bull. I only staggerred him, but well it become him to give him his due; he raised himself up on his hind-legs, and makes a bite at me like a Christian; by J——, sir, he took away that much of the coat, and waistcoat, and breeches, in his mouth. Well, to it we fell, and such a fight for two hours you never seen. At last I got the betther of him in the soft place, though I wasn't well for a fortnight after myself, and then such a trouncing as I gave him; ah! I promise you he wouldn't say strapstick to the child on the floor there. But see, Larry, I'd rather fight a fair than go through it again. One time I slipped, and the thief made a jump at me, thinking, to be sure, I was down; but *nee* down, *fose e dhar Dhia*, † says I, as Jack Crimin said, when the Fincibles were throwing with him, ‡ and, in spite of all he could say or do, I got up again."

"When were the Fincibles at Jack Crimin?" "Och, long ago." "When did he say that, Crohoore? before you were born?" "When the Whiteboys were going on. The Fincibles was there above Laune Bridge, and they had papers § against Jack. Well, when Jack comes to the bridge, they tells him to surrenur himself *gondouth*, but he whacks the *sthaggheen* [little horse] he had, and away they begins to fire at him. The little *sthaggheen*, in the fright he was in, stumbled. 'He's down the rascal,' says one of the officers, '*Dhar Dhia*, *nee* down, *fose eh*,' says Jack, and he jumps up and over the wall with him. But I drives my boar down the hill, and he groaning in earnest. 'By J——,' says Jack M'Carthy, when he heard him, 'that's my pig's talk,' and out he runs out of his own house, and he asks me, for a rascal, what I dun with his boar. 'Irrah, is it his part you'd take?' says I. 'To be sure 'tis,' says he, and he brings out a ferl stick in a minute, and makes a *pleask* at me. I defended myself, and hits him just there over the ear. There was a pool of water out before the house, and Jack was taken off the ground and stretched like a salmon in it; so the women went and pulled him out."

"You didn't take him out, Crohoore?"

"Faith I didn't; he might be *lhootheelh* (wallowing) there at his ease till morning, before I'd go in for him. But his wife made him put papers on me, and the apples become known to all the world, for the boar didn't lave one of them, so Thigue Gaounchouch puts papers on us *all*, and we war carried back to Beauforth before the Archdeacon."

"Archdeacon Day! *ma chragh;* much chance they had there."

"Thrue for you. To make a long story short, I'll engage he puts his hand in his pocket and pays the price of the boar and the apples afore he'd sign the papers or the bonds against us."

"Good they were the Days!"

"Oych! sure they war the *soul* of goodness. 'Twas they had the fine vein; was there one of 'um that hadn't a *Thubburrh Vaichaurah*‖ of generosity in his heart within? and he that's above in Dublin there; sure 'tis he too has the *chree mwoer*, [the large heart,] God bless him!"

"Amen!" responded several voices.

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* Hornless. Such bulls are thought to be very strong.

† 'Tisn't down yet with him; he's not down yet.

‡ *A chohuvh lesh* (throwing with him,) firing at him. Crohoore translates literally.

§ Informations; a warrant for Whiteboyism, doubtless.

‖ M'Carthy More's well, a celebrated and beautiful spring-well.

THE WISHING-CAP.

NO. I.

I have cut through the air like a falcon. I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I would not have you to believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true.

Play of Old Fortunatus.

The author possesses the Wishing-Cap of Fortunatus.—Wonderful powers conferred by it, beyond those of which Fortunatus was aware.—Beautiful women of former days.—Reason why scoundrels are often handsome.—Establishment of a marvellous claim.—Description of a rare and real collection of curiosities, personally connected with Milton, Swift, Johnson, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and others.—Original and characteristic remark or two made by Hazlitt.

In the *Examiner* newspaper, about ten years ago, was a brief series of articles under the title of the *Wishing-Cap,* which it is proposed to continue in *Mr. Tait's Magazine,* with the convenient understanding of its being a "New Series." The writer, who was then *wishing* in Italy, wished very much to be in England, where he came accordingly, and circumstances prevented his going on with his design. He now wishes to renew it, and to be in Scotland; and is therefore, at this present writing, in the best lodgings in Edinburgh, where he shall be happy, for the next two minutes, to see any body who has a *mind* to do him that honour. He says, "two minutes," because he has observed, that people seldom wish to see any thing with their "mind's eye" for a longer period, and because he may be off again in a twinkling for twenty other places, Bagdad, Buenos-Ayres, Morocco, or Heaven knows where. If we feel chilly, we are in the habit of wishing ourselves back in Italy, and there we are in an instant, sunning ourselves on the slope of Fæsole, or looking through orange-trees on the blue of the Genoese Gulf. If, on the other hand, we feel too hot—*presto!*—we are on the "frosty Caucasus," or enjoying the evening sea-breeze with the Peruvians, or taking an ice at Naples, or sitting with our naked feet planted on the marble floors of Lucullus, or reclining on a Persian sofa, with a twilight of flowers about us, and a fountain in the middle. Or we are the Sultan—we forget whether of Turkey or Ava—and according to what we heard of him the other day, we have the cheeks of our women *iced.*

By the mention of Lucullus, it will be seen that we are masters of time as well as place, of spiritual as well as local distance, which is an advantage, we believe, which we did not mention in the former series of these papers. The reason of the omission was, that we had not then wished to possess it. For every thing that we wish, we have. Old Fortunatus, whose cap we inherit, did not know what a treasure he possessed, otherwise he could have dispensed with his purse. For instance, we have taken it into our heads to be in Scotland, and to have some of Mr Tait's money,—things that a man of ordinary *hat* might a good deal more easily wish for than accomplish:—Yet, here we are, with the bank notes flying into our hands. The wish might be thought a superfluous one, seeing it was but the other day that we helped ourselves to an innumerable quantity of coin out of the "Cave of Mammon," and emptied

half the Persian Gulf of its pearls; but not to mention, that the more people have, the more they wish for,—the truth is, that although we can have what we like, as far as the realization of the wish depends on ourselves, we cannot command the wishes or co-operation of others; and in Great Britain, the coin which our friend Spenser made us acquainted with, wont pass.

Gyges, with his ring, was a fool to us. He could see only contemporaneously; whereas, there has not existed a beauty, from Eve down to Miss Moffat, whom we have not beheld, when and wheresoever we pleased. We have seen Helen, and Aspasia, and Phryne, and Lais, and Lalage, and Lucretia Borgia, and Laura, and Bianca Capello, and Inez de Castro, and Diana de Poitiers, and Agnes Sorel, and Ninon, and Fair Rosamond, and the Fair Gabrielle, and the Fair Ferroniere, and the Fornerina, and Fanny Murray, and all the other F's, M's, and L's in the list of beauty. The Fornerina, by the by, was not so handsome as she is thought; and Cleopatra, like Sappho, was a little brown woman, not beautiful, but with a prodigious vivacity, and relish in whatsoever she said and did. We have noticed that the mistresses of the poets, and even of the painters, for the most part, were not handsome, particularly the former; nor could we see in any of them any thing to admire at all. The poet's imagination made out the case in the first instance, and habit preserved it. Where they were really charming, they were very charming indeed. The wife of Candaules was very handsome, but she led Gyges a devil of a life, after he had killed her husband for her, and mounted the throne. Her face bore a considerable resemblance to that of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia.

This likeness reminds us that nothing can be more idle than the astonishment expressed so often in these days, at the handsome, and mild, and comfortable faces of the most atrocious criminals. What! would you have the marks of suffering where there is no feeling? Of all the great criminals that we have seen, and that the world may still see in busts and pictures, from Alexander down to Prince Metternich, or to the last reckless young ruffian brought up to the Old Bailey, the very worst, to the best of our recollection, were remarkable for the regularity of their features, and a certain kind of what is called handsomeness; just as if they were moulded like statues, and had no little humane irregularity of composition to throw them off the balance of their self-will, and baulk the hardness of their hearts. There is, to be sure, an expression which experienced eyes may see through; and there is apt to be a want or a superabundance of lip, and a predominance of jowl. With age also the rascal grows ugly, because he has had care forced upon him in spite of himself, and his feelings have been roused by exasperation. But for a regular, smooth-faced, well-featured, smirking, or tranquil scoundrel, to take ordinary observers in with his good looks, give us a young Nicholas, or a Cook, or a Ciro Annichini.

We make no apology to the reader for indulging in digression. One's style is modified by one's habits, and we are so accustomed to whisk hither and thither by means of our *Wishing-cap*, that we shall not undertake to stick to any one subject together for a couple of paragraphs. Like a bird, we may be, at one moment, on the top of a palace, and at the next, in the middle of a farm-yard. *Volition* and *Volitation* are closely allied. How can consistency or *stationariness* (we want a word to express exactly what we mean) be expected of one, who, in as many

seconds, can be in as many parts of the world, and of time? who, as fast as he enumerates the instances, can be

Smoking with the Turks,
Dancing with the Negroes,
Bull-hunting with the South-Americans,
Bowing with the Chinese,
Sledge-riding with the Laplanders,
Talking with the French,
Stuffing with the Austrians,
Lying with the Russians,
Revelling with the Abysinians,
Vegetating with the Hindoos,
Pic-nicking with the Loo-Chooans,
Drawling with the West-Indians,
Singing with the Italians,
Nullifying with the Portuguese,
Minimizing with the Spaniards,
Dunder-heading with the Dutch.

And again,

Fighting with the Romans,
Attempting with the Carthagenians,
Philosophizing with the Greeks,
Mystifying with the Egyptians,
Soothsaying with the Tuscans,
Barbarizing with the Scythians,
Grumbling with the Jews,
Roving with the Tartars,
Voyaging with the Phœnicians,
Robbing with the Arabs,
Invading with the Goths,
Druidizing with the Britons,
Fire-worshipping with the Persians,
Darkling with the Hyperboreans,
Drowning with the Atlantides.

And meanwhile, or in the intervals,

Monopolizing with the Tories,
Compromising with the Whigs,
Reforming with the Radicals,
Doting with the Bourbonites,
Shop-keeping with the Orleanists,
Awaking with the Operatives,
Declining with the Soldiers,
Advancing with the Readers,
Besotting with the Bishops,
Smirking with the Courtiers,
Misgiving with the Kings,
Trembling with the Tithes-men,
Wondering with the Tax-gatherers,
Hoping with the Republicans,
Fearing with the Fundholders,
Dignifying with the Lords,
Begging with the Younger Brothers,
Wise-acreing with the Magistrates,
Despising with the Paupers,
Laughing with the Pickpockets,
Surfeiting with the Exclusives,
Starving with the Multitudes,
Convicting with the Stamp Offices,
Sympathysing with the Sufferings,
Demanding with the Rights.

And occasionally, nevertheless,

Tripping with the Fairies,
Feasting with the Enchantresses,
Tilting with the Knights,
Jolting with the Giants,
Grinning with the Ogres,
Rusticating with the Dryads,
Bathing with the Naiads,
Tumbling with the Sea Nymphs,
Nectar-drinking with the Gods,
Skull-pledging with the Odinites,
Mumming with the Fetishes,
Mythologyzing with the Buddhists,
Milk-maiding with the Vishnoos,
Loving with the Houris.

And at the same time not forgetting to be

Prowling with your Wild-beasts,
Grazing with your Cattle,
Skimming with your Birds,
Swimming with your Fish,
Housing with your Crustaceæ,
Buzzing with your Insects,
Coiling with your Serpents,
Creeping with your Reptiles,
Whirling with your Infusoria,
Dividing with your Polypi,
Building with your Corals,
Flowering with your Plants,
Stratifying with your Earths,
Compounding with your Elements.

And last, but not least,

Panting with your Mountain-tops,
Ascending with your Balloons,
Shining with your Stars,
Encircling with your Planets,
Enlightening with your Suns,
Music-playing with your Spheres,
Careering with your Universes,
Never-ending with your Infinities,
Not at all certifying with your Systems,
Coming home with your Hearts.

All which occupations being considered, we shall beg the reader to bear them in mind once for all, as so many reasons why we have a right to be as brief, discursive, and miscellaneous, or otherwise, as we please. We cannot possibly attend to so many things, or be liable to so many calls, and write in the same plodding way as others. You might as well attempt to make Mercury a clerk to a law-stationer.

We shall now proceed to do a very marvellous thing; to wit, utterly disclaim, with regard to what we are going to speak of, all those fanciful and metaphorical interpretations which some readers may please to put upon what we have said; and, at the same time, fearlessly announce,

that we have had personal acquaintance with people who lived a hundred, two hundred, nay, ten hundred years ago.

Reader.—There is some trick, of course, in what you are saying. You do not mean to tell people in their senses, that it is literally so.

Writer.—Literally. We have *touched* the persons we allude to. We touch them now, whensoever we please.

Reader.—(*After inability to speak from amazement.*) *In nomine Patris, &c.* How do you make that out?

Writer.—Magic could not go beyond this, and yet it is true. There is a story of a man, who, by means of necromancy, had the most beautiful woman of antiquity summoned before him, that he might feast his eyes with seeing what he had read of. But that was illusion. It is no such thing with the case before us. What we pretend to, we literally have done; and what is more, we have the power of making our friends partake of the pleasure; for many estimable persons, Scotch, Irish, and English, can testify it. There are gentlemen in Edinburgh, who can testify it. But we will prove it to the reader. He has read of the beautiful, golden-haired Lucretia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander the Sixth, sister of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, and, according to some, as great a "rascal" herself, (as the Copper-Captain would have called her,) but, according to her friend Ariosto, who was an honest poet and a gentleman, and whose word we would take in preference to that of all the tongues of scandal, an example of all that was good and excellent. (See the *Orlando Furioso*, canto 13, st. 69.) Now what will the reader say to our having touched the golden hair of this beauty? to our seeing it whenever we please? to having a specimen of it in our possession?

Reader.—The mystery is out; you have a lock of her hair in your possession?

Writer.—Not a lock; that would be a little too much. A single hair is a treasure.

"Beauty draws us with a single hair,"

quoth the poet; a line which was ingeniously written upon the paper containing the hair, by the acquaintance who gave it us.

Reader.—And this you call "personal" acquaintance with the fair Lucretia, and "touching her?"

Writer.—Unquestionably. The person (originally signifying the mask through which actors spoke) is the surface, or phantasm, or outward appearance of the human being, but has come to mean the body itself, and in either case, hair is a part of what constitutes it, and as we have touched the hair, we have touched the person. It is a clear case. The most delicate conscience could not deny it.

The line above mentioned, was a happy quotation, especially as it is from the *Rape of the Lock;* for the quoter stole the hair out of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, where his memorandum records, that the lock from which it was taken, is preserved, "together with Lucretia's love-letters and poems, (in Italian and Spanish,) to Cardinal Bembo." On referring to the memorandum, however, we are bound to mention, that the writer says he "obtained the hair;" so that we may have had an erroneous recollection as to the stealing. "The wise *convey* it call." We will copy out the whole of the memorandum, as the reader may like to see the end of it:—

"And beauty draws us with a single hair."

"The hair contained in this paper belonged to *Lucretia Borgia,* and was

obtained by me from a lock of it which is preserved in the Ambrosian Library, together with her loveletters and poems (in Italian and Spanish) to Cardinal Bembo. Byron. Milan, Oct. 17th, 1816."

The "loveletters to Cardinal Bembo" have an odd sound after what has been said of Ariosto's eulogies of Lucretia; but before we make up our minds to differ with him we ought to know what sort of letters they are, when written, and what all parties may have had to say on the matter. Ariosto was a friend of Bembo as well as Lucretia. Leaving this point to the curious in ethics, we must observe, that if ever cardinal or saint was drawn by "a single hair," it might have been by such a hair as this. The reader can hardly conceive the beauty of it, without ocular demonstration. It is the only golden hair we ever saw, but answers so completely to that supposed poetical phrase, that if the women of the South of Europe ever had heads of such hair, and were beautiful besides, they must have looked like angels on earth. It is like a subtle thread of superfine, shining, *literal* gold, and sparkles in the sun as if it had been cut yesterday. There was some account of it, a few years back, in an article entitled a "Criticism on Female Beauty," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but the present is not a mere repetition of the account, nor was the memorandum given, nor the name of the writer of it. We notice this out of an excess of the conscientious, and in honour of the original information befitting Mr. Tait's pages.

Envy us, then, reader, that we have touched the hair of the divine Lucretia; the very same, perhaps, that caught the sunshine on her head when Ariosto was talking to her, and that was beheld by his diviner eyes.

Happy Italy! that preservest in thy Ambrosian Libraries the hairs of beauties and the loveletters of cardinals! and happy he who "obtained" one of the hairs! and happy, and thrice happy we who possess it: not shut up with official indifference in some formal department of a room, "No. 14," and seen only on holydays, but at hand, and ever forthcoming: kept like a love-lock; petted as if we had it from her yesterday; a treasure not to be bought; a constant source of delight and amazement to the eyes of ingenuous friends.

And this is only the first of a series in our possession. We have, indeed, no such other, at once so old and so young, and so amazingly beautiful; but we have locks more illustrious for their owners, and singularly beautiful too; and the next we will mention will be heard of with reverence: it is Milton's! It was this, and two others, which set us upon the plan of collecting as many as were not unworthy to keep them company; and the reader will see that we have been fortunate.

This lock of the great poet is almost as beautiful, in a soberer way, as Lucretia's in a splendid. It is remarkable for its excessive and almost preternatural fineness,—we mean the softness and slenderness of its individual hairs. It furnishes an interesting corroboration of what was said of his delicate looks at the university, where he was called (not much to his liking) the "Lady of his College." Certainly, it is more like the hair of the most delicate girl, than what we should have expected from the tresses of him

> "Who set the embattled Seraphim in arms."

This treasure was generously given us by Dr. —— the physician, who had it from his father-in-law, who had it from Hoole, the translator, who had it from Johnson. The link of evidence is here lost; but John-

son was famous for his veracity, and he would not have given it to Hoole as Milton's, had he not believed it genuine. The internal evidence of the hair itself is strong; and the colour is brown, which is known to have been Milton's. It should be added, however, that perhaps the extreme fineness of the hair is owing partly to age. Yet Lucretia's looks as strong as ever; and we do not remember that the hair of Edward the Fourth, taken out of his grave, had lost any of its thickness. There is no grey in the lock. It must have been cut when the poet was in the vigour of life, before he wrote "Paradise Lost;" and we may indulge our fancy by supposing that it was cut off as a present to his with Love and locks of hair, the most touching, the most beautiful, and fee. most lasting of keepsakes, naturally go together; and as Milton valued himself on his tresses, a woman who loved him would hold them of double value. In his mention of Bacchus and Circe in "Comus," he makes the god's hair, and the rest of his aspect, of equal importance:—

> "The nymph, who gazed upon his clustering locks
> With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
> Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son."

Milton must have been more delighted than most poets at the compliments paid to beautiful tresses by his brethren, particularly by his favourite Greeks. We say nothing about his portrait of Adam, supposed by some to have been drawn from himself; because we are ambitious, in these papers, of touching as little as we can upon what has been said before us.

The hair of Milton, in this our illustrious collection, is followed, in the order of time, by that of Swift, consisting of two locks, one when he was young, a handsome brown; the other, a fine glossy white; which is affecting, from the circumstance of its having been cut off his head "by Mrs. Whiteway, his housekeeper, after his decease." This is recorded on the paper that wrapped the hair, when it was presented to us. Swift's lock, and the one we shall next speak of, were also given us by the gentleman who honoured us with the bestowal of Milton's. From the thought of the white lock, we turn in pity and grief, knowing what Swift must have undergone while it was on his head. The other was cut, probably, in the time of King William, when young men often wore their own hair. It argues nothing against the genuineness of the older lock of hair, either in this or in the instance we shall mention next, that old people, in those days, wore wigs, and had their heads shaved—for the head was not always strictly shaved; probably, when they stopped most in doors, it was not shaved for many days; the hair was suffered sometimes to grow a good deal even under the wig; and in Swift's case, his hair may have been suffered to grow considerably, a short time before he died; for he never stirred from home, and there was no reason for cutting it. We have not an elaborate life of him by us to consult; but we think we have read somewhere that his hair was very dark. The lock before us is brown, and not a very dark brown. Swift's eyes are known to have been blue, which is not a colour generally found in company with very dark hair. Pope described them as being as "blue as the Heavens." Swift's hair belonged to Mr. Hoole, and was given him by Johnson. We know not how the latter came by it. Probably it was a present to him as an author; or he may have had it from Sheridan the actor, father of Richard Brinsley, and son of Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift. The channels are many through which it might have come to him.

The next lock is Johnson's own. It is old and coarse, of a whitish

colour, mixed with grey. Not the less reverently is it to be regarded. The very coarseness of it suits somehow the peculiarity of his pretensions —not as being coarse, but from a sort of unpoetical vigour and a disdain of things "fine." We are loth to call it horse-hair; but it may be styled a very good *Houyhnhum* lock. Hoole attended Johnson in his last illness.

A mighty name ensues, with a *minim* specimen of hair attached to it, —Napoleon. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the specimen. It was obtained for the gentleman who gave it us, by his sister, who had it from the valet that cut the Emperor's hair. It is, in fact, nothing more than such a shred or two as the valet might have hastily picked up with his fingers, when he was quitting his task, or even retained upon his coat. It consists of two or three small scratches of hair, kept together by a bit of sealing-wax. The sorry look of it would be an evidence of its genuineness, if evidence were needed. It adds to the impression made upon the beholders, looking almost like a mockery of his fate. To complete its petty aspect, it is enclosed in a very small bit of paper. The late Mr. Hazlitt, who, from his hatred of the allies, was a fond admirer of the man who had so knocked them about the head and ears, stood one day looking at it, wrapt in thought; and some burst of enthusiasm was expected from him; but, probably, on that account, he exclaimed, with his usual sincerity, "I cannot get up a sensation about it." He said, that memorials of this kind did not touch him; he supposed, from "a defect of imagination." He was struck, however, with the shining relic of Lucretia Borgia. The impression of beauty is instantaneous, and wants no aid from reflection.

The names that close our list want none of the graces of fame, except those which time will bestow, and are far more affecting to us than the rest. They are those of Shelley, Keats, and Mr. Hazlitt himself.

Shelley's hair (*quam chari capitis!*) is a delicate chestnut lock, dashed with grey. He was prematurely grey. His mind was a hundred years old, and had affected his body. The lock was cut off about three years before he died, and sent in a letter from Italy. Over what a world of thought, feeling, fancy, imagination, pain, playfulness, subtlety, universality, had it not grown! But the tenderness caused in our minds by looking at it, surpasses even the wonder and the admiration.

We pass to that of the next friend, admirable also for his genius, and only less dear to us, because we had not had occasion to know him under so *many* endearing circumstances. How we loved him, need not be added. Mr. Keats's hair was remarkable for its beauty,—its flowing grace and fineness. It was a kind of ideal, poetical hair; and the locks we possess (for we have two) are beautiful specimens, calling up the instant admiration of the spectators. They are long, thick, exquisitely fine, and running into ringlets. The colour is a brown, of that sort which has a yellowish look in it in some lights, and a darker one or auburn in others. They remind us of the love-locks in the time of the cavaliers. Colonel Hutchinson might have had such, or young Milton. They are *tresses*,—things rarely seen, now a days, of a natural growth, on the heads of young men:—and remember the poet was a young man, and manly in spirit as his locks were beautiful.

The lock of Mr. Hazlitt's hair is a good thick ring, smooth and glossy, and almost black. Those who remember this great writer, during his latter years only, have no conception what a fine head of hair he had at a period a little earlier. It rapidly degenerated; and he cut it off as if

in spite, and suddenly appeared with a docked grizzled head, to the great resentment of his friends, and (what he would not easily believe, or pretended not to believe) of the ladies. He was always desiring the regard of women; and then, between complexional and metaphysical doubt, taking pains to prevent himself from having it. When we first had the honour of an interview with him, and he took off his hat, there fell from it about his ears a load of handsome dark curls, which alone would have furnished a favourable introduction of him to the fair sex. A lady, who was in the habit of seeing him, at an evening party sitting with these dark locks against some crimson window curtains, and who, like himself, was a connoisseur in the Fine Arts and their manœuvres, told him that he did it on purpose to set off the beauty of his hair. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, "if I could have done *that*, it would have been the *salvation* of me:" meaning, that if he could have been fop enough, he would have had enough self-sufficiency to act a less diffident figure in general.

With this characteristic and most Hazlitt-like anecdote we conclude our present paper, having nothing so good to say after it. We have other locks of hair, several from eminent living heads, who, we trust, will long remain unrecorded in notices like the present. As to what we have said of hair itself, and the pleasant and affectionate ideas associated with it, have we not said it in fifty other places? And shall we repeat in other words what we have said already? We are both too modest and too proud.

HIGH LIVING AND MEAN THINKING.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds. How anxious are they to wear the appearances of wealth and taste in the things of outward shew, while their intellects are all poverty and meanness. See one of the apes of fashion with his coxcombries and ostentations of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor, his horses must be of the best blood, his wines of the finest flavour, his cookery of the highest zest; but his reading is of the poorest frivolities, or of the lowest and most despicable vulgarity. In the enjoyment of the animal senses he is an epicure; but a pig is a clean feeder compared with his mind: and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no taste except for the most worthless garbage. The pig has no discrimination and a great appetite; the mind which we describe has not the apology of voracity: it is satisfied with little, but the little must be of the worst sort, and every thing of a better quality is rejected by it with disgust. If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, destitution, deformity, and disease it would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples! What dirt, and what revolting cravings! and all these in connection with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body. If many a conceited coxcomb could see his own mind, he would see a thing the like of which is not to be found in the meanest object the world can present. It is not with beggary, in the most degraded state, that it is to be compared, for the beggar has wants, is dissatisfied with his state, has wishes for enjoyments above his lot, but the pauper of intellect is content with his poverty; it is his choice to feed on carrion, he can relish nothing else, he has no desires

beyond the filthy fare. Yet he piques himself that he is a superior being; he takes to himself the merit of his tailor, his coachmaker, his upholsterer, his wine merchant, his cook; but if the thing were turned inside out, if that concealed nasty corner, his mind, were exposed to view, how degrading would be the exhibition!

After all our vaunts of the progress of intelligence, the truth yet is, that the minds of the mass of our population, like the bodies of the mass of the Irish nation, are fed on the very lowest kind of food, easy of production in the poorest soils, and affording the slightest nourishment. There is a potatoe diet of the press, which is a positive enemy of improvement; and it is not the labourer and the artizan who sit down content with it, but the gentry, the fashionable, and their host of imitators. In London, every luxury is had or affected to be had for the body, and dunghills yield the banquets for the mind. We often wish that these things could be seen in kind; that the man of professed nicety and taste could see the quality of the stuff with which he regales his mind. The breakfast table is laid out with every delicacy, and on it is a scavenger's cart filled with slabby noisome filth, the collection of the very kennels, the rakings of all the nasty corners; the voluptuary sips his chocolate, daintily picks his French pie, while he fills his mind with that fetid mass, the cookery of the scavengers! How fastidious is the stomach of this man! how unspeakably coarse, and worse than beastly, his intellect! No animal in the creation confines itself to filth only. The appetite for sheer ribaldry is unmatched in the depravities of taste. We lately heard one of the would-be exquisites declare, that the paper of his choice was the most scurrilous, and vulgar withal, of the London weekly papers, and doubtless it was his only reading; and a few minutes afterwards, he expressed his chagrin that some fine people had seen him get into a hackney coach at the door of a theatre! This man had no perception of the shabby way in which he treated his mind. What a loathsome hack vehicle was that, to which, without shame, he committed it! To a just intelligence, how degrading should be accounted such a sign of the poverty of the understanding, or of its preference of the mean and vile! He sighed for the luxury and show of the carriage for his person, but he had no wishes for the mind above the garbage upon which it regaled. In this respect he was destitute of the humblest claims to respect, and yet he was contented. He knew not that his state of intelligence was below beggary; and that, if his fortunes corresponded with his understanding, he would be clothed in the foulest rags, and fed by the sewers. Might it not reasonably be expected that people should take as much pride in the nicety of their minds as in that of their persons? The purity of the mind, the careful preservation of it from the defilement of loose or grovelling thoughts, is surely as much a matter of necessary decency as the cleanliness of the body. The coarse clothing of the person is a badge of poverty: what then should be thought of the coarse entertainment of the imagination? what destitution does it argue? and when it is seen in connexion with all the luxuries of abundant wealth, how odious is the contest between the superfluities of fortune and the pitiable penury of the understanding! The mansion is spacious and elegantly furnished, but the soul of the occupier is only comparable to its dust-hole, a dark dirty receptacle for the vilest trash and rubbish.

You visit an affluent family in London; you see girls, for whose education no cost has been spared, who have been guarded with the most

zealous care against vulgar associations, who are to be refined if they are to be nothing else; and you see on their table a Sunday newspaper, the staples of which are obscenity and scurrility, put forth in a style probably much below the loosest conversation of the footmen in the hall. How would the parents shudder at the thought of their daughters listening to a familiar conversation of the coarsest turn carried on by their lackeys? And what matters it in effect whether the debauchery is taken in at the eye or the ear? The writer of these remarks is acquainted with more than one family in which the father borrows his servant's paper, as that taken in for the reading of his children is too coarse and low for his entertainment; and we have heard the fact represented as a matter of jest, and without the slightest perception of the shame implied in it. We believe that the reading of the London drawing-rooms is generally lower than the reading in the servants' halls. It is the scandalous newspaper, or the fashionable or the scandalous novel; a choice of vice, or the poorest frivolity. These causes cannot be without their effects. Let every man who permits them in his house, for one moment consider in what respect the intellectual entertainment of his sons and daughters is superior to the scurrilous humour of the lowest of the low. There are papers written for the pot-houses, and papers written for the fashionables, and their legions of servile imitators; and it is an indisputable fact, that the pot-house papers are, in style, matter, and decorum, superior to the fashionable. The paper, which, in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, was stated to be the favourite paper of the thieves, is more respectable in every point of morals and intelligence than the paper which is peculiarly patronized by the clergy and the aristocracy.

These things deserve to be thought of in another manner. The care of the mind has yet to have a commencement. Its servants and its food have hitherto been of the lowest sort; but on both the character of the ministration and the nutriment the purity and soundness of the intellect must greatly depend. A good sign it will be, when some of the pride in the ostentation of gold is transferred to the show of the riches of the mind, and when the appearances of poverty of intellect are shunned as those now are of the poverty of the purse.

THE OUTLAW'S SONG.

Your beakers raise, my merry mates,
And cheerily troll the song,
Since wassail mirth for the battle shout,
We'll change ere it be long;
And quaff the pledge before we mount,
Or our bright weapons draw,
Where'er they go o'er hill and holt,
Success to the bold Outlaw!

The moon is down and dark the sky,
Bestride your steeds and away,
A steading and stall in Northumberland
Must blaze ere it be day.
The Tweed we'll cross, moss-troopers bold,
Ere the ice upon it thaw;
Then off with the pledge good comrades all:
Success to the bold Outlaw!

Fill me again the mantling cup,
My merry men, brave and free;
And every one to his ladye-love,
Drink *up-sees* on his knee.
For though our hearts are stern and bold,
We own love's gentle law;
And beauty's smile allays the rage
Of the terrible Outlaw.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HAVING already (in No. IX. p. 301.) tendered our homage to the memory of Scott in his capacity of vindicator of the character of Genius, we proceed to discuss his other claims to the veneration and gratitude of society.

In doing this, we shall not enter into any elaborate criticism of his compositions as works of art. This has been done a hundred times before, and will be done a hundred times again, to the great benefit of literature and the fine arts, and to the exalted entertainment of both those who lead and those who follow in the discrimination of the manifold beauties and graces with which Scott has adorned the realms of taste. We apply ourselves to the contemplation of the works of Scott, in their effects as influences, rather than to an analysis of their constitution as specimens of art. If we include in our inquiry the services which he rendered to society negatively as well as positively, unconsciously as well as designedly, it may appear that the gratitude of one age and one empire is but a sample of the reward which his achievements deserve and will obtain.

There is little reason to question that Scott has done more for the morals of society, taking the expression in its largest sense, than all the divines, and other express moral teachers, of a century past. When we consider that all moral sciences are best taught by exemplification, and that these exemplifications produce tenfold effect when exhibited unprofessionally, it appears that dramatists and novelists of a high order have usually the advantage, as moralists, over those whose office it is to present morals in an abstract form. The latter are needed to systematize the science, and to prevent its being lost sight of as the highest of the sciences; but the advantage of practical influence rests with the former. When we, moreover, consider the extent of Scott's practical influence, and multiply this extent by its force, there will be little need of argument to prove that the whole living phalanx of clergy, orthodox and dissenting, of moral philosophers, of all moral teachers, except statesmen and authors of a high order, must yield the sceptre of moral sway to Scott. If they are wise, they will immediately acknowledge this, estimate his achievements, adopt, to a certain extent, his methods, and step forward to the vantage ground he has gained for them. If they be disposed to question the fact of the superiority of his influence, let them measure it for an instant against their own. Let them look to our universities, and declare whether they have, within a century, done much for the advancement of morals at home, or to bring morals into respect abroad. Let them look to the weight of the established clergy, and say how much they actually modify the thoughts and guide the conduct of the nation; taking into the account, as a balance against the good they do, the suspicion there exists against them in their character of a craft, and the disrepute which attaches itself to what they teach, through an admixture of abuses. Let them look to the dissenting clergy,—far more influential as they are than the established,—and say, whether they operate as extensively and benignantly upon the human heart, as he who makes life itself the language in which he sets forth the aims and ends of life; who not only uses a picture-alphabet, that the untutored and the truant may be allured to learn, but imparts thereto a hieroglyphic character, from which the most versed in human life may evolve con-

tinually a deeper and yet deeper lore. Let our moral philosophers (usefully employed though they be in arranging and digesting the science, and enlightened in modifying, from time to time, the manifestations of its eternal principles,)—let our moral philosophers declare whether they expect their digests and expositions to be eagerly listened to by the hundred thousand families, collected, after their daily avocations, under the spell of the northern enchanter; whether they would look for thumbed copies of their writings in workshops and counting-houses, in the saloons of palaces, and under many a pillow in boarding schools. Our universities may purify morals, and extend their influence as far as they can; their importance in this case runs a chance of being overlooked; for Scott is the president of a college where nations may be numbered for individuals. Our clergy may be and do all that an established clergy can be and do; yet they will not effect so much as the mighty lay preacher who has gone out on the highways of the world, with cheerfulness in his mien and benignity on his brow; unconscious, perhaps, of the dignity of his office, but as much more powerful in comparison with a stalled priesthood as the troubadour of old,—firing hearts wherever he went with the love of glory,—than the vowed monk. Our dissenting preachers may obtain a hold on the hearts of their people, and employ it to good purpose; but they cannot send their voices east and west to wake up the echoes of the world. Let all these classes unite in a missionary scheme, and encompass the globe, and still Scott will teach morals more effectually than them all. They will not find audiences at every turn who will take to heart all they say, and bear it in mind for ever; and if they attempt it now, they will find that Scott has been before them everywhere. He has preached truth, simplicity, benevolence, and retribution in the spicy bowers of Ceylon, and in the verandahs of Indian bungalowes, and in the perfumed dwellings of Persia, and among groups of settlers at the Cape, and amidst the pinewoods and savannahs of the Western world, and in the vineyards of the Peninsula, and among the ruins of Rome, and the recesses of the Alps, and the hamlets of France, and the cities of Germany, and the palaces of Russian despots, and the homes of Polish patriots. And all this in addition to what has been done in his native kingdom, where he has exalted the tastes, ameliorated the tempers, enriched the associations, and exercised the intellects of millions. This is already done in the short space of eighteen years; a mere span in comparison with the time that it is to be hoped our language and literature will last. We may assume the influence of Scott, as we have described it, to be just beginning its course of a thousand years; and now, what class of moral teachers, (except politicians, who are not too ready to regard themselves in this light,) will venture to bring their influence into comparison with that of this great lay preacher?

If they do so, it will be on the ground, not of disputing the extent of his influence, but its moral effect; which, therefore, we proceed to investigate; beginning with his lesser, and going on to consider his greater achievements.

His grateful countrymen, of all ranks, acknowledge that he has benefited Scotland, as much morally as in respect of her worldly prosperity. Not only has he carried civilization into the retreats of the mountains and made the harmonious voices of society float over those lakes where the human war-cry once alternated with the scream of the eagle; not only has he introduced decency and comfort among the wilder classes of his countrymen, a full half century before they could have been anti

eipated, and led many thousands more into communion with nature, who would not, but for him, have dreamed of such an intercourse; not only has he quickened industry and created wealth, and cherished intelligence within the borders of his native land; he has also exercised a direct moral influence over the minds of those on whom Scotland's welfare largely depends; softening their prejudices, widening their social views, animating their love of country while drawing them into closer sympathy with men of other countries. It may be said,—it is said,—that his country is not sensible of his having done all this; that she cannot be sensible of it, since she suffered his latter days to be overclouded by sorrows which she could have removed, and his mighty heart and brain to be crushed by a weight of care and toil of which she could have relieved him. The fact is undeniable; and it is on record forever, with a thousand similar facts, from which it is to be hoped that men will in time have philosophy enough to draw an inference, and establish a conclusion in morals to which Walter Scott has failed to lead them, even by the mute eloquence of his own sufferings. They may in time perceive that the benefactor of a nation should be the cherished of a nation, before he has become insensible of their affection; and that it is a small thing to make splendid the narrow home of him who was allowed to perish unsheltered in the storm. It is not enough to abstain from the insult which aggravated the sufferings of Lear;—to be innocent of inflicting his woes. It is not enough for the subjects of this intellectual being to have honoured him equally when his train was shortened, and to have uncovered their heads as he passed, in respectful compassion for his reverses: they ought to have felt that in having been made their king, he had become their charge; and that whencesoever adversity arose, it was their duty to avert it from his honoured head. It is folly to talk of the evil of a precedent in such a case. The line of intellectual sovereigns is not so long as to make the maintenance of their prerogative a burdensome imposition; and we ask no loyalty to pretenders. As for the present case, bitterly as we feel the crudeness of the world's morality of gratitude, we are as far as was the illustrious departed from imputing blame to individuals,—to any thing but the system under which he suffered. He was too humble—too little conscious of his own services to apply to himself the emotions with which the lot of other social benefactors were regarded by him, and with which his own is too late regarded by us—the emotions of grief and shame that society has not yet learned to prize the advent of genius; that the celestial guest is still permitted to tread, solitary and unsheltered, the rugged highways of the world, however eagerly its deeds of power and beneficence may have been accepted. That the countrymen of Scott feel truly grateful to their benefactor, we doubt not. We implore them to strengthen this gratitude from a sanction into a principle of conduct; that, if it should please Heaven again to bless them with such a guest, they may duly cherish him while yet in the body, delay his departure till the latest moment, and be disturbed by no jarring mockeries of shame and remorse while chanting their requiem at his tomb.

To do his next work of beneficence, this great moralist stepped beyond the Border, and over continents and seas. He implanted or nourished pure tastes, not only in a thousand homes, but among the homeless in every land. How many indolent have been roused to thought and feeling, how many licentious have been charmed into the temporary love of purity, how many vacant minds have become occupied

with objects of interest and affection, it would be impossible to estimate, unless we could converse with every Briton, from the Factory Terrace at Canton round the world to the shores of the Pacific, and with every foreigner on the Continent of Europe whose countenance lights up at the name of Scott. If one representative only of every class which have been thus benefited were to repair to his grave, the mourning train would be of a length that kings might envy. There would be the lisping child, weeping that there should be no more tales of the Sherwood Foresters and the Disinherited Knight; there would be the school-boy, with his heart full of the heroic deeds of Cœur de Lion in Palestine; and the girl, glowing with the loyalty of Flora, and saddening over the griefs of Rebecca; and the artizan who foregoes his pipe and pot for the adventures of Jeanie Deans; and the clerk and apprentice, who refresh their better part from the toils of the counting-house amidst the wild scenery of Scotland; and soldier and sailor relieved of the tedium of barracks and cabin by the interest of more stirring scenes presented to the mind's eye; and rambling youth chained to the fireside by the links of a pleasant fiction; and sober manhood made to grow young again; and sickness beguiled, and age cheered, and domestic jars forgotten, and domestic sympathies enhanced;—all who have thus had pure tastes gratified by the creations of his genius, should join the pilgrim train which will be passing in spirit by his grave for centuries to come. Of these, how many have turned from the voice of the preacher, have cast aside "good books," have no ear for music, no taste for drawing, no knowledge of any domestic accomplishment which might keep them out of harm's way, but have found that they have a heart and mind which Scott could touch and awaken! How many have thus to thank him, not only for the solace of their leisure, but for the ennobling of their toils!

Another great service rendered is one which could be administered only by means of fiction—a service respecting which it matters not to decide whether it was afforded designedly or unconsciously. We mean the introduction of the conception of nature, as existing and following out its own growth in an atmosphere of convention; a conception of very great importance to the many who, excluded from the regions of convention, are apt to lose their manhood in its contemplation. There is little use in assuring people of middling ranks, that kings eat beef and mutton, and queens ride on horseback: they believe, but they do not realize. And this is the case, not only with the child who pictures a monarch with the crown on his head, on a throne, or with the maid-servant who gazes with awe on the Lord Mayor's coach; but, to a much greater degree than is commonly supposed, with the father of the child, the master of the maid,—with him whose interests have to do with kings and courts, and who ought, therefore, to know what is passing there. It would be impossible to calculate how much patriotism has lain dormant, through the ignorance of the plain citizen, of what is felt and thought in the higher regions of society, to which his voice of complaint or suggestion ought to reach, if he had but the courage to lift it up. The ignorance may be called voluntary: it may be truly said that every one ought to know that human hearts answer to one another as a reflection in water, whether this reflection be of a glow-worm on the brink, or of the loftiest resplendent star. This is true; but it is not a truth easy in the use; and its use is all-important. The divine preaches it, as is his duty, to humble courtly pride, and to remind the lowly of their

manhood: but the divine himself realizes the doctrine better while reading Kenilworth, or the Abbot, than while writing his sermon; and his hearers use this same sermon as a text, of which Nigel and Peveril are the exposition. Is this a slight service to have rendered?—to have, perhaps unconsciously, taught human equality, while professing to exhibit human inequality?—to have displayed, in its full proportion, the distance which separates man from man, and to have shewn that the very same interests are being transacted at one and the other end of the line? Walter Scott was exactly the man to render this great service; and how well he rendered it, he was little aware. A man, born of the people, and therefore knowing man, and at the same time a Tory antiquarian, and therefore knowing courts, he was the fit person to show the one to the other. At once a benevolent interpreter of the heart, and a worshipper of royalty, he might be trusted for doing honour to both parties; though not, we must allow, equal honour. We cannot award him the praise of perfect impartiality in his interpretations. We cannot but see a leaning towards regal weaknesses, and a toleration of courtly vices. We cannot but observe, that the same licentiousness which would have been rendered disgusting under equal temptation in humble life, is made large allowance for when diverting itself within palace walls. Retribution is allowed to befall; but the vices which this whip is permitted to scourge are still pleasant vices, instead of vulgar ones. This is not to be wondered at; and perhaps the purity of the writer's own imagination may save us from lamenting it; for he viewed these things, though partially, yet too philosophically, to allow of any shadow of an imputation of countenancing, or alluring to vice, with whatever wit he may have depicted the intrigues of Buckingham, or whatever veil of tenderness he may have cast over the crimes of the unfortunate Mary. His desire was to view these things in the spirit of charity; and he was less aware than his readers of a humble rank, that he threw the gloss of romance over his courtly scenes of every character, and that, if he had drawn the vices of the lower classes, it would have been without any such advantage. Meanwhile, we owe him much for having laid open to us the affections of sovereigns,—the passions of courtiers,—the emotions of the hearts,—the guidance of the conduct,—the cares and amusements,—the business, and the jests of courts. He has taught many of us how royalty may be reached and wrought upon; and has therein done more for the state than perhaps any novelist ever contemplated. That he did not complete his work by giving to courts accurate representations of the people, seems a pity; but it could not be helped, since there is much in the people of which Walter Scott knew nothing. If this fact is not yet recognised in courts, it soon will be; and to Walter Scott again it may be owing (as we shall hereafter show) that the true condition and character of the people will become better known in aristocratic regions than they are at present.

The fictions of Scott have done more towards exposing priestcraft and fanaticism than any influence of our own time, short of actual observation; and this actual observation of what is before their eyes is not made by many who see the whole matter plainly enough in the characters and doings of Boniface, Eustace, and the monks in Ivanhoe,—of Balfour, Warden, and Bridgenorth. It is, we allow, no new thing to meet with exposures of spiritual domination; but the question is, not of the newness, but of the extent of the service. These things are condemned in the abstract, by books on morals; they are disclaimed from

the pulpit, and every Christian church demonstrates its odiousness by the example of every other; but these exposures do not effect half so much good as exemplification from the hand of a philosophical observer, and disinterested peace-maker. Men may go on for centuries bandying reproaches of priestcraft and superstition on the one hand, and irreligion on the other;—men may go on long pointing out to those who will not see, the examples of all which may be seen at every turn,—of priestcraft nourishing superstition, and superstition inducing irreligion; and less will be done by recrimination towards finding a remedy, than by the illustrations of a master-hand, choosing a bygone age for the chronology, orders long overthrown for the instruments, and institutions that have passed away, for the subjects of his satire. Many who take fire at any imputation against their own church, have become aware of its besetting sins by pictures of a former church, and will easily learn to make the application where it may be serviceable. Many who look too little to the spirit through the forms of religion, are duly disgusted with the foibles of the puritans; and, perceiving how much the vices of the cavaliers were owing to the opposite vices of the contrary party, acquire a wholesome horror of spiritual pride and asceticism in the abstract, and become clear-sighted to the existence of both, in quarters where they had not before been recognised. Sir Walter says, in one of his prefaces, "I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions;" but, in saying this, he either meant that sermons are not commonly found to produce so good an effect when introduced into a novel as when offered from the pulpit, or he was thinking at the moment of his own fictitious compositions, which, he was singularly apt to imagine, could have little influence to any good purpose. If he had looked at his own writings as those of any other man, he would have thought, as others think, that his vivid pictures of the effects of a false religion are as powerful recommendations of that which is true, to those who will not read divinity, (and they are many,) as works of divinity to those who will not read Scott's novels, (and they are few.) When to such a picture as that of his Louis XI. is added such a commentary as is found in the preface, we have a fine exposition of an important point of morals, and a satire upon every species of profession which rests in forms.

"The cruelties, the perjuries, the suspicions of this prince, were rendered more detestable, rather than amended, by the gross and debasing superstition which he constantly practised. The devotion to the heavenly saints, of which he made such a parade, was upon the miserable principle of some petty deputy in office, who endeavours to hide or atone for the malversations of which he is conscious, by liberal gifts to those whose duty it is to observe his conduct, and endeavours to support a system of fraud, by an attempt to corrupt the incorruptible. In no other light can we regard his creating the Virgin Mary a countess, and colonel of his Guards, or the cunning that admitted to one or two peculiar forms of oath the force of a binding obligation, which he denied to all others; strictly preserving the secret, which mode of swearing he really accounted obligatory, as one of the most valuable of state mysteries. It was not the least singular circumstance of this course of superstition, that bodily health and terrestrial felicity seemed to be his only objects. Making any mention of his sins when his bodily health was in question, was strictly prohibited; and when, at his command, a priest recited a prayer to St. Eutropius, in which he recommended the king's

welfare, both in body and soul, Louis caused the two last words to be omitted, saying, it was not prudent to importune the blessed saint by too many requests at once. Perhaps he thought, by being silent on his crimes, he might suffer them to pass out of the recollection of the celestial patrons whose aid he invoked for the body."

It may be said, that all this may be found in history. True; but how many have been impressed with this and all other instances, from the rise of popery to the decline of puritanism, in comparison with the numbers who have received, and will receive, a much stronger impression to the same effect from Scott's novels?

Another important moral service, which belongs almost exclusively to fiction, is that of satirizing eccentricities and follies, commonly thought too insignificant to be preached against, and gravely written about; but which exert an important influence on the happiness of human life. The oddities of women he has left almost untouched; but we have a brave assemblage of men who are safe from pulpit censure; (unless another Henry Warden should rise up to preach against the sixteen follies of a Roland Græme under sixteen heads;) but who may be profited by seeing their own picture, or whose picture may prevent others becoming like them. Is it not wholesome to have a Malagrowther before us on whom to exhaust our impatience, instead of venting it on the real Malagrowthers of society? Shall we not have fewer and less extravagant Saddletrees, and Shaftons, and Halcroes, and Yellowleys, for these novels? and will not such bores be regarded with more good humour? Will not some excellent Jonathan Oldbuck now and then think of the Antiquary, and check his hobby?—and many a book-worm take a lesson from Dominie Sampson? Whether such a direct effect be, or be not produced, such exhibitions are as effectual as comedy ought to be on the stage, and mirthful raillery in real life, in enforcing some of the obligations, and improving the amenities of society. The rich variety of Scott's assemblage of oddities, and the exquisite mirth and good-humour with which they are shown off, are among the most remarkable particulars of his achievements. There is not only a strong cast of individuality (as there ought to be) about all his best characters; but his best characters are none of them representatives of a class. As soon as he attempted to make his personages such representatives, he failed. His ostensible heroes, his statesmen and leaders, his magistrates, his adventurers, his womankind, whether mistresses or maids, leave little impression of individuality; while his sovereigns, real heroes, and oddities, are inimitable. The reasons of this failure of success may be found under our next head. The result is, that Walter Scott is not only one of the most amiable, but one of the most effective satirists that ever helped to sweep the path of life clear of the strewn follies under which many a thorn is hidden.

In ascending the scale of social services, for which gratitude is due to the illustrious departed, we next arrive at one which is so great that we cannot but mourn that it was not yet greater. There can be no need to enlarge upon the beauty and excellence of the spirit of kindliness which breathes through the whole of Scott's compositions; a spirit which not only shames the Malagrowthers of society, just spoken of, but charms the restless to repose, exhilarates the melancholy, rouses the apathetic, and establishes a good understanding among all who contemplate one another in these books. It is as impossible for any one to remain cynical, or moody, or desponding, over these books, as for an

infant to look dismally in the face of a smiling nurse. As face answers to face, so does heart to heart; and as Walter Scott's overflowed with love and cheerfulness, the hearts of his readers catch its brimmings. If any are shut against him; they are not of his readers; and we envy them not. They may find elsewhere all imaginable proofs and illustrations of the goodliness of a kindly spirit; but why not add to these as perfect an exemplification as ever was offered? It may be very well to take one abroad in the grey dawn, and tell him that the hills have a capacity of appearing green, the waters golden, and the clouds rose-coloured, and that larks sometimes sing soaring in the air, instead of crouching in a grassy nest; but why not let him remain to witness the effusion of light from behind the mountain, the burst of harmony from field and copse? Why not let him feel, as well as know, what a morn of sunshine is? Why not let him view its effects from every accessible point, and pour out his joy in snatches of song responsive to those which he hears around him, as well as his thankfulness in a matin hymn? If it be true, as no readers of Scott will deny, that it exhilarates the spirits, and animates the affections, to follow the leadings of this great Enchanter, it is certain that he has achieved a great moral work of incitement and amelioration. The test of his merits here is, that his works are for the innocent and kindly-hearted to enjoy; and if any others enjoy them, it is by becoming innocent and kindly for the time, in like manner as it is for the waking flocks and choirs to welcome the sunrise: if the fox and the bat choose to remain abroad, the one must abstain from its prey, and the other hush its hootings.

This kindliness of spirit being of so bright a quality, makes us lament all the more, as we have said that it had not the other excellence of being universally diffused. We know how unreasonable it is to expect every thing from one man, and are far from saying or believing that Walter Scott looked otherwise than benignantly on all classes and all individuals that came under his observation. What we lament is, that there were extensive classes of men, and they the most important to society, that were secluded from the light of his embellishing genius. His sunshine gilded whatever it fell upon, but it did not fall from a sufficient height to illuminate the nooks and vallies which he found and left curtained in mists. What is there of humble life in his narratives? What did he know of those who live and move in that region? Nothing. There is not a *character* from humble life in all his library of volumes; nor had he any conception that character is to be found there. By humble life we do not mean Edie Ochiltree's lot of privileged mendicity, nor Dirk Hatteraick's smuggling adventures, nor the Saxon slavery of Gurth, nor the feudal adherence of Dougal, and Caleb Balderstone, and Adam Woodcock, nor the privileged dependence of Caxon and Fairservice. None of these had anything to do with humble life; each and all formed part of the aristocratic system in which Walter Scott's affections were bound up. Jeanie Deans herself, besides being no original conception of Sir Walter's, derives none of her character or interest from her station in life, any farther than as it was the occasion of the peculiarity of her pilgrimage. We never think of Jeanie as poor, or low in station. Her simplicity is that which might pertain to a secluded young woman of any rank; and it is difficult to bear in mind—it is like an extraneous circumstance, that her sister was at service, the only attempt made throughout at realizing the social position of the parties. We do not mention this as any drawback upon

the performance, but merely as saving the only apparent exception to our remarks, that Sir Walter rendered no service to humble life in the way of delineating its society. Faithful butlers and barbers, tricky lady's maids, eccentric falconers and gamekeepers, are not those among whom we should look for the strength of character, the sternness of passion, the practical heroism, the inexhaustible patience, the unassuming self-denial, the unconscious beneficence—in a word, the *true-heartedness* which is to be found in its perfection in humble life. Of all this Walter Scott knew nothing. While discriminating, with the nicest acumen, the shades of character, the modifications of passion, among those whom he did understand, he was wholly unaware that he bounded himself within a small circle, beyond which lay a larger, and a larger; that which he represented being found in each, in a more distinct outline, in more vivid colouring, and in striking and various combinations, with other characteristics of humanity which had never presented themselves to him. He knew not that the strength of soul, which he represents as growing up in his heroes amidst the struggles of the crusade, is of the same kind with that which is nourished in our neighbours of the next alley, by conflicts of a less romantic, but not less heroic cast. He knew not that the passion of ambition, which he has made to contend with love so fearfully in Leicester's bosom, is the same passion, similarly softened and aggravated, with that which consumes the high-spirited working man, chosen by his associates to represent and guide their interests, while his heart is torn by opposite appeals to his domestic affections. He knew not that, however reckless the vice of some of his courtly personages, greater recklessness is to be found in the presence of poverty; that the same poverty exposes love to further trials than he has described, and exercises it into greater refinement; and puts loyalty more severely to the test, and inspires a nobler intrepidity, and nourishes a deeper hatred, and a wilder superstition, and a more inveterate avarice, and a more disinterested generosity, and a more imperturbable fortitude, than even he has set before us. In short, he knew not that all passions, and all natural movements of society, that he has found in the higher, exist in the humbler ranks; and all magnified and deepened in proportion as reality prevails over convention, as there is less mixture of the adventitious with the true. The effect of this partial knowledge is not only the obliteration to himself and to his readers, as far as connected with him, of more than half the facts and interests of humanity, but that his benevolence was stinted in its play. We find no philanthropists among his characters; because he had not the means of forming the conception of philanthropy in its largest sense. He loved men, all men whom he knew; but that love was not based on knowledge as extensive as his observation was penetrating; and it did not therefore deserve the high title of philanthropy. We have no sins of commission to charge him with, no breaches of charity, not a thought or expression which is tinged with bitterness against man, collectively or individually; but we charge him with omission of which he was unconscious, and which he would, perhaps, scarcely have wished to repair, as it must have been done at the expense of his Toryism, to which the omission and unconsciousness were owing. How should a man be a philanthropist who knows not what freedom is?—not the mere freedom from foreign domination, but the exemption from misrule at home, the liberty of watching over and renovating institutions, that the progression of man and of states may proceed together. Of this kind of free-

dom Sir Walter had no conception, and neither, therefore, are there any patriots in his *dramatis personæ*. There are abundance of soldiers to light up beacons and fly to arms at the first notice of invasion; many to drink the healths and fight the battles of their chiefs, to testify their fidelity to their persons, and peril life and liberty in their cause; plenty to vindicate the honour of England abroad, and to exult in her glory at home. But this is not patriotism, any more than kindliness is philanthropy. We have no long-sighted views respecting the permanent improvement of society,—no extensive regards to the interests of an entire nation; and therefore, no simple self-sacrifice, no stedfastness of devotion to country and people. The noble class of virtues, which go to make up patriotism, are not even touched upon by Scott. The sufferings of his heroes are represented to arise from wounded pride, and from the laceration of personal, or domestic, or feudal feelings and prepossessions; and in no single instance from sympathy with the race, or any large body of them. The courage of his heroes is, in like manner, compounded of instincts and of conventional stimuli; and in no one case derived from principles of philanthropy, or of patriotism, which is one direction of philanthropy. Their fortitude, howsoever stedfast, when arising from self-devotion at all, arises only from that unreasoning acquiescence in established forms, which is as inferior to the self-sacrifice of philanthropy as the implicit obedience of a child is inferior to the concurrence of the reasoning man. None of Scott's personages act and suffer as members and servants of society. Each is for his own; whether it be his family, his chief, his king, or his country, in a warlike sense. The weal or woe of many, or of all, is the only consideration which does not occur to them—the only motive to enterprise and endurance, which is not so much as alluded to. There is no talk of freedom, as respects any thing but brute force,—no suspicion that one class is in a state of privilege, and another in a state of subjugation, and that these things ought not to be. Gurth, indeed, is relieved from Saxon bondage, and Adam Woodcock is as imperious and meddling as he pleases, and the ladies' maids have abundant liberty to play pranks; but this sort of freedom has nothing to do with the right of manhood, and with what ought to be, and will be, the right of womanhood—it is the privilege of slavery, won by encroachment, and preserved by favour. Gurth got rid of his collar, but in our days he would be called a slave; and Adam Woodcock and Mistress Lilias lived by the breath of their lady's nostrils, in the same manner as the courtiers of Cœur de Lion gained an unusual length of tether from their lord's knightly courtesy, and those of the second Charles from his careless clemency. There is no freedom in all this. *Slave* is written on the knightly crest of the master, and on the liveried garb of the servitor, as plainly as even on the branded shoulder of the negro. But it must be so, it is urged, when times, and scenes of slavery, are chosen as the groundwork of the fiction. We answer, Nay: the spirit of freedom may breathe through the delineation of slavery. However far back we may revert to the usages of the feudal system, there may be,—there must be, if they exist in the mind of the author,—aspirations after a state of society more worthy of humanity. In displaying all the pomp of chivalry, the heart ought to mourn the woes of inequality it inflicted, while the imagination revels in its splendours. But this could not be the case with Scott, who knew about as much of the real condition and character of the humbler classes of each age as of the Japanese; perhaps less, as he was a reader

of Basil Hall. Beyond that which seemed to him the outermost circle, that of the domestics of the great, all was a blank; save a few vague outlines of beggar-women with seven small children, and other such groups that have by some chance found their way into works of fiction. His benignity, therefore, alloyed by no bitterness of disposition in himself, was so far restricted by the imperfection of his knowledge of life, as to prevent his conveying the conception of philanthropy in its largest sense. His services to freedom are of a negative, rather than a positive character; rendered by showing how things work in a state of slavery, rather than how they should work in a condition of rational freedom; and it follows, that his incitements to benevolence are also tendered unconsciously. Through an exhibition of the softening and brightening influence of benignity shed over the early movements of society, he indicates what must be the meridian splendour of philanthropy, penetrating everywhere, irradiating where it penetrates, and fertilizing, as well as embellishing whatever it shines upon.

Much has Walter Scott also done, and done it also unconsciously, for woman. Neither Mary Wollstonecraft, nor Thompson of Cork, nor any other advocate of the rights of woman, has pleaded so eloquently to the thoughtful,—and the thoughtful alone will entertain the subject,—as Walter Scott, by his exhibition of what women are, and by two or three indications of what they might be. He has been found fault with for the poverty of character of the women of his tales; a species of blame against which we have always protested. If he had made as long a list of oddities among his women as his men, he would have exposed himself to the reproach of quitting nature, and deserting classes for extravagant individualities; since there is much less scope for eccentricity among women, in the present state of society, than among men. But, it is alleged, he has made so few of his female characters representatives of a class. True; for the plain reason, that there are scarcely any classes to represent. We thank him for the forcible exhibition of this truth: we thank him for the very term *womankind;* and can well bear its insulting use in the mouth of the scoffer, for the sake of the process it may set to work in the mind of the meditative and the just. There is no saying what the common use of the term *canaille* may in time be proved to have effected for the lower orders of men; or in what degree the process of female emancipation may be hastened by the slang use of the term *womankind*, by despots and by fools. It may lead some watchful intellects—some feeling hearts—to ponder the reasons of the fact, that the word *mankind* calls up associations of grandeur and variety,—that of *womankind*, ideas of littleness and sameness;—that the one brings after it conceptions of lofty destiny, heroic action, grave counsel, a busy office in society, a dignified repose from its cares, a stedfast pursuit of wisdom, an intrepid achievement of good;—while the other originates the very opposite conceptions,—vegetation instead of life, folly instead of counsel, frivolity instead of action, restlessness in the place of industry, apathy in that of repose, listless accomplishment of small aims, a passive reception of what others may please to impart; or, at the very best, a halting, intermitting pursuit of dimly-discerned objects. To some it may be suggested to inquire, Why this contrast should exist?—why one-half of the rational creation should be so very much less rational?—and, as a consequence, so much less good, and so much less happy than the other? If they are for a moment led by common custom to doubt whether, because they are less rational, they are less happy

and less good, the slightest recurrence to Scott's novels is enough to satisfy them, that the common notion of the sufficiency of present female objects to female progression and happiness is unfounded. They will perhaps look abroad from Scott into all other works of fiction—into all faithful pictures of life—and see what women are; and they will finally perceive, that the fewer women there are found to plead the cause of their sex, the larger mixture of folly there is in their pleadings; the more extensive their own unconsciousness of their wrongs, the stronger is their case. The best argument for Negro Emancipation lies in the vices and subservience of slaves: the best argument for female emancipation lies in the folly and contentedness of women under the present system,—an argument to which Walter Scott has done the fullest justice; for a set of more passionless, frivolous, uninteresting beings was never assembled at morning auction, or evening tea-table, than he has presented us with in his novels. The few exceptions are made so by the strong workings of instinct, or of superstition, (the offspring of strong instinct and weak reason combined;) save in the two or three instances where the female mind had been exposed to manly discipline. Scott's female characters are easily arranged under these divisions:—Three-fourths are *womankind* merely: pretty, insignificant ladies, with their pert waiting maids. A few are viragoes, in whom instinct is strong, whose souls are to migrate hereafter into the she-eagle or bear,—Helen M'Gregor, Ulrica, Magdalen Græme, and the Highland Mother. A few are superstitious,—Elspeth, Alice, Norna, Mother Nicneven. A few exhibit the same tendencies, modified by some one passion; as Lady Ashton, Lady Derby, and Lady Douglas. Mary and Elizabeth are womankind modified by royalty. There only remain Flora M'Ivor, Die Vernon, Rebecca, and Jeanie Deans. For these four, and their glorious significance, womankind are as much obliged to Walter Scott, as for the insignificance of all the rest; not because they are what women might be, and therefore ought to be; but because they afford indications of this, and that these indications are owing to their having escaped from the management of man, and been trained by the discipline of circumstance. If common methods yield no such women as these; if such women occasionally come forth from the school of experience, what an argument is this against the common methods,—what a plea in favour of a change of system! Woman cannot be too grateful to him who has furnished it. Henceforth, when men fire at the name of Flora M'Ivor, let woman say, "There will be more Floras when women feel that they have political power and duties." When men worship the image of Die Vernon, let them be reminded, that there will be other Die Vernons when women are impelled to self-reliance. When Jeanie is spoken of with tender esteem, let it be suggested, that strength of motive makes heroism of action; and that as long as motive is confined and weakened, the very activity which should accomplish high aims must degenerate into puerile restlessness. When Rebecca is sighed for, as a lofty presence that has passed away, it should be asked, how she should possibly remain or reappear in a society which alike denies the discipline by which her high powers and sensibilities might be matured, and the objects on which they might be worthily employed? As a woman, no less than as a Jewess, she is the representative of the wrongs of a degraded and despised class: there is no abiding-place for her among foes to her caste; she wanders unemployed (as regards her peculiar capabilities) through the world; and when she dies, there has been, not

only a deep injury inflicted, but a waste made of the resources of human greatness and happiness. Yes, women may choose Rebecca as the representative of their capabilities: first despised, then wondered at, and involuntarily admired; tempted, made use of, then persecuted, and finally banished—not by a formal decree, but by being refused honourable occupation, and a safe abiding place. Let women not only take her for their model, but make her speak for them to society, till they have obtained the educational discipline which beseems them; the rights, political and social, which are their due; and that equal regard with the other sex in the eye of man, which it requires the faith of Rebecca to assure them they have in the eye of Heaven. Meantime, while still suffering under injustice, let them lay to heart, for strength and consolation, the beautiful commentary which Walter Scott has given on the lot of the representative of their wrongs. If duly treasured, it may prove by its effects, that our author has contributed, in more ways than one, to female emancipation; by supplying a principle of renovation to the enslaved, as well as by exposing their condition; by pointing out the ends for which freedom and power are desirable, as well as the disastrous effects of withholding them. He says,—

"The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, Verily, virtue had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

These, then, are the moral services,—many and great,—which Scott has rendered,—positively and negatively,—consciously and unconsciously, to society. He has softened national prejudices; he has encouraged innocent tastes in every region of the world; he has imparted to certain influential classes the conviction that human nature works alike in all; he has exposed priestcraft and fanaticism; he has effectively satirized eccentricities, unamiablenesses and follies; he has irresistibly recommended benignity in the survey of life, and indicated the glory of a higher kind of benevolence; and finally, he has advocated the rights of woman with a force all the greater for his being unaware of the import and tendency of what he was saying.—The one other achievement which we attribute to him, is also not the less magnificent for being overlooked by himself.

By achieving so much within narrow bounds, he has taught how more may be achieved in a wider space. He has taught us the power of fiction as an agent of morals and philosophy; "and it shall go hard with us but we will better the instruction." Every agent of these master spirits is wanted in an age like this; and he who has placed a new one at their service, is a benefactor of society. Scott might have written, as he declared he wrote, for the passing of his time, the improvement of his fortunes, and the amusement of his readers: he might have believed, as he declared he believed, that little moral utility arises out of works of fiction: we are not bound to estimate his works as lightly as he did, or to agree in his opinions of their influences. We rather learn from him how much may be impressed by exemplification which would be rejected in the form of reasoning, and how there may be more extensive *embodiments* of truth in fiction than the world was before thoroughly aware of. It matters not that the truth he exemplified was taken up at random, like that of all his predecessors in the walks of fiction. Others may systematize, having learned from him how extensively they may embody. There is a boundless field open before them; no less than the whole region of moral science, politics, political economy, social rights and duties. All these, and more, are as fit for the process of exemplification as the varieties of life and character illustrated by Scott. And not only has he left the great mass of material unwrought, but, with all his richness of variety, has made but scanty use of the best instruments of illustration. The grandest manifestations of passion remain to be displayed; the finest elements of the poetry of human emotion are yet uncombined; the most various dramatic exhibition of events and characters is yet unwrought; for there has yet been no recorder of the poor; at least, none but those who write as mere observers; who describe, but do not dramatize humble life. The widest interests being thus still untouched, the richest materials unemployed, what may not prove the ultimate obligations of society to him who did so much, and pointed the way towards doing infinitely more; and whose vast achievements are, above all, valuable as indications of what remains to be achieved? That this, his strongest claim to gratitude, has not yet been fully recognised, is evident from the fact, that though he has had many imitators, there have been yet none to take suggestion from him; to employ his method of procedure upon new doctrine and other materials. There have been many found to construct fiction within his range of morals, character, incident, and scenery; but none to carry the process out of his range. We have yet to wait for the philosophical romance, for the novels which shall relate to other classes than the aristocracy; we have yet to look for this legitimate offspring of the productions of Scott, though wearied with the intrusions of their spurious brethren.

The progression of the age requires something better than this imitation;—requires that the above-mentioned suggestion should be used. If an author of equal genius with Scott were to arise to-morrow, he would not meet with an equal reception; not only because novelty is worn off, but because the serious temper of the times requires a new direction of the genius of the age. Under the pressure of difficulty, in the prospect of extensive change, armed with expectation, or filled with determination as the general mind now is, it has not leisure or disposition to receive even its amusements unmixed with what is solid and has a bearing upon its engrossing interests. There may still be the thoughtless and indolent, to whom mere fiction is necessary as a pas-

time; but these are not they who can guarantee an author's influence, or secure his popularity. The bulk of the reading public, whether or not on the scent of utility, cannot be interested without a larger share of philosophy, or a graver purpose in fiction, than formerly; and the writer who would effect most for himself and others in this department must take his heroes and heroines from a different class than any which has yet been adequately represented. This difference of character implies, under the hands of a good artist, a difference of scenery and incident; for the incidents of a fiction are worth nothing unless they arise out of the characters; and the scenery, both natural and moral, has no charm unless it be harmonious with both. Instead of tales of knightly love and glory, of chivalrous loyalty, of the ambition of ancient courts, and the bygone superstitions of a half-savage state, we must have, in a new novelist, the graver themes—not the less picturesque, perhaps, for their reality—which the present condition of society suggests. We have had enough of ambitious intrigues; why not now take the magnificent subject, the birth of political principle, whose advent has been heralded so long? What can afford finer moral scenery than the transition state in which society now is? Where are nobler heroes to be found than those who sustain society in the struggle; and what catastrophe so grand as the downfal of bad institutions, and the issues of a process of renovation? Heroism may now be found, not cased in helm and cuirass, but strengthening itself in the cabinet of the statesman, guiding the movements of the unarmed multitude, and patiently bearing up against hardship, in the hope of its peaceful removal. Love may now be truly represented as sanctified by generosity and self-denial in many of the sad majority of cases where its course runs not smooth. All the virtues which have graced fictitious delineations, are still at the service of the novelist; but their exercise and discipline should be represented as different from what they were. The same passions still sway human hearts; but they must be shown to be intensified or repressed by the new impulses which a new state of things affords. Fiction must not be allowed to expire with Scott, or to retain only that languid existence which is manifest merely in imitations of his works: we must hope,—not, alas! for powers and copiousness like his,—but for an enlightened application of his means of achievement to new aims: the higher quality of which may in some measure compensate for the inferiority of power and richness which it is only reasonable to anticipate.

It appears, then, from the inquiry we have pursued, that the services for which society has to be eternally grateful to Walter Scott are of three distinct kinds. He has vindicated the character of genius by the healthiness of his own. He has achieved marvels in the province of art, and stupendous benefits in that of morals. He has indicated, by his own achievements, the way to larger and higher achievements.—What a lot for a man,—to be thus a threefold benefactor to his race! to unite in himself the functions of moralist, constructor, and discoverer! What a possession for society to have had! and to retain for purposes of amelioration, incitement and guidance! He can never be lost to us, whatever rival or kindred spirit may be destined to arise, or whether he is to be the last of his class. If the latter supposition should prove true,—which, however, appears to us impossible,—he will stand a fadeless apparition on the structure of his own achievements, distanced, but not impaired by time: if the former, his spirit will mi-

grate into his successors, and communicate once more with us through them. In either case, we shall have him with us still.

But, it will be said, the services here attributed to Scott were, for the most part, rendered unconsciously. True; and why should not the common methods of Providence have place here as in all other instances? Scott did voluntarily all that he could; and that he was destined to do yet more involuntarily, is so much the greater honour, instead of derogating from his merit. That some of this extra service was of a nature which he might have declined if offered a choice, is only an additional proof that the designs of men are over-ruled, and their weakness not only compensated for by divine direction, but made its instruments. Great things are done by spontaneous human action: yet greater things are done by every man without his concurrence or suspicion; all which tends, not to degrade the character of human effort, but to exemplify the purposes of Providence. Scott is no new instance of this, nor deserves less honour in proportion to his spontaneous efforts than the sages of Greece, or the historians of Rome, and the benefactors of every age, who have been destined to effect more as illustrators than even as teachers and recorders. He was happy and humbly complacent in his creative office: it is so much pure blessing that we can regard him with additional and higher complacency as a vindicator of genius, and an unconscious prophet of its future achievements.

SONNETS TO IONE.

I.

THOU say'st, the earnestness of love like thine,
Man's lighter faith, occasion's sport, exceeds:—
Not well each hasty glance, sweet boaster, reads
The bosom's secrets, pairing line with line.
Oft deepest springs are bare of outward sign,
And fair inscriptions, hid with clinging weeds,
But follow manly love through noble deeds.
See pride his place, see hate her wrath resign;
Watch his fond sacrifice—his guardian care,
With reverence, as for angels, tamed, and blest—
His conflict's prize, his balm for toil's unrest;
The power that bids him suffer, yield, or dare;
A jewel treasured in the hardest breast:—
Such is man's love,—is mine,—now question, and compare!

II.

How oft my heart, whereon that curled hair
Lay in rich waves, half wandering o'er thy cheek,
Flushed with sweet dreams, now swelled, and now grew weak
With joy and fear, while scarce I could forbear
From desolate tears, to think of love so fair,
Wrack'd by life's bitter winds; when glad and meek,
Thy heaven-blue eyes unclosing, turned to seek
Mine earnest gaze, and finding, rested there,
I kissed thy lips and trembled; for I saw,
E'en that thou art most soft, and needing aid,
As though a breath might wound thee, I have made
This heart a fane, where love and thoughtful awe
Encompass round thy presence, still afraid,
As though, each hour, the guest were fluttering to withdraw!

THE CURRENCY JUGGLE.*

All friends of "The Movement"—all persons, be they Ministers, Members of Parliament, or public writers, who look for the safety and well-being of England, not through the extinction, but through the further progress of the spirit of reform,—commit, in our opinion, an egregious blunder, if they devote themselves chiefly to setting forth what innovations ought *not* to be made. Once open a door, and mischief may come in as well as go out—who doubts it? But our fears are not on that side; else, like so many others, we should be Conservatives. We are as *conservative* as anybody of what we deem worth preserving; but we have judged that Improvement, and not Conservation, is the prize to be striven for just now. This being a settled point with us, our conduct shall not vary from it. The tide of improvement having once begun to rise, we know that froth and straws, and levities of all kinds, will be floated in multitudes up the stream. We regard it as nowise *our* business to watch for their appearance, and break each successive bubble the moment it shews itself on the surface. We leave these to burst of themselves, or to be swept away by the efforts of such as feel themselves called upon by their duty to make that their occupation. Be it ours to find *fit* work for the new instrument of government; it is enough that our silence testifies against the unfit. No one can suffice for all things; and the time is yet far distant when a Radical Reformer can, without deserting a higher trust, allow himself to assume in the main, the garb and attitude of a Conservative.

There are, however, cases in which the rule of conduct which we have prescribed to ourselves must be departed from; and the serious evil incurred, of a conflict between reformers and reformers, in the face of the common enemy. Purposes may be proclaimed by part of the multitudinous body of professed Radicals, which, for the credit of the common cause, it may be imperative upon their fellow-Radicals to disavow; purposes such as cannot even continue to be publicly broached, (not being, as publicly protested against,) without detriment to public morality. In this light, we look upon all schemes for the confiscation of private property, in any shape, or under any pretext; and upon none more than the gigantic plan of confiscation which at present finds some advocates,—a depreciation of the currency.

In substance, this is merely a round-about (and very inconvenient) method of cutting down all debts to a fraction. Considering it in that light, it is not wonderful that all fraudulent debtors should be its eager partisans; but what recommends it to them, should have been enough to render it odious to all well-meaning, even if puzzle-headed, persons. That men who are not knaves in their private dealings, should understand what the word depreciation means, and yet support it, speaks but ill for the existing state of morality on such matters. It is something new in a civilized country. Several times, indeed, since paper-credit existed, governments, or public bodies, have got into their hands the power of issuing a paper-currency, without the restraint of convertibility, or any limitation in the amount. The most memorable cases are those

* Evidence of Thomas Attwood, Esq. before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Bank Charter.

of Law's Mississippi Scheme, the *Assignats*, and the Bank Restriction in 1797. On these various occasions a depreciation did, in fact, take place; but the intention was not *professed* of producing one; nor were its authors in the slightest degree aware that such would be the effect. The important truth, that currency is lowered in value, in proportion as it is augmented in quantity, was known solely to speculative philosophers, to Locke and Hume. The *practicals* had never heard of it; or if they had, disdained it as visionary theory. Not an idea was entertained that a paper-money, which rested upon good security, which *represented*, as the phrase was, real wealth, could ever become depreciated by the mere amount of the issues.

But now, this is understood and reckoned upon, and is the very foundation of the scheme. All mankind, Mr. Rothschild excepted, now know, that increasing the issues of inconvertible paper-money lowers its value, and thereby takes from all who have currency in their possession, or who are entitled to receive any fixed sum, an indefinite aliquot part of their property or income; making a present of the amount to the issuers of the currency, and to the persons by whom the fixed sums are payable. This is seen as clearly as daylight; and thereupon do men recoil from the idea? No; they coolly propose that the thing should be done; the *novæ tabulæ* issued; the transfer to the debtor of the lawful property of the creditor, and to the banker, of part of the property of every man who has money in his purse, deliberately and knowingly accomplished. And this is seriously entertained as a proposition *sub judice;* quite as fit to be discussed, and as likely, *a priori*, to be found worthy of adoption as any other.

At the head of the depreciation party are the two Messrs. Attwood, Matthias and Thomas: the first, of the genuine Tory stamp, a nominee of the Duke of Newcastle; his brother, the chairman of the Birmingham Union, one who, as a man of action, willing and able to stand in the breach, the organizer and leader of our late victorious struggle, has deserved well of his country. But the ability required for leading on a congregated multitude to victory, whether in the war of politics or in that of battles, is one thing; the capacity to make laws for the commerce of a great nation, or even to interpret the vulgarest mercantile phenomena, is another. If any one still doubts this truth, we refer him to Mr. Thomas Attwood's evidence before the Bank Committee.

Mr. Attwood has there given vent to speculations on currency, which prove that, on a topic to which he has paid more attention than to any other, he is yet far beneath his recent antagonist, Mr. Cobbett. Mr. Cobbett, in truth, sees as clearly as any one, that to enact that sixpence should hereafter be called a shilling, would be of no use except to the man who owed a shilling before, and is now allowed to pay it with sixpence. And, it being no part of Mr. Cobbett's object to produce any gratuitous evil, he has sense enough to see that it would be absurd, for the sake of operating upon *existing* contracts, to render all future ones impracticable, except upon the footing of gambling transactions, by making it impossible for a man to divine whether the shilling he undertakes to pay will be worth a penny or a pound at the time of payment. Mr. Cobbett, therefore, is for calling a spade a spade, and cancelling, avowedly, a part, or the whole, as it may happen, of all existing debts; permitting the pound sterling to be worth twenty shillings, as before. Future creditors would thus have the benefit of knowing what they bargained for; though they might, indeed, feel a slight doubt whether it would be paid. In this

scheme there is only knavery—no folly; except the folly of expecting that a great act of national knavery should be a national benefit. Mr. Attwood, on the other hand, is for the robbery too; but then it has not so much the character of a robbery in his eyes; for, if it is done in his way of a depreciated paper-money, such a flood of wealth, he fancies, will be disengaged in the process, that the robber and the robbed, the lion and lamb, may lie down lovingly together, and wallow in riches. At the bottom of the fundholder's pocket, Mr. Attwood expects to find the philosopher's stone. As great a man as Mr. Attwood, the King of Brobdingnag, declared it to be his creed, that the man who calls into existence two blades of grass where one grew before, deserves better of his country than the whole tribe of statesmen and warriors. Mr. Attwood has the same exalted opinion of the man who calls two pieces of paper into existence, where only one piece existed before.

But first, we must have a few words respecting the robbery itself: we will dispose, afterwards, of the accompanying juggle.

There is, there has been, but one sophism, which has enabled many well-intentioned men to disguise from their own consciences the real character of the contemplated fraud upon creditors. This sophism, we acknowledge, has some superficial plausibility. More than half (it is argued) of the National Debt, as well as a great multitude of private engagements, were contracted in a depreciated currency; if, therefore, the interest or principal be now paid without abatement, in money of the ancient standard, we are paying to our public and private creditors more than they lent.

To this fallacy there are as many as three or four sufficient refutations, every one standing upon its own independent ground. But the most conclusive and crushing of them all is not unfrequently overlooked, such is the shortness of men's memories, even about the events of their own time. Many who abhor the "equitable adjustment," join in condemning the restoration of the currency in 1819; admit that Peel's Bill plundered all debtors for the benefit of creditors; but contend, that the present fundholders, and other creditors, are, in great part, *not the same men* who reaped the undue benefit; and that to claim damages from one set of men, because another set have been overpaid, is no reparation, but a repetition, of injustice. This is, indeed, true and irresistible, even though it stood alone—there *needs* no other argument; yet there *is* another, and a still more powerful one.

The restoration of the ancient standard, and the payment in the restored currency of the interest of a debt contracted in a depreciated one, was no injustice, but the simple performance of a plighted compact. All debts contracted during the Bank Restriction were contracted under as full an assurance as the faith of a nation could give, that cash payments were only *temporarily* suspended. At first, the suspension was to last a few weeks, next a few months, then, at furthest, a few years. Nobody dared even to insinuate a proposition, that it should be perpetual, or that, when cash payments were resumed, less than a guinea should be given at the Bank for a pound note and a shilling. And to quiet the doubts and fears which would else have arisen, and which would have rendered it impossible for any minister to raise another loan, except at the most ruinous interest, it was made the law of the land, solemnly sanctioned by Parliament, that, six months after the peace, if not before, cash payments should be resumed. This, therefore, was distinctly one of the conditions of all the loans made during that period.

It is a condition which we have not fulfilled. Instead of six months, more than five years intervened between the peace and the resumption of cash payments. We, therefore, have not kept faith with the fund-holder. Instead of having overpaid him, we have cheated him. Instead of making him a present of a per centage equal to the enhancement of the currency, we continued to pay his interest in depreciated paper, five years after we were bound, by contract, to pay it in cash. And be it remarked, that the depreciation was at its highest during a part of that period. If, therefore, there is to be a great day of national atonement for gone-by wrongs, the fundholders, instead of having any thing to refund, must be directed to send in their bill for the principal and interest of what they were defrauded of during those five years. Instead of this, it is proposed, that, having already defrauded them of *part* of a benefit which was in their bond, and for which they gave an equivalent, we should now force them to make restitution of the remainder!

That they gave an equivalent, is manifest. The depreciation became greatest during the last few years of the war; indeed, it never amounted to any thing considerable till then. It was during those years, also, that far the largest sums were borrowed by the Government. At that time the effects of the bank restriction had begun to be well understood. The writings of Mr. Henry Thornton, Lord King, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Blake, &c. and the proceedings of the Bullion Committee, had diffused a very general conviction, that the Bank had the power to depreciate the currency without limit, and that the Bank Directors acted on principles of which that evil was the natural consequence. Does anybody imagine that the loans of those years could have been raised, except on terms never before heard of under a civilized government, if there had been no engagement to pay the interest or the principal in money of any fixed standard; but it had been avowed, that, to whatever point the arbitrary issues of the bank might depress the value of the pound sterling,—there it would be suffered to remain?

What avails it, then, to cavil about our paying more than we borrowed? Everybody pays more than he borrows; everybody, at least, who borrows at interest. The question is not, have we paid more than we borrowed? but, have we paid more than we promised to pay? And the answer is,—we have paid *less*. The fundholder, as the weaker party, has pocketed the injury; he only asks to be spared an additional and far greater one. We *covenanted* to pay in a metallic standard; we therefore are bound to do it. To deliberate on such a question is as if a private person were to deliberate whether he should pick a pocket.

So much for the substance of the fraud. There is, however, no political crime so bad in itself but what may be made still worse by the manner of doing it. To rob all creditors, public and private, is bad enough in all conscience; but, for the sake of robbing existing creditors, to give to a set of bankers the power of taxing the community to an unlimited amount, at their sole pleasure, by pouring forth paper, which could only get into circulation by lowering the value of all the paper already issued; what would this be but to erect a company of public plunderers, and place all our fortunes in their hands, merely because they offer to lend us our own money, and call the twofold operation "affording facilities to trade?" It were better worth our while to settle a Blenheim, or a Strathfieldsay, upon every banker in England. Civilization itself would shortly come to an end; in a few months we should be in a state of barter. No man in his senses would take money in exchange for any

thing, except he were sure of being able to lay it out before the next day. Each man would begin to estimate his possessions, not by pounds sterling, but by sheep and oxen, as in the heroic ages.

Mr. Attwood opines, that the multiplication of the circulating medium, and the consequent diminution of its value, does not merely diminish the pressure of taxes and debts, and other fixed charges, but gives employment to labour, and that to an indefinite extent. If we could work miracles, we would not be niggardly of them. Possessing the power of calling all the labourers of Great Britain into high wages and full employment, by no more complicated a piece of machinery than an engraver's plate, a man would be much to blame if he failed for want of going far enough. Mr. Attwood, accordingly, is for increasing the issues, until, with his paper loaves and fishes, he has fed the whole multitude, so that not a creature goes away hungry. Such a depreciation as would cause wheat to average 10s. the bushel, he thinks, would suffice; but if, on trial, any labourer should declare, that he still had an appetite, Mr. Attwood proffers to serve up another dish, and then another, up to the desired point of satiety. If a population thus satisfactorily fed should, under such ample encouragement, double or treble in its numbers, all that would be necessary, in this gentleman's opinion, is to depreciate the currency so much the more.

It is not that Mr. Attwood exactly thinks that a hungry people can be literally fed upon his bits of paper. His doctrine is, that paper-money is not capital, but brings capital into fuller employment. A large portion of the national capital, especially of that part which consists of buildings and machinery, is now, he affirms, lying idle, in default of a market for its productions; those various productions being, as he admits, the natural market for one another, but being unable to exchange for each other, for want, as he seems to think, of a more plentiful medium of exchange, just as wheels will not go with a spare allowance of oil. It was suggested to him, by some member of the committee, that a small nominal amount of currency will suffice to exchange as many commodities as a larger one, saving that it will do it at lower prices; which, however, when common to all commodities, are every jot as good to the sellers as high prices, except that these last may enable them to put off their creditors with a smaller real value. Mr. Attwood could not help admitting this; still, however, it failed to produce any impression upon him; he could not perceive that high prices are in themselves no benefit; he could not get out of his head that high prices occasion "increased consumption," "increased demand," and thereby give a stimulus to production. As if it were any increase of demand for bread to have two bits of paper to give for a loaf instead of one. As if being able to sell a pair of shoes for two rags instead of one, when each rag is only worth half as much, were any additional inducement to the production of shoes.

Whenever we meet with any notion more than commonly absurd, we expect to find that it is derived from what is miscalled "practical experience;" namely, from something which has been seen, heard, and misunderstood. Such is the case with Mr. Attwood's delusion. What has imposed upon him is, as usual, what he would term a "fact." If prices could but be kept as high as in 1825, all would be well; for in 1825, not one well-conducted labourer in Great Britain was unemployed. Now, the first liberty we shall take is, that of disbelieving the "fact." In its very nature, it is one which neither Mr. Attwood, nor any one, can

personally know to be true; and his means of accurate knowledge are probably confined to the great manufacturing and exporting town which he personally inhabits. Thus much, however, we grant: that the buildings and machinery he speaks of were not lying idle in 1825, but were in full operation: many of them, indeed, were erected during that frantic period; which is partly the cause of their lying idle now. But why was all the capital of the country in such unwonted activity in 1825? Because the whole mercantile public was in a state of insane delusion, in its very nature temporary. From the impossibility of exactly adjusting the operations of the producer to the wants of the consumer, it always happens that some articles are more or less in deficiency, and others in excess. The healthy working of the machinery, therefore, requires, that in some channels, capital should be in full, while in others, it should be in slack, employment. But in 1825, it was imagined that *all* articles, compared with the demand for them, were in a state of deficiency. The extension of paper credit, called forth by speculations in a few leading articles, had produced a rise of prices, which, *not* being supposed to be connected with a depreciation of the currency, each man considered to arise from an increase of the effectual demand for his particular article, and so fancied there was a ready and permanent market for any quantity of that article which he could produce. Mr. Attwood's error is that of supposing, that a depreciation of the currency *really* increases the demand for all articles, and consequently their production; because, under some circumstances, it may create a *false opinion* of an increase of demand; which false opinion leads, as the reality would do, to an increase of production, followed, however, by a fatal revulsion as soon as the delusion ceases. The revulsion in 1825 was not caused, as Mr. Attwood fancies, by a contraction of the currency; the only cause of the real ruin, was the imaginary prosperity. The contraction of the currency was the consequence, not the cause, of the revulsion. So many merchants and bankers having failed in their speculations, so many, therefore, being unable to meet their engagements, their paper became worthless, and discredited all other paper. An issue of inconvertible bank notes might have enabled these debtors to cheat their creditors; but it would not have opened a market for one more loaf of bread, or one more yard of cloth; because, what makes a demand for commodities is commodities, and not bits of paper.

It is no slight enhancement of the motive we have to rejoice in our narrow escape from marching to Parliamentary Reform through a violent revolution, when we think of the influence which would in that event have been exercised over Great Britain, for good or for ill, by men of whose opinions the above is a faithful picture. No man to whom we are less indebted, has it in his power to do so much mischief as these men. Their merits and services do but render their errors the more dangerous.

We have no dread of them at present, because, together with the disapprobation of all instructed men, they have to encounter a strong popular prejudice against paper-money of every kind. The real misfortune would be, if they should wave their currency juggle, and coalesce with the clearer-sighted and more numerous tribe of political swindlers, who attack public and private debts directly and avowedly.

But even thus, we do not fear that they should succeed. There are enough of honest men in England yet, to be too many for all the knaves; and it is only for want of discussion that these schemes find any favourers among sincere men. The mischief, and it is not inconsiderable, is,

that such things should be talked of, or so much as dreamed of; that the time and talents which ought to be employed in making good laws and redressing real wrongs, should be taken up in counselling or in averting an execrable crime: to the injury of all good hopes, but most to the damage and discredit of the cause of Radical Reform, which is almost undistinguishably identified in the minds of many excellent, though ill-informed and timid people, with the supremacy of brute force over right, and a perpetually impending spoliation of every thing which one man has and another man desires.*

LOVE AT COLIN MAILLARD.

A Christmas Adventure.

FROM REMINISCENCES OF I. V———, ESQ.

The moment that she looked up from her drawing, I remembered her at once by her eyes. It was full three years since I had seen them, during a tour in vacation, on entering the *diligence* from St. Omer to Paris. She was then a mere girl in her teens, but far more interesting than misses generally are at that dubious period; a curly-headed, rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of blue eyes which I must describe, for they were absolutely unique. Their colour was extremely full and deep; the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eyelashes, they gave a sly or pensive expression to the curl of a red upper lip; but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky, for hours. She was travelling, under her father's escort, to Paris, to enter a *pension* there; and as there were no passengers in the *diligence* besides ourselves, before nightfall I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire*, on half-pay, as I conjectured, from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way to the vivacity of her spirits; and as papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterances that the world perverts. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing, while she prattled on of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosity as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chill at night, I folded my gay travelling cloak around her, and observed, almost with fondness, her little head begin to

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* That our opinions may not be misunderstood, we think it right to explain that, while we object decidedly to any legislatorial depreciation of the currency, we advocate free trade in banking, as in everything else, and the unrestricted issue of bank notes, convertible on demand into the precious metals; in short, the Scottish system of Banking, as explained in our article on *The Bank Charter*, in Magazine No. III. And while we maintain that the restoration of the currency to a sound state, gives us no right to deprive the fundholder of any part of his stock, we by no means contend that the huge debt shall be allowed to paralyze the national strength for ever. How it is to be disposed of, with the nearest possible approximation to exact justice to every person, must be the subject of future articles.

nod, and her narrative to falter; until at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep, that it was not disturbed when, at the first jolt which occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and, passing my arm around her, kept it in that position. I could never sleep in a stage. In those days, moreover, my imagination was in great force; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the *conducteur* and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow-traveller, to which the paternal snore furnished a very tolerable counterpoint, I amused myself with various reveries concerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom. Sometimes, a fanciful idea arose, that our intercourse, so recently begun, and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day; and I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, and again crossing my path by some accident, such as had already brought us together. There is, I am persuaded, a truth of prediction in these impressions, especially in those which visit us in the night season. "*Dreams*," says a great poet, "*come from God.*" When day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet, nestling in my cloak, that I could not abstain from impressing a morning salutation upon her brow; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber; nor did she awake until the rattling of the vehicle along the pavement approaching the Barrière de St. Denis, announced our proximity to Paris. When the *diligence* stopped in the Rue de l'Enfer, I felt quite sad at parting from my charge; and as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her to tell me her name, and not to forget me. She told me that she was called Isabel Denham, and said that she had a good memory: but I little expected, on giving her the farewell *au plaisir*, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, at my then age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short sojourn in Paris, and long after returning to Oxford, the picture of those rich black curls waving on my shoulders, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the *diligence*, perpetually recurred to my imagination. How angry was I at my stupidity in neglecting to "ask of the whereabouts" of her Leicestershire home! Indeed I tormented all the men from that county with whom I had any acquaintance, with inquiries concerning the name of Denham, until silenced by the ridicule they excited. The dissipations and studies of college life did not, however, impair my memory; although, when I revisited the Continent, after taking my degree, it was only at leisure moments that I would ask myself,—"I wonder what has become of that pretty Isabel; by this time she must be full woman, and, I doubt not, a fair one? I should like to know if she recollects her companion of the *diligence*."

A delightful summer ramble had terminated amongst the slopes and vineyards of the Pays de Vaud. On the afternoon of a day too sultry for walking, I was descending, on *mule-back*, a steep hill in the neighbourhood of Vevay, by an unfrequented road which overlooks the lake. The clouds began to creep heavily upwards from behind the western Alps; and I urged my lazy beast, in the hope of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But mules are impracticable animals; and mine, upon a smart application of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road; and began to indulge himself in one of those intolerable howls which none but mulish organs can perpetrate, to the great alarm of a

young lady who was seated, quietly sketching, at the corner I had just turned. When she looked up, startled by the hideous bray, and amusement succeeded to her surprise, she opened to their full extent a pair of laughing blue eyes, which I felt certain I had looked into before. Yet of their splendidly beautiful owner I had no recollection. At once a thought, an inspiration it must have been, recalled my former companion of the *diligence*. I was sure it must be she. As I detest ceremony in investigations of this kind, I at once dismounted, took off my hat, and accosted the fair artist:—

"*Madame*," (a delightful language is the French; you can address a lady so respectfully without knowing her name!)—"*Madame, veut-elle bien me pardonner pour l'avoir derangé? Mais, je supplierais qu'elle me permit de l'engager à déscendre au plus vite. Tout annonce un orage.*"

She coloured, and bowed slightly. "*Remercie, monsieur*,"—then, looking around, called, "George!" The accent was of my native land; I was confirmed in my conjecture, and addressed her in English:—

"If that be your servant, madam, I fear he is scarcely within call. It must have been the white-headed old person whom I passed, as he was plucking grapes in the *clos* of La Blaye, a full quarter of a mile from hence."—She gathered up her pencils, and appeared perplexed. At this moment, a few heavy drops of rain, and a far-off muttering of thunder, came on very opportunely.

I assumed a most humble and respectful mien:—"Will you honour my quadruped by suffering him to bear you home before the storm descends?"—She blushed again, and seemed to hesitate: but a loud clap of thunder aided my eloquence materially; and the preparation of a few moments beheld her seated upon my mule, wrapped in the very cloak which had kept her warm three years before, and me trotting at the animal's bridle, or occasionally seizing the apology of a steep descent or a rough patch of road, for supporting her in the saddle. However, before we reached her home, at a short distance from the suburb of Vevay, the rain came down with true Alpine fury; and I delivered my fair charge, dripping wet, into the care of an anxious-looking old gentleman, who was watching for her in the verandah, and in whom I at once recognised the papa of the *diligence*. From her I received a host of pretty thanks; and from him, what I valued far more, the permission to call on the morrow, and inquire whether she had taken injury from the exposure.

"George," said I to the old blue-bottle, whom I met hurrying townward, "how long has Captain Denham been at Vevay?

The man seemed surprised, but answered respectfully, "Sir George Denham, you mean, sir; he is Sir George, now that the baronet in Yorkshire is dead."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact: and my lady?"

"My lady? God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into these foreign parts!"

"Indeed, I had not heard of that accident:—and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?"

"No, sir; the young people were all left in Leicestershire when Sir George came abroad for his health."

"Do they see much company?"

"O no, sir, master lives quite retired like: besides, there are few English about Vevay."

"Very good: now go home and dry yourself:" (slipping an écu into his hand.)

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured: no troublesome mamma or brothers: father invalid, and a baronet; nothing could be more delightful! I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions; and engaged my apartments in the town for "two months certain."

My call on the following day was kindly received; my dear countrymen, Heaven bless them! are not quite so surly when you meet them abroad: especially if they happen to be in want of assistance or amusement. Sir George appeared to me to stand in the latter predicament; and certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approaches I made to become an *habitué* under his roof. I gathered, both from his establishment, and my dialogue with George, (the blue-bottle,) that with title, fortune had also flowed in upon him; and therefore cautiously abstained from recalling to *his* memory our former meeting. But with the fair Isabel, I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was installed in the place of *cicerone*, and permitted to escort her to views which papa could not reach, I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, although cautiously at first. The moment, however, that I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Denham's eye, and perhaps a little heightening of colour, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstances of our previous meeting: and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it had left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto hesitated to make the inquiry, I should fail in attempting to explain: those alone who have been fascinated, as I then was, will understand the reason. Henceforward we became as old friends, and, I need not add, constant companions. Never did I pass a more blessed summer:—it was, indeed, a happiness almost too keen, to ramble day after day, without a thought of the future, in that paradise of a country, by the side of sweet Isabel Denham: to read to her passages from Rousseau and Byron, in the very spots where they were composed, and which they describe; or to sit at her feet throughout long summer evenings, gazing into those strange blue eyes, as she sang to her guitar, for papa, whole garlands of gay little French and Swiss romances. Yet I never spoke to her of love, although my heart was almost oppressed with its sweetness. But our intercourse grew so entire and affectionate, as we read, or sailed, or sat together, or loitered amidst the heavy fragrance of the garden to watch the glory of an Alpine sunset, that nothing but a rising sense of self-reproach, when I considered my doubtful prospects in life,—or perhaps, likewise, a fear to disturb, even with a word, a relation so delicious as had silently established itself between me and this fair girl, could have stifled the confession and the entreaty which at times actually quivered on my lips. O, she was such a soft, bright creature, with all the grace of a French girl, and the pensive sweetness of an English maiden; glad, but deep-hearted, and now and then disposed to be tyrannical: with small white hands, and tripping feet; and then those indescribable eyes! I wonder how I was enabled to keep silence: for there was a something in Isabel's manner that whispered, at times, as if she would have forgiven my presumption, had I broken it.

But autumn was nearly past; its close recalled Sir George, with re-

stored health, to England; and *me* to the fulfilment of a promise made to an invalid friend at Naples. At parting, the old baronet gave me a kind invitation to his seat, when I should return to England: and when, in his presence, I essayed to bid farewell to his daughter, my self-possession so nearly left me, that I could barely say, "Good-by!" That last day was a miserable one; and when evening came, and I had completed my arrangements for departure on the morrow, I could not restrain my desire to say one kind word to Isabel before leaving the place. It was in vain that reason hinted the folly of indulging a pursuit, that in my then circumstances, appeared hopeless: equally vain was the appeal of conscience, urging that it was using a young creature unfairly to suggest a claim that I could not prefer:—before the sun had quite set, I was standing once more at the gate, from whence we had so often looked down upon Leman. Would she come? I was sure of it!

I stepped aside for a moment; she slowly approached the wicket, and stood leaning for a few instants on the espalier, gazing on the water; and then she buried her face in both hands. I stole to her side, and whispered "Isabel!" At first, I feared that she would faint, so pale did she become; but the colour directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow, and even neck, were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand, smiling, but with eyes full of tears.

"I could not bear to leave you, my sweet friend, without taking a kinder farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning." She looked downwards, and I could see her lip quiver, but no answer came.

"It will be a long, long time ere I see you again; will you let me thank you for these happy months, or will you add one other treasure to all your gifts of gentleness and condescension? Will you repeat that sweet promise you once gave me, as a child? Say, that you will not forget me, beautiful Isabel Denham!"

"Did I break that promise?" she replied, in a low voice.

"Ah! but you are now to enter the world, where you will be sought, and caressed, and loved; but no one will love you there so fondly as an old friend, dear Isabel!" (What would not I have then given for the power to ask her to be mine!) She made no answer, but wept. At that moment, the voice of Sir George was heard, calling her name: she slightly pressed my hand, in which I still held hers, and whispered, hurriedly, "Good-by! I will *not* forget you!"—Had Mephistophiles himself then stood at my elbow, I could not have abstained from kissing the lips that uttered these kind, musical words. She struggled, escaped from my embrace, and ran towards the house.

For two long years I remained on the Continent, busied with projects which I need not relate, or engaged in adventures that would little interest you. Need I say what was now the pole-star of my endeavours? Those dear words, "I will *not* forget you," were for ever in my ear; and supported me in moments of anxiety and disappointment, of which, God knows, I had my full share. But I kept my resolution to avoid Isabel Denham's presence, until I could appear before her in the character of a decided suitor;—yet how dearly did it cost me! How could I expect that her memory, to which I had preferred no direct claim, would survive the effects of absence, silence, and the assiduities of others?

In the winter of 18—, I returned to England. My difficulties, at last, were smoothed away; and away did I post to Yorkshire, the moment I was free from the importunities of agents and papers. I have already

hinted, that of Sir George or his daughter I had not heard since their departure from Vevay. Chance happily directed me to an old friend in the neighbourhood of Beverley; from whom I obtained, at the same time, an invitation to pass my Christmas under his roof, and the welcome information that Sir George Denham was his neighbour and acquaintance. I arrived at Thornton's on Christmas Eve. "You are come at the right moment," said my friend: "The party from Denham Hall join our merry-making to-morrow; and you will have a good opportunity for renewing your Swiss acquaintance." Between fear and expectation I had no sleep that night.

In this fair district, the dear old English custom of hearty Christmas rejoicings, and the genuine ancient hospitality, are retained in much of their original glory. Under any other circumstances, the cheerful hum of preparation throughout the night, the carols chanted by the village choristers under the hall windows; and, on the morrow, the chambers green with laurel, and variegated with holly; the holyday faces of the tenantry, and a certain blending of solemnity and joy in the performance of church service in the stately old minster, would have affected me powerfully, after returning from so long a sojourn abroad: but, in church, I was devoured by impatience, vainly attempting to detect one familiar face amidst the congregation; and returned to dress, nervous and disappointed. A few words to Thornton, indeed, would have put an end to my suspense; but I had resolved to conceal every indication of peculiar interest, until I had learned how Isabel would receive me. I was actually trembling when I entered the drawing-room, half an hour before the early dinner;—the guests were nearly all arrived, but still the face I sought for was not there. A carriage dashed up to the door—Sir George and Miss Denham! I started forwards. *Cent mille tonnerres!* The old gentleman was, indeed, the same; but instead of the beautiful girl I expected, there appeared a thin aged lady, with all the vinegar look of a maiden sister.

Sir George greeted me heartily. I forbore to inquire, at the moment, after his daughter; it had, indeed, been needless, for he was hardly seated, before, "Where is Miss Isabel?" rained upon him from all sides.

"Poor Bell!" I was afraid to bring her out on a bitter day like this, even to a Christmas revel: she has been so delicate of late." Here he looked at the villanous old sister in the lace cap and spectacles, who nodded assent. I could have strangled them both.

The dinner, *malgré* all its abundance and solemnities, "right merry and conceited;" its flowing healths, ample cheer, and gay faces, was a bitter ceremony to me, moody and taciturn as the disappointment had made me. One determination engrossed all my thoughts; and, in the bustle caused by the ladies' departure, I proceeded to execute it, by slipping quietly into the hall, seizing the first hat I could find, and running down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow allowed me. "Show me Sir George Denham's," said I to a child at the lodge:—"It's the big white house yonder, across the field." In three minutes I was halting under the windows of Denham Hall.

The necessity of a pause to take breath, a consciousness of my proceeding being rather a queer one, added to an habitual love of reconnoitring before any "onslaught," arrested my hand, as it was already upon the bell. I therefore began to encompass the house, after the manner of the besiegers of Jericho, (only that I used no trumpet,) until I reached a bay window, level with the flower-bed without, which was

brightly illuminated from within. The curtain was partially drawn aside, and the ringing sounds of youthful laughter attracted me nearer. I stepped on to the flower-bed, and looked in upon a scene which Wilkie or Jan Steen's rare fancy could not have embellished. It was a long room, fitted up with rich oaken panels, alternating with portraits in the antique style, and now thickly hung with evergreens. The chief light proceeded from a vast Yule log, which lay glowing and flickering in a wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls from twelve to seven years old; two stout little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of two chairs, in attaching a bunch of Christmas to the chandelier, in the centre; taking advantage, as it seemed, of the moment, while a girl of about ten years of age was busy binding up the eyes of a young lady, (the only grown-up person of the party,) who was seated upon a stool, with her back turned towards the window, amidst shouts of merry laughter. I drew closer, and, as soon as she rose to begin the game, I knew, by the little white hands extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich black locks, and the dimpled chin, even though her eyes *were* covered, the person of sweet Isabel Denham.

From an involuntary impulse I tried the clasp of the window; it opened, and there I stood within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight and eagerness upon my beautiful mistress. It required a pause of several minutes before I could summon courage to intrude upon this scene of innocent merriment. The little folks, the while, were skipping about in the fire-light like so many brownies, shouting with rapture; and Isabel bounded amongst them as gracefully as though she had been Titania herself. She had little success in the game; the mischievous crew, who seemed to take especial delight in pulling about her curls, escaped from her gentle hands, whenever she essayed to lay hold upon any of her assailants. At last she came running towards my hiding-place, with both hands outstretched, crying, "I am sure there is some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape quite so easily as he did the last time!" I cannot describe how this random speech affected me; but I internally blessed the omen, and coming forward, as she approached, quietly possessed myself of her two hands, and pressed them to my lips. Startled, if not alarmed, by a touch so unexpected, she gave a sudden cry, exclaiming "Papa! it is not you?" and, freeing one of her hands, hurriedly removed the bandage from her forehead. It was a nervous moment for me; the unwarrantable liberty I had taken just flashed upon my mind at the instant when I had fully committed myself. On recognising my face, Isabel almost shrieked, changed colour, tried to speak, and burst into tears. I was terribly alarmed; the little people stood aghast, as though Satan himself had stepped from behind the curtain. I supported Isabel to the sofa, and knelt at her side.

"Forgive me, dear Isabel! I little thought I should alarm you so much. I was not master of myself on seeing you so near me! will you suffer me to entreat your pardon? Her eye slowly unclosed, and rested on mine, troubled, but full of sweetness.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon! It was not kind to frighten me thus. I do not know whether I shall ever forgive you for causing me such a shock."

"I shall never forgive myself if I have distressed you; but hear my excuse: I hoped to have met you at Thornton's; you came not; I hastened hither to find you; I beheld you through the window, and could not restrain my eagerness to approach you! and now, have you not forgotten, will you forgive me?"

"I do not know," she said, blushing deeply, "whether I ought to listen to you at all, or no. You deserve that I should send you away at once."

"You would not be so unkind, did you know how I have longed to cast myself on your mercy."

"Well, I forgive you!" I was in the seventh heaven! The blind-man's buff party appeared sorely disconcerted. "Had we not better set the little people to play again?" said I; and without more ceremony, seizing upon the biggest boy of the party, I bound up his eyes; and after a few minutes' romping with them, the merry uproar became as loud as ever. Returning to Isabel's feet, I then told my tale, explaining, as well as I could, my past silence, sued for her pardon and her fair hand. She was too naturally sincere, perhaps too much hurried, to tyrannize over me at such a moment; and when, after an ardent expostulation and entreaty, I raised her from the sofa, and slyly leading her under the little rogues' Bush of Salutation, covered her eyes, brow, and lips with kisses,—she had already breathed the sweet word that made her mine for ever.

In the course of that evening's converse I learned how faithfully the dear girl had kept her promise, although my silence had so little deserved it; and how just had been my instantaneous feeling of antipathy towards the maiden aunt, from whom poor Isabel had suffered a long persecution on behalf of a *protégé* of hers, recommended as a suitor to my peerless mistress.

It was very late ere I regained Thornton Priory. The revel, fortunately, was not yet over, and I found Sir George in a charitable mood; so that before his carriage drove away, I had obtained from him a permission which completed the happiness of the most exciting, yet most delightful Christmas day I had ever spent, or may hope ever to spend again. V.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

A MORE singular relation, than that between the creditors of a publishing house and the author of an *unwritten* work contracted for, has perhaps never been brought to light by commercial vicissitude. Had the subject of the following case been any other than Sir Walter Scott, the singularity of the negociation might have rendered the document worth reading. As it is, we have no doubt of its deep interest to our readers.

CASE.

AT the date of the bankruptcy, a work of fiction had been prepared by Sir Walter Scott. The paper for printing the work had been sent by Messrs. Constable & Co. to the printers, to whom the MS. had been delivered in the usual way. The work had been advertised by Messrs. Constable & Co., under the name of "Woodstock," for several months, and it was nearly ready to be published.—The trustee for the creditors of Messrs. Constable & Co. claimed right to the works contracted for, and maintained, that as the price had been paid, and he was ready to fulfil the contract by publishing the works, he was entitled to stand in the same situation in regard to the contract as Messrs. Constable & Co. themselves had stood at the date of the bankruptcy.

Sir Walter Scott maintained that the contract had been voided by the bankruptcy of the purchasers and publishers of the works, and their consequent inability to perform their part of the contract; that the payment of the price was not the only obligation incumbent upon them; that they were bound to publish the works, which they could not do; and that when he contracted with them, he had a reference to the advantages which he would derive from their being the publishers, but which could not be obtained from the trustee for their creditors; that he had a material interest in the books being properly published, both with reference to his fame as an author, and his reversionary interest in the works. He admitted that in the cases where the price had been paid, he was bound to repay the money advanced, or to account for it; but he denied that there was any obligation upon him to deliver the works in question to be published by the trustee for the creditors of Messrs. Constable & Co.

CONTRACT.

"Dear Sirs,—I am desired by the Author of Waverley to propose to you a new bargain for another romance on the same terms as the last. The money will be wanted previously to the 28th of this month.

"Should you accept the proposal, I shall make you a formal offer in the usual mode; and as the author is desirous to have the matter closed as speedily as possible, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you in the course of a day or two.—I am, dear sirs, yours truly,

(Signed) "JAMES BALLANTYNE."

Messrs. A. Constable & Co. having intimated their intention of accepting the offer, they next day received the following note and offer.

"18th or 19th March.	18th .	L.500
25th and 26th	20th . .	750
	24th .	850
	28th . .	400
		L.2,500

"P. O. 7th March, 1823.

"Dear Sirs,—The prefixed are the dates at which I should be glad to receive the advance on the new, and I will thank you to be kind enough to let me know if the arrangement will suit you.—Yours, truly,

(Signed) "JAMES BALLANTYNE."

The agreement for this work was completed by the following missives.

"P. O. Edinburgh, 7th March, 1823.

"Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.—Gentlemen,—I am empowered by the Author of Waverley, Peveril of the Peak, &c., as his agent, to offer you his next work of fiction following that contracted for with me on 14th October last; if a romance, in 3 vols.; if a novel, in 4. I shall, however, as heretofore, recapitulate the agreements that are now open betwixt us and the said author.

I.

"The work, which is not yet named, now far advanced at press, immediately following Peveril of the Peak, and contracted for on the 3d September 1821, (Quentin Durward.)

II.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 3d September, 1821, and contracted for 26th of February, 1822, (St. Ronan's Well.)

III.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 26th February, 1822; and contracted for on 7th May, 1822, (Redgauntlet.)

IV.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 7th May, 1822, and contracted for, as before mentioned, on the 14th October last. (Tales of the Crusaders.)

"The conditions of the work now to be contracted for, are as follow:—

"1*st*—That the impression shall be ten thousand copies.

"2*d*—That the author is to receive three thousand, seven hundred, and fifty pounds, for his share of the profits of the said ten thousand copies.

"3*d*—That I am to have one-third of the transaction, you managing the whole, as formerly.

"4*th*—That for your two-thirds, you are to grant bills at four, five, and six months, for L.2,500.

"5*th*—That James Ballantyne & Co. are to print the work; and that on publication, you are to draw on them for one-third share of the paper and print of the work, at a date not exceeding twelve months.

"6*th*—That you are at liberty to print, if you shall see cause, two thousand copies, in addition to the ten thousand copies above stipulated for; but, in putting the additional number to press, the author is to receive L.750, payable in the proportions by you and myself, as already narrated, and with a like division of the books. I am, gentlemen, your very faithful servant, (Signed) JAMES BALLANTYNE."

"Edinburgh, 8th March, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—Above you have a copy of your proposal of a new work, by the Author of Waverley, which we hereby accept of; and we remain, dear sir, yours, truly, (Signed) A. CONSTABLE & Co."

"*Addressed to Mr James Ballantyne.*"

There can be no objection to our also publishing the Contract concluded by Mr. Ballantyne on behalf of the concealed author, with the house of Constable and Co. All the affairs having been long ago made public, nothing private, though something new and interesting may be brought to light by the following document:—

No. II.—CONTRACT.

"20th October, 1823.

"Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.—Gentlemen, I am empowered by the Author of Waverley, Quentin Durward, &c., as his agent, to offer you his next work of fiction, following that contracted for with me on 7th March last; if a Romance, in 3 vols; if a Novel, in 4.

"I shall, however, as heretofore, recapitulate the agreements that are now open betwixt us and the said author.

I.

"The work, now far advanced at press, and named St. Ronan's Well, and contracted for on 26th February, 1822.

II.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following St. Ronan's Well, contracted for on 7th May, 1822, (Redgauntlet.)

III.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following that contracted for 7th May, 1822, and contracted for on 14th October, 1822, (Tales of the Crusaders.)

IV.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following that contracted for on 14th October, 1822, and agreed for as before stated on 7th March last.

"The conditions of the work now to be contracted for are as follow:—

"1*st*—That the impression shall be 10,000 copies.

"2*d*—That the author is to receive L.3,750, for his share of the profits of the said 10,000 copies.

"3*d*—That I am to have one-third of the transaction, you managing the whole as formerly.

"4*th*—That for your two-thirds you are to grant bills at four, five, and six months, for L.2,500.

"5*th*—That James Ballantyne & Co. are to print the work, and that, on publication, you are to draw on them for one-third share of paper and print of the work, at twelve months date.

"6*th*—That you are at liberty to print, if you shall see cause, 2000 copies in addition to the 10,000 copies above stipulated for; but in putting the additional number to press, the author is to receive L.750, payable in the proportions by you and myself, as already narrated, and with a like division of the books.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant, (Signed) JAMES BALLANTYNE."

"Edinburgh, 29th October, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—On the other side we hand you a copy of your proposal, dated 20th instant, for a new work by the Author of Waverley: we hereby accept of said proposal, and are, dear sir, yours, truly, (Signed) A. CONSTABLE & Co."

THE AWAKENING OF THE WIND.

HURRAH! the wind, the mighty wind,
Like lion from his lair up-sprung,
Hath left his Arctic home behind,
And off his slumbers flung;
While over lake and peaceful sea,
With track of crested foam, sweeps he!

Hurrah! the wind, the mighty wind,
Hath o'er the deep his chariot driven,
Whose waters, that in peace reclin'd,
Uplash the roof of heaven;
Then on the quaking cliff-bound shore
They foaming dash with deafening roar.

The ship loom'd on the waveless sea,
Her form was imaged in its breast,
And beauteous of proportion she,
As ever billow prest;
And graceful there as stately palm,
She tower'd amid the sultry calm.

Her flag hung moveless by the mast,
Her sails droop'd breezeless and unbent,
And oft the seaman's glance was cast
Along the firmament,
To note if there he might descry
The wakening gale approaching nigh.

On came the wind, the reckless wind,
Fast sweeping on his furious way,
His tempest rushing pinions brined
In wrathful ocean's spray.
On came the wind, and, as he past,
The shriek of death was in the blast!

The tall ship by the shrouds he took,
To shivering shreds her canvas rent,
Then like a reed her mast he shook,
And by the board it went,
While yawn'd the deep with hideous din,
As if prepared to gulf her in.

With fruitless effort on she reels,
The giant wind is in her wake,
The mountain billow's coil she feels
Around her like a snake:
Lock'd in that unrelenting grasp,
She struggling sinks with stifled gasp.

Hurrah! hurrah! the victor wind
Hath swept the ocean rover down,
And left a shipless sea behind,
With many a corse bestrewn;
And swift, unfetter'd, strong, and free,
Like eagle on his path, speeds he!

THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH, OR ROMANCE IN IRELAND. *

THE annals of Ireland, since the period of its conquest by the English, exhibit little else than the acts of a continuous tragi-comedy, in which, however, the blood and horrors, and wild and stormy passions, greatly preponderate; the comic relief to the main piece being little more than the mirthful drunkenness of Michael Cassio to the whirlwind of Othello's jealousy, or the quaint humours of the grave-digger, to the deep and concentrated grief of Hamlet. Even the merriment and jollity are often of a wild and reckless character; the carouse of the outlaw in the intervals of his desperate life, or the intemperance of the seaman, who, perceiving the storm increase beyond his power of control, and his vessel sinking in spite of every effort of his skill, in his despair, seeks to drown his senses in the madness of intoxication. One act in this chequered drama, which occurred in 1534, was emphatically termed "The Rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald." On the events of this formidable insurrection is constructed the historical Romance of *The Siege of Maynooth*. It may be called a serious romance, and, as such, is distinguished by considerable rapidity and fulness of incident, by strikingly picturesque situations, and some force of character. It likewise possesses a nobler kind of interest, from the natural coincidence of many of the circumstances, descriptions, and actuating motives of the leading characters, with those of the unhappy fortunes of another rebel Geraldine—the late lamented Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These coincidences are neither far-sought nor obtruded; they occur naturally to the mind of the reader, for the tale is supposed to be written two centuries before the feuds of 1798; and on all of suffering, and cruelty, and national degradation that followed them, the political tone of the writer, though decided, is not intemperate.

The romance opens strikingly. About the close of the reign of Elizabeth, a young and noble traveller, journeying to the court, is overtaken by a violent thunder storm on the verge of an extensive forest. He seeks shelter in a hovel, of which the only visible inmate is thus described:—

"It was a female, sitting on a low stool before the fire, but in appearance of so great an age, that the young Earl shuddered in beholding her, believing that he saw something not belonging to this world. A velvet mantle, worn and faded, on which appeared what had been embroidery, was wrapped around her form, and over a part of her head; the rest of her habiliment corresponded with this remnant of magnificence, and was equally poverty stricken: her hair, white as snow, and of a great length, fell forwards from underneath her mantle, and rested on her knees; the form of her features still bore the traces of what had once been beauty, although they now appeared rather carved in oak, than to be living flesh and blood; her eyes alone, as they gleamed in the fire-light, and a slow rocking movement of the body, convinced the Earl that she was indeed a breathing creature; but, while he hesitated to advance, or how to address her, she sung, or rather murmured in a low broken voice, a kind of wild lilt, to which her young auditor listened with breathless attention, the words corresponding so perfectly with her extraordinary appearance."

Having ended her wild chant, an explanatory conversation takes place between the young man and his strange hostess,

"'Thou art then a courtier,' said the old woman, eyeing him more attentively. 'I, also, have known something of courts; yes, and Queened it too,—but that is long past.'

"She clasped her hands over her forehead, and seemed for some minutes to forget her guest; then suddenly arousing herself, she asked, 'Who reigns in England now?

* London: James Ridgway, 2 vols. 12mo.

—I have seen many reigns, but all are away like unto a dream.—Oh! young man, I have passed from a throne to a prison; I have been steeped in the blood of those nearest and dearest; I have sojourned on this earth one hundred and forty years: I have been a Queen; I am a Beggar; and thou comest to me to ask refuge from a storm.—Away! away! the Countess of Desmond has no shelter for such as thee.'

"'The Countess of Desmond!' exclaimed the young nobleman, involuntarily bending his knee before her."

This venerable person is found to be that historical Countess of Desmond of whom every body has heard, and who, living to such extreme old age, became the subject of great vicissitudes of fortune. In this venerable lady the young nobleman discovers a maternal ancestress: an affecting dialogue ensues, which the Countess thus terminates:—

"'How can I look on thee, boy, or love thee? when thou bearest the hated name of Saxon. Alas! thou knowest not all the cause I have to hate that name; my slaughtered kinsmen—my country drenched in blood—thy ancestors, young man, have done me fearful wrong; but yet I forgive thee—their blood rests not on thy head—thy young hands are unstained. Yes, since thou hadst feeling and sympathy for the race of Desmond, and since thou dost seem not insensible to my sorrows—thou shalt know all—all that thy fathers have inflicted upon me and mine.' The Countess signed to her attendant, an old Irish woman, to bring her a small coffer, from whence she drew a manuscript; and presenting it to the Earl, said:

"'Read that, and it will teach thy light-hearted gaiety to weep for the sorrows of the forlorn and childless—to weep for one who has outlived all—ay, almost even her own feelings.'"

The young lord having fulfilled his mission at court, hastens to peruse the scroll, which tells him the sad history of the noble Desmonds and the unfortunate Geraldines. The story opens with a successful attempt at melo-dramatic effect, and, throughout, the author shews skill in grouping and in his backgrounds. Lord Leonard Grey, the commander of the English forces, now advancing hostilely to the towers of Desmond, is serenading the beautiful heiress of the rebel Earl, from a boat under her lattice. The unworthy English commander, while living in friendship with her father and her noble kinsman, has gained an interest in the heart of the gentle Elinor, denied to the nobler Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, her cousin, and from childhood her affianced bridegroom. Elinor, though her fondest affections are the insidious stranger's, resists his importunities to fly with him, and his warning of the dangers that menace her father. The interview is abruptly broken off by the sound of the trampling of horses and the clang of musical instruments, which announce the arrival of the Spanish ambassador, who visits the halls of Desmond as the envoy of one sovereign prince to another; for the Earl of Desmond now openly disclaims the power of England. Elinor, her mind distracted between her English lover and her duties as a daughter and a kinswoman of the Geraldines, enters the banqueting hall, now arranged as an audience chamber. The scene is highly impressive and picturesque.

"The Banqueting Hall in the Castle of Desmond, now arranged for the audience chamber, was an apartment of dimensions sufficient to contain four or five hundred persons; but so low, that the heavily carved oak beams supporting the roof were blackened by the smoke of numbers of pine-wood torches, which, borne by long lines of Kearne, or Irish soldiers, ranged along the walls, threw a powerful, but strangely glaring light on the assemblage collected to witness the reception of the Spanish authorities.

"At the upper end of the hall, on a dais, or raised floor, stood a massive and richly ornamented throne, occupied by the Earl and Countess of Desmond. The Earl, then but little past the prime of life, of tall stature and vigorous frame, seemed, by his placid countenance and hardy make, well calculated to endure all the violent shocks, both mental and personal, to which, from his situation as Chieftain, or leader of the Desmonds, he was inevitably exposed. His temper was naturally as mild and

forbearing, as was his constancy firm and enduring. Born and brought up amidst the storms of war, he had no other idea of life, save a constant succession of siege and battle, of violent incursion or midnight foray; of peace, he knew nothing, except in the tranquillity of his own temper, which disaster or adversity had never as yet ruffled, and which had enabled him hitherto to bear, with equal cheerfulness and equanimity, the blight of ill fortune, and the sunshine of prosperity.

"He wore a light cuirass, over a dress of quilted leather, richly ornamented with silver; a saffron-coloured mantle embroidered with the same, and clasped at the throat with a Dealg Fallainne, or brooch of jewels; this mantle of fine cloth was edged with a rich and heavy silver fringe; his buskins were inlaid with silver plates; on his head he wore a high Montero cap of the same cloth as the mantle; and a sword was suspended by his side, of a length and breadth which proved that it would require an arm of no common strength to wield.

"On his right hand sat the Countess; of slender make, but of a stature exceeding the usual height of woman; her features, although delicate and beautiful, were strongly marked, and her brow bore the impress of high intellectual superiority. Her dress was a rich brocade of cloth of gold, with sleeves reaching to the ground, but which were open in front high enough to allow her hands and wrists, bound with splendid bracelets, to be visible; her mantle also was clasped with jewels, and a superb diadem of precious stones, slightly circled without confining her long black hair, which flowed around her, descending almost to the knee.

"On the left of the throne, a step lower down, sat Elinor, their only and beloved child. Her fair and delicate brow, and her soft brown ringlets, were encircled with a bandeau of pearls. Her girdle, her sleeves, and the bosom of her dress, were covered with ornaments of the same kind; whilst a veil of the thinnest and most transparent texture, in the form of a Spanish mantilla, was passed lightly over the back part of her head, and wrapped round her arms, which were modestly folded across her bosom as she sat.

"On either side of the throne, and on a level with the rest of the floor, were ranged the bards of the Tanist, in long loose robes of various colours, girt around the middle with a leathern belt and silver buckle, and fastened at the throat and sleeves with massive ornaments of the same metal.

"On each side of the hall, and within the torch bearers, were the foot soldiers, Kearne and Gallowglasses, each armed with a light shirt of mail, a battle-axe, broad-sword, and small crooked bow, with a quiver of short arrows at their back.

"The centre of the hall was occupied by the tables, on which was spread a banquet almost too ample, even for the numbers who were to partake of it; and on either side of the tables was sufficient space for the train of the Spanish Ambassador, who now approached, preceded by a band of warlike and spirit-stirring music.

"Don Sebastian de Aquila, the Spanish Envoy, was a man considerably past the middle of life, of a graceful and soldier-like demeanour, whilst the vivacity of his piercing black eyes relieved the general gravity of his countenance. His dress was of the most splendid fashion and material then worn at the Court of Spain, and his gallant and proud followers were as nobly, although less richly attired."

The Envoy delivers his credentials, and tells that the reinforcements from Spain are now entering the Bay of Dingle. This diplomatic business concluded, the band strike up the grace chorus, and Don Sebastian leads the fair Countess of Desmond to the board. The solemn festival ends in a fray. In the midst of his gallant speeches, the Spaniard is startled by what he mistakes for the yelling of wild beasts.—

"Not so the Irish there assembled; no sooner had the distant sound, at first scarce heeded amidst their revelry, become distinctly audible, than it was answered by similar cries, but still more appalling from being nearer. In an instant every sword was in air; the torches were flung to the ground, and the bearers, joining in the general cry and warlike action, trampled them under their feet; and by the lurid and half extinguished fires and smoke with which the hall was filled, added to the horror of the scene.

"To the astonished Spaniards, the figures of the wild Irish, with their long hair, or coluns, streaming around, and seen through the fire and smoke, appeared like demons broke loose from hell: but the continued and terrific war-cry, the waving of swords, and simultaneous rushing towards the entrance, soon made it manifest that all this confusion was the result of some hostile attack from without, not altogether unusual, since the sounds which announced it were so readily comprehended.

"The Earl was amongst the first to spring on his feet; and uttering the war-cry

of the Desmonds, to rush forwards with drawn sword to the contest; and Don Sebastian, recovering from his first astonishment, endeavoured to collect his yet more amazed followers; and whilst he, still through the fire and smoke, kept in view the tall figure of the Earl, bearing down all opposition, sprang into the thickest of the fray. Although from, to his own unpractised ear, the similarity of the cries, and to his confused vision, the exact resemblance of dress and appearance, he was unable to distinguish friends from foes.

"The hall was cleared of all save fire and smoke, the wreck of the overturned banquet, and the alarmed, although not surprised women; consisting of the Countess and her daughter, the foster mother and sister of the latter, and ten or a dozen young girls, tire-women, and hand-maidens, sprightly and courageous lasses, who pressed closely around the Countess and Elinor, not from any personal apprehensions of their own, but in order to protect the wife and daughter of their Chieftain from inconvenience or insult, in case the English should have any share in this attack; for from their own countrymen, even those most hostile to their clan, they had no idea of either; at least, no intentional inconvenience, and certainly no insult.

"'Ah! Cush la ma chree, my princess of the world,' cried Elinor's nurse, Alice; 'dont be afther spiling the beautiful eyes of ye wid crying, shure it's only thim thievin spalpeens the Butlers, an there'll be no harm done at all; my Rosy, jewel,' addressing her daughter, 'myself wishes ye'd run an git ready some yerbs an plasthers, for we'll hav a power o' cut heads to cure before mornin.'"

"Rose, in obedience to her mother's order, quitting her place beside Elinor, opened a little postern door close to where the group were collected; but it required a powerful effort of her native courage to suppress a violent scream, on seeing a number of men in ambush without, whom the quick eye of the Irish lass, even by the flaring and unsteady light of the half-extinguished torches, at once discovered to be strangers; and, consequently, to them, enemies of a much more dangerous description than even the 'thieving Butlers.'"

The castle is stormed: the Countess witnesses the bloody conflict raging without, hand to hand and man to man, till the Earl is finally wounded, overpowered and made prisoner, and her daughter carried off by Lord Grey. Between the captive Earl and Sir Edmund Butler, one of the Ormond family, who fights on the English side, the following conversation takes place. There is an old family quarrel between the Geraldines and the Ormonds: the speakers are travelling towards Kilkenny Castle, where Desmond is to be imprisoned and detained as a hostage, till the pleasure of King Henry is learned.

"'The seditious spirit,' said Sir Edmund, 'diffused by you and your adherents through the cities of the south, is more particularly galling and irritating to his Majesty the King, at this period; when the whole attention of his government is required to relieve the nation from those afflicting calamities which a series of wars and devastations have produced. Yet his Majesty, in his tender love and kindness towards his deluded subjects of the Anglo-Irish race, is willing to extend his mercy towards those who seek it by sincere penitence and submission—cease, then, these factious clamours.'

"'What call you factious clamours?' interrupted the Earl. 'Our grievances have been frequently laid before the throne—but without redress or notice—treaties have been violated, submissions received, with a shameful and contemptuous disregard to the most solemn promises—our fortunes have been torn from us, our consciences have been enslaved; but our oppressors, not yet satiated, now prepare to exterminate the wretched natives who have presumed to assert their liberty; and thus to erect a tyrannical dominion, even over those who call themselves English subjects; and are so infatuated as not to discern that the present is the common cause of all.'

"Here, exhausted by his own vehemence, the Earl sunk back upon his iron couch; and Sir Edmund, either not choosing to reply, or not having any argument ready, rode on in silence.

"A few hours more of march brought the whole party, now sufficiently weary, to a small village, where they were enabled to procure rest and refreshment, and some assistance for the wounded Earl."

In the evening, the Earl is joined by his wife, in despair for the loss of her child, of whose fate she is ignorant, though suspicion points to the English commander. Here we leave them, to turn to the Earl of

Kildare, the father of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the hero of the story. The Earl is now in London, making terms for his family at the court of Henry; and is rumoured to have become so great a favourite, that he is even spoken of for Lord Deputy of the kingdom. Alan, Archbishop of Dublin, a crafty and ambitious priest, determines to frustrate this arrangement; and his intrigues prove but too successful. In his pay is Parese, the traitorous foster-brother of Lord Thomas, and the ready tool of the Archbishop. And now the scene changes to the Castle of Clontarf, where we are first introduced to the young chief of the Geraldines.

"He sat in a small apartment, richly furnished, and illuminated by a number of waxen tapers. Many papers lay scattered on the table before him, and from time to time he started from his seat, and paced the room with a hurried step and highly excited manner. His age did not appear to exceed one and twenty. Uncommonly tall and slender, he was yet so perfectly well formed, as to be eminently graceful in every movement; his dark hazel eyes were full of fire and vivacity; his complexion, although extremely florid, was so sunburnt, that it would have been accounted dark, were it not for the whiteness of his ample forehead, which was graced by a profusion of brown curling hair; and in the restless animation of his ever-varying countenance, it was easy to discover the rash and impatient temper common to his nation, but more peculiarly the lot of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald.

"During one of his sudden starts, pacing the floor of his apartment, the door was softly opened, and a man stood within, of an age not exceeding his own; of low stature, and swarthy complexion. The unpleasant appearance of this person was increased by a sinister expression in his eyes, which were perpetually cast down, or wandering with a kind of stolen glance from object to object, never directly meeting the looks of another, and more especially seeming to quail under those of Lord Thomas.

"'What intelligence bringest thou, Parese?' said the young Lord, impatiently; 'thy countenance, man, forebodes evil—speak.'

"'In sooth, my good Lord, it is most evil,' returned Parese. 'Your noble father'——

"'Proceed; why dost thou pause?' exclaimed Lord Thomas; 'I am prepared.'

"'No, my Lord,' replied Parese, 'I doubt my tidings surpass even your apprehensions—your noble father, the Earl of Kildare, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, has been, by the English Government, brought to trial—condemned—and executed. Stand up, my Lord, you turn pale, you stagger—stand up, my Lord, you live—for vengeance.'

"Lord Thomas, with a heavy groan, covering his eyes with his hands, leaned against the wall of the apartment, unconscious of the efforts made by his foster-brother, Parese, to arouse him; but, after a few minutes, suddenly throwing him off with a wild cry, he sprang forwards, exclaiming,—

"'To horse! to horse! let us not delay—my arms, Parese,—begone! there is not an instant to lose.'

"'Whither, my Lord, at this hour of the night? For what purpose? What can be done now?'

"'Much, Parese, much may be done; we must away to Dublin; the Lords of the Council are now sitting in Saint Mary's Abbey—ere they break up this night will Thomas Fitzgerald inform them, that not in vain shall the blood of the murdered Kildare cry out for vengeance. Down with the tyrant!' he continued, striking his hand violently on the table; 'dearly, dearly shall he rue this act.'"

The tempter has now done his office; with a tumultuary band of his clansmen and followers, which his voice summoned from their carouse, or their slumbers, Lord Thomas rushes on to Dublin, and bursts upon the Council, then sitting. A violent scene follows; yet he had nearly listened to the wise and temperate counsels of the virtuous Cromar, the Chancellor of the Kingdom, and his affectionate and paternal friend from childhood. But the songs of the Bards, who raise their harps among the clansmen without, and the shouts of the multitude, again madden his hot blood and roused passions; and, from that moment, Lord Thomas is a rebel. That wild cry of *Chrom-a-boo!* the slogan of the Geraldines, sounds to his heart like a war trumpet. His standard is joined by his

kinsmen, chieftains of O'Conner and O'Carroll; and their first exploit is the surprisal, assault, and capture of the castle of Kilkenny, and the release of the Earl, whose warden, Sir Edmund Butler, is made prisoner in his stead. These scenes give opportunity for much beautiful description, and many romantic incidents, and picturesque situations, to which we cannot even advert. The conduct of the rash and sanguine young chief, who, impelled by so many generous motives, the temptings of a fiend, and the intrigues of a faction whose object it is to divide and govern, and his plans for uniting all the native Irish, of capturing the wily archbishop, and gaining possession of Dublin, most painfully recall the events of a later attempt at organization. The scheme of operation is, indeed, nearly the same.

While the chiefs, after the capture of Kilkenny Castle, return towards Dublin to attempt to rescue Elinor, and gain possession of the capital, the Countess of Desmond, escorted by a small party, and in charge of Redmond, a young chivalrous warrior of the tribe of O'Carroll, who worships her as a divinity, his secret idol, has many singular adventures; and at last, in the convent of St. Woolstan's, where she seeks shelter, encounters Lord Leonard Grey and the archbishop, and almost rejoices in the captivity into which she has been betrayed, from the hope of gaining tidings of her daughter. On the entrance of Lord Leonard Grey,—

"Clasping her hands together, she could only articulate the name of her daughter, when, overpowered by contending emotions, she sunk fainting at his feet.

"Lord Grey, surprised, and somewhat moved, raised her in his arms; and calling loudly for assistance, bore her himself to another apartment, and desired that her own woman should be summoned to attend her; however, ere Alice appeared, he withdrew, not choosing, at that moment, to listen to clamorous interrogations, which he was by no means prepared to answer.

"Returning to the Archbishop, he said:

"'This Lady's nerves appear to be more easily affected than I had calculated—I believed her to be of a very different description from her daughter."

"'Be not uneasy,' replied the Archbishop; 'she will shew nerve enough just now when she is put to the proof—I know something of this haughty lady, who has fallen so opportunely into our hands—I saw somewhat of her spirit, when she accompanied her husband in his imprisonment in the Tower of London—would they had both remained there—his most gracious Majesty was, in that instance, by much too lenient.'

"'Your Grace thinks then that this Lady will prove unmanageable?' said Lord Grey.

"'Not altogether,' rejoined Alan, sneeringly; 'she is still a woman—but the blood of the Geraldines, which is rather of an inflammable nature, flows in her veins—however, I know her influence over her husband to be almost unbounded; and if by threats, or otherwise, we can induce her to exert it, we may get some hold over these traitors—they have mustered a force, and have shewn a degree of power which I did not wot of in that respect; Parese rather misled me by his information—I misdoubt me of that villain, and wish I had him in hands—we have raised a hornet's nest about us, which it may not be easy to smother.'

"'I find in the Irish,' said Lord Grey, pacing the apartment with folded arms, 'an embarrassing, and not a very honourable enemy: instead of marching to the field, in all the pomp and pride of chivalry, and engaging in an open and regular battle, they dart upon us from inaccessible woods and morasses—to these they retire at the approach of the Royal army—from these they again issue upon any prospect of advantage; but before I can draw out my forces, they are already vanished, so as to keep me in perpetual perplexity, without permitting me to strike any decisive blow;—in this new kind of war, and in a strange country, little glory is to be acquired, and much damage to be apprehended.'

"'When you come to be opposed personally to Lord Thomas Fitzgerald,' returned the Archbishop, 'you will not have such a complaint to repeat; you will find him hot, and rash enough when his blood is up, to dare a battle under any circumstances, but he has resources, on which I did not calculate. That arch-traitor, Kildare, before his departure for England, probably foreseeing what would happen, fortified his castles at Maynooth, Clontarf, and elsewhere, with the King's stores and artillery,

which this hopeful youth is now turning against his Majesty's liege subjects, but the vengeance of Parliament shall be extended to his adherents and kinsmen, of whom I have a long catalogue—all shall be attainted of high treason, so as to reduce this family, which has so long maintained the first rank in Ireland, to the lowest state of depression and disgrace.'

" ' To secure the interests of the Crown,' replied Lord Grey, ' and to control the disaffected, it is absolutely necessary that none but men of English birth should be intrusted with the care of the principal places of strength, throughout the whole of the English settlements.'

" ' That,' returned Alan, ' is the principal cause of my present anxiety to reach England, in order to represent to my friend, the Cardinal; and, through him, to impress his Majesty with the absolute necessity of the most coercive measures with these discontented factions, the which can only be effectually done by placing all authority in English hands.' "

Next day the Countess, who has dismissed Redmond, too high spirited to permit a soldier to remain near her while his arm was wanted for his country, finds Lord Leonard gone, and is informed by the archbishop that Elinor is his wife, and in safety at the Abbey of Wicklow. There is in this intelligence something like consolation. While her husband, all her kinsmen of the Geraldines, and her beloved nephew Lord Thomas, are mustering their forces, her son-in-law, now appointed viceroy, returns to Wicklow to draw out the English troops to meet and attack them. The unhappy lady has now a long conversation with the archbishop, who endeavours, by warnings and threats, to alienate her from the cause of her country and her family. He informs her that the scaffold is the inevitable fate of the Earl and his rebel nephew; and deliberately recites the words of the act of attainder:

" ' What!' exclaimed the Countess, ' do those who are oppressed owe allegiance to the tyranny that grinds them? A people, conquered by force and fraud, held in subjection by the sword, and cruelly treated in their servitude, have nothing to consider but the means and season of resistance; the Earl of Desmond will never lay down his arms while there is misery on the one side and oppression on the other.'

" ' You speak boldly, Madam,' returned Alan; ' methinks you will change your manner when you see your husband led forth to the scaffold.' "

We cannot follow the discourse between the high-spirited lady, and the ambitious and subtle tool of the English Government, who soon afterwards terminates his career of villany and dark intrigue under the hand of his coadjutor Parese. Nor can we follow the rapid course of military and political events, but to atone for this, shall treat our readers with a domestic scene, exhibiting the changed condition of the heiress of Desmond:—

" In her solitary apartment in the Abbey of Wicklow, Elinor awaited with feverish impatience the arrival of Lord Grey, who had been absent more than a fortnight, she knew not where. Even in the short space of time which had elapsed since the commencement of this history, care and anxiety had faded the roses on her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her soft blue eye. She had never, since the night of their abrupt separation, learnt aught concerning her parents; she had exchanged the protection of those tender and indulgent friends, for the caprices of one, by turns a passionate and jealous lover, and a haughty and imperious tyrant. Gentle, amiable, endowed with beauty far beyond that which generally falls to the lot of woman, scarcely entered into her seventeenth year, she had already drawn her lot in life, and lost, and this, too, by her own act—she had chosen for herself, had rejected, for this man's sake, one who loved her far better than one human being merits to be loved by another, from her he had met with only indifference and ingratitude, and she, had she met with any thing more than her conduct had deserved? Of this she was fully sensible; but did that lighten the pang! Ah, no, ' Fatal beauty!' she exclaimed, ' even had I been less fair, still Thomas would have loved me, and I should have escaped the notice of him who values only that beauty, treats me as a plaything for his leisure hours, to be thrown aside when his mood is serious. Alas! if I am not to be the friend, the companion of my husband, then am I, indeed, alone. Oh! my

mother, you who possess every charm of mind as well as person, why are you not here, to teach your poor Elinor how to hold this wandering heart?'

"She dressed herself to receive him, arranging her ornaments with the utmost care, and in the most becoming manner.

"'If my looks please him not, I have no other attraction.' She wept, and thereby increased the evil which she apprehended; her smiles would have had a better chance, for those brilliant smiles had formed her principal charm, beyond even the perfection of her form and features; it was the life, the light, the radiance of her vivacity, which had held him ever at her side, a delighted listener to her playful trifling. Lord Grey was a selfish man, and required amusement; her joyous laugh was wont ever to put him in good humour with himself and others—the scene was now changed for both. Elinor, an only and idolized child, had been accustomed from infancy to have her every wish regarded as a law: with a less gentle disposition, this might have made her imperious; on her temper it produced the effect of pettishness, and the impossibility of bearing contradiction. In her new situation, circumstances unavoidably occurred to cross her, which, instead of being thrown off lightly, or borne with firmness, were met with tears and lamentations.

"Lord Grey's conduct, with respect to the attack on Desmond Castle, and the capture of the Earl, had lowered her opinion of him; and she had the indiscretion to let him see the effect so produced. This was sufficient to cause dissension; the charm of union once destroyed, and his temper ruffled, angry and mortifying words succeeded; then fresh tears and complaints; and all the illusion of love was dispelled. Touched by the spear of Ithuriel, each started up in their proper form before the eyes of the other; he beheld, instead of a divinity, a weak-spirited and spoiled child, whose personal loveliness was insufficient to influence him; once he thought that she wanted good sense and good temper, but he was mistaken in some degree; she was not really deficient in either, except only in suffering him to perceive that she no longer regarded him as a hero.

"Late in the evening Lord Grey at length arrived; but before he approached Elinor's apartment, delayed a considerable time, giving directions to his officers respecting various alterations to be made in the fortifications and defences of the Town and Castle; and when he did enter, he walked for some minutes up and down the room without speaking; his brow was contracted and he looked harassed.

"'Thou art fatigued, Leonard,' she said tenderly. 'Yes,' he replied, after a pause; 'thy kinsman gave me but little rest or respite, the curse of anarchy seems to be on this country; would I had never seen it; the King has appointed me Lord Deputy, also, to increase my difficulties—thou wilt now be, at least, a temporary Queen, Elinor,' he continued in a kinder tone, 'and reign, for a time, over more civilized subjects than those of thy father in the wilds of Munster.'

"The mention of her father brought the ever ready tears into the eyes of Elinor. Lord Grey observed them, and the cause: his brow became again contracted, and she dared not ask if he could give her tidings of that dear Father, of that much loved Mother.

"'Thy kinsman, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald,' continued Lord Grey, 'I am credibly informed, means to attempt forcing my intrenchments here. I only hope he may pursue such intention—that is a kind of warfare, in which, I trust, I am more than a match for this inexperienced boy. I love not playing at hide and seek amongst swamps and wildernesses; but I would I were once hand to hand with him. What blanches thy cheek, fair Lady? fearest thou the weight of my arm for thy gentle Cousin?'

"'What strange language, Leonard!' cried the terrified Elinor; 'what thoughts are passing in thy mind?'

"'Knowest thou not, my fair one,' he replied, suddenly seizing her wrist with a force that pained her; 'knowest thou not, that thy kinsman hath sworn by the Holy Cross, and pledged himself to his clan to make good his oath, that the widow of Lord Leonard Grey may yet be a fitting bride for the young leader of the Geraldines. Hast thou no confidant, no favourite maiden here, to whisper such tale in thine ear?'

"'Oh, Leonard, Leonard!' cried Elinor, now giving way, without restraint, to the flood of tears which she had before struggled to suppress; 'who or what can have poisoned thy mind with such strange, such degrading suspicions? Believe it not—Lord Thomas never could have sworn, or said aught resembling that disgraceful story, which has been imposed on thee by some cruel enemy to all—and for me,' she continued, suddenly throwing herself at his feet, and wrapping her white arms around him, 'have I not, too fatally, fondly, proved my love to thee?—have I not sacrificed all? parents, kindred, my good name; am I not disgraced, in the eyes of my clan,

by my marriage with an Englishman, their professed enemy?—and, probably, disowned by my beloved parents, for my ingratitude in forsaking them in their adversity —for thee, for thee, Leonard, have I not risked, have I not endured all this? and where are my thanks?' she continued bowing her fair face on his knees; 'oh, not in thine heart, not in thine heart; thou canst love me no longer; surely such cruel, such degrading suspicion is incompatible with love.'

"As she raised her imploring eyes to his, Lord Grey was softened; he lifted her from the ground, and kissing her forehead, said:

"'Be composed, Elinor; I meant not all which I might in my irritation have said; I think no ill of thee, notwithstanding the regret thou hast even now expressed, for having sacrificed thy station, as daughter and heiress of the wild Chieftain of a still wilder clan, notwithstanding thy regret for having given up that savage grandeur, to be the wife of an English noble, and the Vice-Queen of a Court, something, I trust, more refined than the one to which thou hast been accustomed; still thou art my wife, and as such I will consider thee; and make others do so also; let me see no more tears now, I am weary of them.'

"'Alas! alas!' she exclaimed, 'by what hand are those tears to be dried, if not by thine, my Lord, my husband, still beloved by me, although I have lost the power to charm?'

"'Elinor,' replied Lord Grey, sternly, 'I love not reproaches; to-morrow I hold a court as Viceroy, preparatory to my triumphal entry into the capital, which I will effect ere long, and that over the bodies of the traitorous insurgents. (Elinor shuddered.) Do thou prepare thyself to grace that Court, as becomes my wife, and as thy high-spirited and Queen-like mother would, were she so placed. Let not thine eyes be dimmed with tears, lest men should say that Lord Grey's choice had not even beauty to recommend her.'

"Elinor scarce heeded the implied affront to herself contained in these words, her ears were only caught by this, his first voluntary mention of her Mother, and that mention an encomium. Clasping her hands together, she exclaimed—

"'My mother! Leonard, dear Leonard, tell me of my mother!'

"A slight pang of conscience smote Lord Grey, as he thought of the circumstances, and the relentless hands in which he had left that lady; putting Elinor away from him, but gently, he said:

"'I have no leisure now for further converse; embarrassing and complicated business presses on me; I must council with my officers; retire thou to thine oratory, and pray for a more cheerful temper.'

"Elinor obeyed in silence; slowly, and with faltering steps, she withdrew from the presence of him, of whom she had so lately been the idol; and now,

"'I have loved!' she exclaimed, 'and am chastened; my warm affections are chilled, and thrown back by an iron grasp. I am alone, alone, indeed; for me there is no hope; I am punished even by the fulfilment of my own wishes. Is this to be my future lot; are there none now to feel with, to comprehend me?—no, not one—there were, and I have myself rejected, abandoned, all who loved, all who valued me; and do I dare complain? Father of Heaven! forgive thine erring child!' Flinging herself on her knees, she prayed in agony."

From this painful interview Lord Grey proceeds to the council-table, at which appears O'Kelly, a low ruffian, but not a treacherous villain like the *un-Irish* Parese. His conduct and character, as an Irishman, is consistent and intelligible, for he is for some imagined private slight, the bitter and vengeful enemy of the Earl of Desmond. By his advice, the Lord Deputy resolves to follow the insurgents into the mountain fastnesses to which they had betaken themselves in some force. Their mountain camp in the valley of Glendalough is to be stormed in form, and on this wild expedition Elinor is compelled to follow her husband, and the troops who are destined to destroy her father, her kinsmen, and her countrymen. It is on Christmas Day this march is begun, and again the writer revels in the power of picturesque description, followed by scenes of intense interest. The tents are pitched for the night.

"Elinor's litter, which was carried in the rear-guard, did not arrive until every thing had been prepared for her accommodation; and she had nothing to complain of with respect to her personal comfort, as far as this day's march was concerned, be-

ing removed at once from her litter, into a splendidly fitted up tent, lighted and warmed by a number of lamps, as well as by a stove placed in the centre.

"Feeling her spirits raised by this seeming attention on the part of Lord Grey, when the evening arrangements were completed, and the Officers assembled in their Vice-Queen's tent, she held her little court with a considerable share of her native vivacity, and graceful playfulness of manner,—a manner, which had so oft, in other days, fascinated him whom she still sought in vain to charm. Perhaps, if his mind had been more disengaged, he might, for a little while, have mingled with pleasure in the admiring crowd by which Elinor was surrounded; but since the hour when the advance guard had first halted, and arrangements for passing the night had been entered into, O'Kelly had disappeared, and no person could give the least account of him, or conjecture in which direction he had gone."

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"Shortly after Lord Grey had taken his station beside Elinor's chair, whose animation was increased by his presence, and who listened with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes to his approval of her well-intentioned efforts, a messenger from one of the advanced outposts arrived with information to the Commander-in-Chief, that a native Irish Harper, a blind old man, led by a boy, had demanded admission to the Camp, in order to be allowed to make trial of his skill in the presence of the Vice-Queen.

"On the first emotion, Lord Grey started up angrily, with the intention of ordering the insolent intruder to be detained prisoner, and severely punished for his presumption; but the next moment he smiled at his own folly, in supposing that any such person would really venture to present himself in that manner, thus risking life and liberty, in an enemy's Camp, for the sake of a few coins to be earned by his performance. It now appeared quite obvious to the Deputy, that this was a masquerading frolic of O'Kelly's.

"This conviction at once relieved all the unpleasant feelings and suspicions excited by the non-appearance of the Guide in the earlier part of the night; and giving orders for the immediate admission of the wandering Minstrel, he prepared himself to be infinitely pleased and amused with whatever should ensue; then, seeing Sir Stephen Drury look excessively surprised, he whispered to him a few words, bidding him set his mind at rest, as he himself felt his spirits much lightened, by having his strong apprehensions of treachery at once so agreeably removed.

"In pursuance of Lord Grey's order, the blind Harper and his youthful guide now presented themselves at the entrance of the tent; and highly as the Deputy had previously thought of O'Kelly's powers of transmutation, still he experienced considerable surprise on beholding the figures which now appeared before him.

"As if by the power of magic, the square, thickset, vulgar, and clownlike O'Kelly, (if it could indeed be him,) was transformed into an extremely tall, slender, and graceful figure, graceful in defiance of the stoop of apparent old age. He was clothed in the long, loose robes worn by the native Irish Bards, a white beard descended to his girdle, and a profusion of long hair, of the same venerable hue, flowed over his shoulders; his eye-lids were partly closed over the seemingly sightless orbs; and holding in one hand a small Irish harp, he leant the other on the shoulder of a boy, in whose round, dimpled, and blushing cheeks, in the downcast glances of the sparkling, merry, yet modest eye, and the clustering curls of the bright chesnut hair, Elinor, with throbbing heart, thought she discovered a resemblance,—yes, more than a resemblance, it was identity; she felt that the Minstrel's childish-looking Guide, although in the garb of a boy, could be no other than her pretty little foster-sister Rose; how came she there? who then was that Harper, seemingly so old and blind, and yet—Elinor shivered with dread as she looked on the tall, graceful form, and thought who that Harper might be; he spoke a few words in the Irish language; the voice deep, full, and of a most peculiar tone, brought conviction at once to her mind; she could not be mistaken, and she dared not look around to read in the countenance of others, if there were any who had made the same discovery."

The interest of the scene deepens,—the harper sings a song of love and war, in the midst of which Lord Leonard is summoned forth. The minstrel, when invited by the attendants, refuses to touch the refreshments or to pledge the wine-cup of the English Lord Lieutenant. He retires, while his youthful attendant, kneeling to kiss the hem of the robe of the Lady Grey, places a billet beneath the cushion which supports her feet. Alarm is given by the awakened suspicions of the English

commander; scenes of confusion follow each other rapidly; the false harper is made prisoner, and, removing his disguise, the eyes of Lord Grey are blasted by the stately form and haughty brow of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald. The chief of Geraldine is sent off a prisoner to the castle of Wicklow, and the English hold themselves in readiness to attack next morning, should an enemy dare to appear after the capture of their leader.

With the dawn they recommence their march.

"'But into what strange wild place hast thou led me?' cried Lord Grey, suddenly halting, as the heavy clouds, which had before obscured his view, rolling slowly upwards, revealed the tremendous black mountains enclosing the Valley of Glendalough on three sides, whilst, in the narrow pass by which they were entering, the broken ground, partly marsh from the overflowing of the river, and every where encumbered with rocks, embarrassed the march of the harassed and wearied troops to such a degree, that deep murmurs passed from man to man; numbers had dropped exhausted by the way, and nothing but the strong habit of discipline, joined to threats, enabled the subordinate officers to keep the most vigorous on foot; and those means would have failed of even their temporary effect, had not the promises so liberally made by O'Kelly, respecting the immense quantity of gold and precious stones, to be found in those mountains, by exciting the cupidity of the soldiers, blinding them at first to the desperate measures which their wrongly advised commander was so madly pursuing.

"'Turn, my Lord, I implore you, whilst it is yet time,' exclaimed Sir Stephen Drury; 'enter no further into this gloomy vale—not a man amongst all the soldiers is capable of action—every step they advance encumbers them more and more—all order of march is lost—one half are sunk helpless in the yielding soil, and the remainder are scattered clambering over the rocks.'

"Lord Grey, hesitating, looked back upon the confusion and distress of his army, and saw, also, that if he persisted to advance, it must be alone—that none were either able, or willing to follow, or fitted for action if they did; without staying to consider how far he was himself to blame, he turned fiercely on O'Kelly; and shaking his drawn sword over the head of the shrinking Guide, began, in a loud and furious tone, the most vehement reproaches; but ere three words had passed his lips, 'Shanet a boo,' the well-known war cry of the Desmonds, burst forth on every side, in one wild and prolonged yell—which, taken up by the various mountain echoes, seemed to multiply the thousands of human voices into millions.

"The already dark and cloudy atmosphere was totally obscured by flights of arrows, pouring like a hail storm from summit to base of every surrounding mountain; whilst the guiding hands by which they were impelled continued invisible.

"This destructive storm issued from heath and copsewood, that rendered the assailers completely impervious to the irregular and confused return of arrows and musketry which the astonished English vainly endeavoured to bring to bear on their hidden foes; their ammunition, mostly wet, injured by rain, and the various bogs and morasses through which their march had been conducted, was, with a few exceptions, nearly useless, and the arrows shot into the air at random, rested amongst the trees, from whence they were gathered, and, with insulting shouts, returned to their owners, in hostile guise, accompanied by showers of stones, and often enormous rocks hurled on the heads of these devoted men, doing fearful execution on all those who had kept on the drier sides of the valley close to the mountain base.

"A retreat was sounded in vain—floundering in the bogs, stumbling over dead and dying, without path and without guide, the scene became not a rout, but absolute slaughter; when the Kearne and Gallowglasses, breaking from their covert, and pouring in countless thousands from the mountains, rushed like an overwhelming torrent upon the English soldiers; who, despairing of quarter from the infuriated Irish, and not knowing even the language in which to demand it, fought with gallantry and desperation to the very last—few escaped to tell the dreadful tale; Lord Grey, severely wounded at the beginning of the rout, had been seized by O'Kelly, who dragged him, in defiance of his resistance, into the covert of some thick bushes, from whence he led him by a path, known only to himself, into a cave, where binding his wound as well as circumstances and materials would permit, and wrapping him in his own mantle, he covered him with withered leaves and heath; then placing himself on a stone near the entrance, he smeared his face and clothes with the blood of his un-

fortunate commander, and prepared to act the part of a wounded person belonging to the Irish party, in case any stragglers should pass that way.

"They continued in this concealment for some hours, O'Kelly intending to conduct the despairing and half-distracted Lord Grey, after night fall, towards the place where they had left the encampment; if, indeed, it yet remained.

"'Miserable man,' cried Lord Grey, when the agony of contending feelings could find vent in words; 'miserable man, what fiend tempted thee to decoy me into this fatal place? I thank thee not for the life thou hast now preserved; better, far better to have fallen honourably with my slaughtered soldiers; but thus! never, oh, never more may Leonard Grey behold the face of man; death I could have borne with firmness, but not disgrace.'"

Elinor is now with her victorious father and his countrymen; and next day a broken band of English soldiers rally round Lord Grey, who reaches the gates of Dublin, and finds the city and the garrison still in the hands of his friends.

To relieve Lord Thomas from durance, and to find out the Countess, still mysteriously hid about the Convent of St. Woolstan's, is the first duty thought of by the Earl of Desmond. By the help of the devoted Redmond, the prison of the lady is found; and after a train of incidents highly romantic, but somewhat tedious withal, her deliverance is effected. We then follow the fortunes of Lord Thomas, who has braved many perils and escaped from his castle and prison. He is making his way back across the country, self-upbraided for the rashness with which he had exposed himself to the enemy, and brought his followers into peril, when, resting at the mouth of a cave, in the winter's sun, to recruit from excessive fatigue, his ears are greeted with the beloved sound of *chrom-a-boo!*

The insurgent leaders, again united, once more form a plan of operations, and retire to Maynooth, but after another desperate attempt to surprise Dublin. This again is a part of the tale which revives many sad memories of recent events and times. We could have wished to give the whole scene, which is exceedingly animated, but must rest content with a very brief extract.

"Two hours before day-break, on the morning of the 18th of January, all within the Irish Camp was in movement: Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, at the head of his Clan, prepared to lead the assault.

"'Friends, countrymen, fellow soldiers,' he addressed them, 'and you, Geraldines, Clansmen of the murdered Kildare, his son invokes your aid; the choice is before you; to be a nation of freemen, led only by Chiefs of your own race, of your own blood, or the bondsmen and slaves of a foreign tyranny. Masters of the sea, reinforcements and provisions arrive every day for the support of the English Garrison; we have nothing to expect but from our own exertions, and our own valour. We are lost, if we do not save ourselves; for God and our country, for our homes, and for our hearths, do we struggle; our enemy for plunder, and to become, by our extermination, undisturbed possessors of this our beautiful land. Let the motive sanctify the means; come on, my brothers, follow me to victory; the Capital of your country is before you, in the hand of a foreign foe; let us wrest it from his grasp, and we are once more the Lords of our own soil.'

"The only answer to this address was the wild and terrific war-cry; the Irish rushed to the assault, headed by their gallant Chieftain."

The insurgents are now concentrated in the fortress of Maynooth, in which also are the Countess and Elinor. The town is betrayed by the arch-villain Parese, and they are drawn into snares; but he now pays for his crimes with his life. The scene of the death of Parese, though of much less interest than many of those of the siege, is short enough to be extracted; we shall give it. Parese is doing some of his treacherous errands in Dublin, and is thus questioned by the Lord Deputy, to whose evil passions a furious jealousy is now added:—

"'The Lady Grey,' returned Parese for once, in his life speaking the truth, 'was very constant in her attendance on the Earl of Desmond, both by day and night; but I saw her not beside Lord Thomas.'

"'Thou sawest her not, I make little doubt,' cried Lord Grey; 'but dost thou presume to assert, that she *was* never by his couch—no, not even when his life was in the greatest danger.'

"'No, my Lord,' replied Parese, 'I do not think she was.'

"'Liar!' exclaimed Lord Grey, furiously; 'what avails this paltry equivocation?—thinkest thou to save the fair fame of those whom thou hast already betrayed—whose lives thou hast given over to their direst foe-man? Judas, thou hast sold thy Master, and now hesitate to betray his love secrets—thou needest not be so cautious—thou canst injure him no more—nor her—no! nor even thyself, villain as thou art;' he added, advancing close to the trembling wretch, whose terrors increasing every moment, now sunk on his knees before the exasperated Deputy, whose rage appeared to him to be little less than madness.

"The Terrified Parese would willingly have invented any story likely to pacify this sudden, and to him unaccountable irritation.'"

The wretched traitor, being first paid the price of his villany, is directed to a window, and thus addressed:

"Wail not—shriek not—stand up, miscreant, and thank the mercy of him, who, valuing thee no more than a cur dog, only condemns thee to die like one—look,' he continued, seizing the almost fainting and prostrate wretch by the arm, and dragging him towards a window, which gave on the Castle yard—'look there!—if thou art to die the death of a dog, yet shalt thou be more exalted than ever yet was mongrel hound—look at that lofty gallows, erected solely for thy use—by thy friends and admirers I trow, I gave no such magnificent order—perhaps they thought that as thy crime deprived the world of an exalted individual, so should thy punishment be in proportion—halloo!—halloo! come forth, ministers of justice—come forth, servants of the law—take this scarcely living wretch, and deprive him of the little breath which his dastard fears have left him.'

"'Spare me, Lord Grey,' shrieked the unhappy man; 'spare me, if you have human feelings—spare my sinful soul—I have committed too many crimes to die—let me have a Priest, oh Christ! let me have a Priest!' he continued, with fearful cries, whilst those legal ruffians, the Sheriff's Officers, dragged him down the staircase. 'Oh give me time, Lord Grey, give me time to repent—do not destroy my wretched soul.'

"'So much time as thou gavest to the aged Archbishop,' thundered Lord Grey, 'so much time shalt thou have for shrift and repentance—no more—away with him.'

"And was there none to compassionate the miserable victim of this awful act of justice?—no, not one."

By another train of the writer's exhaustless inventions, the besieged, having displayed the utmost gallantry and heroism, and suffered the extremeties of famine and hardship, find a wild way of escape, after a series of Radcliffean adventures, and are about to retire to Kilkenny Castle, which is still in the hands of their friends, when they are tracked, and betrayed in their night march, by the spy O'Kelly, and fall into an ambush of the English. In the skirmish, Desmond is desperately wounded, and believed to be dead. Elinor is deceived and carried back to Dublin by O'Kelly, and the clansman raise the Ullaloo for the fall of the young chieftain of the Geraldines. It would be idle to attempt to give any account of these lively and bustling scenes through which we are now hurried. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, on recovering the use of his senses, finds himself a prisoner in Dublin Castle, under the roof of his cousin Elinor, the wife of his and his country's deadliest enemy. He is visited by Cromar, now the primate, and informed that his father still lives, and of the snares laid, and the arts employed for his own ruin and for driving him into rebellion. The only enlightened and reasonable friend of

Ireland at this crisis is the virtuous and enlightened Cromar. He argues as her best friends still do.

"He argued, that if the Irish were treated in the kindest possible manner by the English Government, that would be the best security for their loyalty and firm allegiance, since they would then have no interest in, and no benefit to receive from a change.

"'It is not,' he thought, and often endeavoured to persuade Lord Grey and others 'by stripes and coercion that this high-spirited people can be rendered submissive, and tame; on the contrary, although they rise to resist the oppression which they, and every liberal-minded person must consider as injustice, the same disposition, prompt to avenge injury or insult, would render them grateful, not merely for benefits conferred, but for the simple allowance of those equal rights, which one human being always does, and always ought to expect from another.'

"'But,' said their opponents, they have always been turbulent and disturbed; it is their nature; they would never be satisfied, do whatever you would for their advantage.'

"Cromar quietly answered, 'Was it ever tried? Had they ever fair measure dealt to them?—they are a vivacious, and, therefore, a turbulent people—but have they not ever had a good excuse for such turbulence? even if it does afford them pleasure—have they not ever been a proscribed race, by those very Conquerors who, in taking forcible possession of the soil, ought certainly, in good policy, for their own sakes, if not for the love of justice, have endeavoured, by means of equal laws and privileges extended to all, to have incorporated the Victors and Vanquished together as one people—if the sway was equally kind and paternal, if there was no cause for complaint, is it not probable that the wild Irish Kearne would care little whether the King, or Chief Governor who ruled him, was native of this side of the Channel or of that—but when he finds himself a proscribed and marked man, considered by those who have obtruded their sway, unasked and unpermitted, as of another and more degraded caste; not merely brow-beaten by his conquerors, but his individual property, the maintenance and patrimony of his children, forcibly wrung from him, for the advantage of those, from whom he receives not benefits, but injuries in return?'

"'Who can reasonably expect loyalty and submission to the Government from men so treated?—they might not be better off, you say, under Chiefs of their own appointing—possibly they might not—but that, they naturally think, remains to be tried—they could scarcely be worse off under any rulers; and the best way of reconciling them to the English yoke, would be to leave them nothing of which to complain.'

"Thus argued the mild and benevolent Cromar; but his arguments were as vain, as have been those of many an equally well-intentioned man in later times. The same system was pursued then, and has been pursued since—with the result hitherto, the world is sufficiently well acquainted—but as the conciliating plan of the good Primate has never yet been tried, the knowledge of what success it might possibly have, remains in the womb of Fate."

The Primate is unable to bring Lord Thomas to the state of mind he wishes, but he cannot abandon him who, from childhood, had held so strongly on his warmest affections; and all his efforts are turned to procure delay, if not mitigation, of his punishment. In the meanwhile, under the impression that he must speedily die, the young chief employs the night in writing to his ever-beloved cousin Elinor, whose interest in his fate advances at the same pace with the insatiable desire for his blood which now stimulates her husband to many acts of cruelty and tyranny. Her horror, and her alienation from Lord Leonard, reach their height when she is compelled to preside as vice-queen at a banquet in Dublin Castle, to which her four uncles of the house of Geraldine are invited, and, on a signal, murdered in her presence in cold blood. This bloody banquet is a scene of great power. The interest of the tale, in both its leading threads, is now wrought up to the highest pitch. But to the fate of the Earl of Desmond, who falls the victim of the ruffian O'Kelly, we cannot advert, though it possesses what many will feel an interest of a more

subdued and touching kind than the tumultuary closing scenes in Dublin, and a tender beauty of description unequalled in any other portion of the work. A variety of events hasten the period of the execution of the chief of the Geraldines; the Lord Deputy secretly afraid that the royal mercy might snatch from him the victim for whose blood he thirsted. The Ormonds, the hereditary enemies of the Geraldines, had employed their interest in obtaining a remission of the sentence of Lord Thomas. An English vessel had come late into the bay, which was supposed to have on board dispatches which might either contain a reprieve or a pardon. A signal had been made for a pilot. On this ship the hopes of the excellent Primate were now placed. He had previously used every means of saving his young friend, to whom, with the feelings of a father, he gave the name of son, and after the bloody banquet, losing all respect for the tyrant Lord Deputy, he had endeavoured to favour his escape. It is but a feeble idea that we can give of the deep agitation and thrilling suspense which ushers in the scene we now present to our readers:—

"Those who saw Elinor on that fatal morning, could scarcely recognize in her that brilliant beauty, who had, so short a space before, graced the Vice-Regal Court.

"Pale as marble, with dishevelled hair, and disordered dress, she was dragged, rather than led, to a magnificent and elevated seat, from whence it was intended that she should witness the closing scene of her ill-fated lover's misfortunes.

"The rising sun glanced brightly from helm and hauberk, and played over polished lance head, and gilded banner—as reining in his proud war-steed to a measured pace, Sir William Brereton led forth the whole of the troops, both horse and foot, then composing the garrison of Dublin; and drew them in a belt around the field, which had been marked out as the theatre of Lord Grey's vengeance.

"This military force, considerable in itself, was paraded with all of display and pomp, which the fine appearance of the men, the splendour of their apparel, and the gay caparison of their horses, rendered likely to impress an exaggerated idea of their strength on any part of the populace there assembled, who might be native Irish.

"However of those, although considerable crowds had collected, long before daylight, it was quite uncertain whether any were aboriginal natives—since the most part, both of the commercial, as well as of the lower orders, dwelling in the metropolis, were Danish settlers (Ostmen,) and their descendants; and these people had shewn themselves adverse to the cause of the Geraldines a few months before, when they had shut the City Gates on the party of Irish, admitted by treaty to besiege the Castle.

"But of whatever race or description might be the thousands congregating from all quarters, both from within and from without the City, they appeared most formidable in the eyes of Sir William Brereton—who was, by this time, pretty well experienced in the uncertainty of Irish warfare, which had so frequently baffled all regular military calculation; and whilst the wary General, in order to intimidate, ordered some light pieces of artillery to be wheeled on the ground, he secretly marvelled, if the Deputy really intended to hurry on the execution, ere the vessel bearing the King's orders had arrived: since it was now well known to all, that she was actually lying without the bar, with signals flying, and ready to enter the harbour with the rising tide.

"The field in which this strange pageant was in preparation sloped towards the east, and commanded a splendid view of the beautiful and unequalled Bay of Dublin; where, softly undulating on the bosom of the smooth and now sparkling waters, lay the vessel in question, the English flag gaily streaming from the mast head; and as Sir William Brereton gazed attentively, he could distinctly see, notwithstanding the distance, and the level rays of the rising sun dazzling his eyes, a small boat shoot from her side, and cut its way towards the shore with astonishing rapidity.

"Had telescopes been as much in use in those days as they have subsequently become, he might, by such aid, have discerned in that boat the aged Primate, urging the six rowers to still greater exertions, and clasping to his bosom the royal despatches, which his trembling hands had scarcely strength to hold.

"If the rigid, although humane General, had been able to distinguish this, he might have been less apprehensive, lest any proceeding, so irregular, so illegal, and

so disgraceful to the British name, should take place, as a condemnation and execution, unsanctioned by the royal authority. Even, as it was, he felt in some degree satisfied, on seeing the boat from the vessel proceeding so rapidly towards the shore; since he had no doubt but that it had been despatched by the Viceroy, and that he would act according to the orders thereby obtained.

"Under this impression, therefore, Sir William Brereton proceeded to marshal forth his men at arms, drawing them in close files several ranks deep—compromising, within their circle, the canopied throne of the unhappy Elinor; and scarcely more melancholy in its object, although so different in outward form, the scaffold, arrayed in funeral pomp. Over the head of the former waved the English flag, in its 'pride of place;' and at the foot of the latter, lay the prostrate banner of the Geraldines.

"Beyond this military screen the plain was crowded, even to the remotest distance which the eye could reach, with the silent and expectant populace.

"The arguments were complete—a pause ensued, during which the attendants, who supported Elinor, could almost hear the pulsations of her heart, which beat thick and fast, seemingly beyond the power of her delicate frame to endure.

"This awful silence was at length broken by a sudden flourish of wind instruments—a spirited and martial music, which immediately preceded the arrival of the Lord Deputy, who, surrounded by the officers of his household, now rode into the centre of the enclosed space—his countenance was deadly pale, and his lips compressed, as if suffering under some violent internal struggle; but as he rode along the lines, he received and returned the military salute with his usual grace and urbanity of manner.

"That ceremony concluded, without casting a glance towards his unhappy wife, he drew up his horse opposite to the scaffold; and his personal attendants closing around him, all waited with a strange feeling of doubt and awe, what was next to ensue.

"The martial music which had preceded and accompanied Lord Grey, was hushed—and another strain was now heard from a distance.

"A long procession of bare-footed friars, clothed in black, walking two and two, advanced slowly from the City Gate, bearing a large crucifix in front, and moving onwards towards the plain.

"They chanted in chorus the 'De Profundis,' and in the stillness of the early morning, not a breeze arose to disturb or disperse the tones of their deep and sonorous voices; nor did any other sound break on the solemn anthem, save only as they neared the military screen, the voice of Sir William Brereton, in one short emphatic word, gave the order, which was immediately followed by the clash of arms, as the soldiers fell back to form a vista for the admission of the mournful procession.

"That momentary interruption past, the funeral chant was alone heard as the friars proceeded onwards to the scaffold.

"Immediately following these holy men, came a band of battle-axe guards on foot, and, in the centre of this group, a single horseman.

"His countenance was pale, but fearless; he gazed boldly and proudly, and with an expression somewhat resembling scorn, on all this needless pomp—the splendour of all this public display, which, although it might be supposed to be in honour of his rank, he rather felt had probably been adopted, in the vain hope of forcing that heart to quail, for which death, however accompanied, had now no terrors.

"His bearing was high and haughty—his eye was undimmed as he gazed around, taking one last look of his native land, adorned with all the loveliness of the early spring; fresh, green, and breathing incense. Once, and once only, he changed colour, when his eye caught the canopied throne, and its apparently dying occupant. His cheek, at that moment, flushed a deep crimson, which hue it retained unaltered, as, with a firm step, he ascended the steps leading to the scaffold; gracefully, and with dignity, saluting those spectators who were without the screen, and passing unheeded over those who were within; nor suffering his eye to rest again on her, who had been there placed in order to inflict on him a last pang, beyond that of the parting of soul and body.

"At the mute salutation of the young chieftain, the hitherto repressed feelings of the multitude burst forth simultaneously in a shout, which 'made the welkin ring,' and which was returned in a thousand echoes, from mountain and valley, from wood and shore; and which, as it died slowly away, left a feeling of pride, almost of pleasure, on the heart of him thus greeted; and sent something like doubt and dismay to that of the Lord Deputy.

"To Sir William Brereton, also, it gave a sensation by no means agreeable; and,

spurring his horse up beside Lord Grey, he entered into a long and whispered conference, during which many were the glances, although very different in expression, directed by both towards Lord Thomas Fitzgerald; who, now endeavouring to shake off his last earthly feeling, gave his whole and undivided attention to the reverend priest, who stood beside him ready to administer the last consolations of religion—nor did he deem it too worldly or intrusive a thought, to breathe one sigh of regret, for the, to him, unaccountable absence at that solemn moment, of his first, his earliest, and truest friend, the Primate."

The remonstrance of Sir William Brereton had no effect with the Lord Deputy. The former reins up his horse beside Sir Edmund Butler, who, in a low voice, informs the Englishman how matters stand.

"The speech of Sir Edmund was interrupted by a tremendous shout from the assembled multitude—not now, however, as before, in the tumultuous but sorrowful greeting to the victim, for whose release they believed no human effort could avail; now, it was with triumphant cries and deafening clamour, that they hailed the approach of the Primate, who, raised on the shoulders of his attendants, was borne forward with rapid steps—whilst their delighted cries, of a 'Reprieve, a pardon,' were repeated from man to man, until it rung from the united voices like thunder in the ears of the Deputy.

"With a faint cry, Elinor, repeating the word, sprang from the arms of her ladies in waiting, and rushed wildly towards Cromar. The soldiers involuntarily drew back, and opened a way for the unhappy lady to pass; one glance at this sudden and strange movement, told to Lord Grey her object and her aim, of which she was in fact herself unconscious. Drawing forth a white handkerchief, he waved it in the air, at the same moment in which the frantic Elinor reached the Primate, from whose trembling hands she caught the important paper, and, holding it aloft, flew, with fawn-like speed, amidst the joyous shouts of the multitude, crying, 'A pardon, a pardon.' She was too late. As she arrived at the fatal spot, the executioner, who had instantly acted upon the concerted signal given by the Lord Deputy, held up, by the dark and glossy ringlets, the bleeding and still beautiful head; proclaiming aloud, 'This is the head of a traitor.'

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"Then there was seen, in the remote distance, a man on horseback approaching, with such desperate speed, as if he likewise had come on the same vain errand. The now silent crowd opened gradually, and suffered him to pass through; as he neared the English soldiers they also fell back, but in wild terror and confusion, on the sight of the never-to-be-forgotten horse on which he was mounted; it was the same that very same coal black, fiend-like steed, which they had left to perish in the morass into which he had plunged both himself and Lord Grey. He was not to be mistaken; his vast size, the fiery eye, the open scarlet nostril, from which his breath ascended in clouds of vapours—and, above all, his more than mortal speed—it was, it could be no other, than the terrible Brien.*

"The rider was a slight, delicate-looking, fair-haired boy; from his appearance totally inadequate to control this fierce animal, which, indeed, he scarcely seemed to hold; riding, with more of reckless indifference to the horse's movements, than with skill. His course was direct for the scaffold, and none stayed to impede his progress; all fled in terror at the apparition of the sorcerer steed; even the executioner dropt the bleeding head, which he had, a moment before, displayed with savage triumph, and hastily retreated like the rest.

"Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the youthful horseman, checking his rapid course, gazed for an instant on the terrible spectacle before him; lifting up the fair head, he pressed his lips sadly to the palid brow, then, suddenly stooping, flung his arms around the body, laying it across the horse's neck. Without taking up the reins, his whole attention seeming absorbed in the mournful prize, of which he had thus so strangely possessed himself, he struck his spurs into the flanks of his wild steed, and departed with the same furious speed with which he had arrived; vanishing from the eyes of the astonished spectators, ere any had summoned courage to advance and interrupt him."

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* Brien Boru, the heroic steed of the murdered chieftain, which shares his perils and glory in war and in deeds of humanity, in the course of the tale.

To those of our readers who have taken any interest in the fortunes of the aged Countess of Desmond whom we encounter at the opening of the tale, one backward glance is necessary. It was noticed that the wounded and enfeebled chief fell by the hand of the ruffian O'Kelly, "'The Earl turned his dying eyes upon his murderer, who cried out,—'Hould that look still, my Lord of Desmond, 'twill become yer face mightily when it is sticking upon the top o' Temple Bar in the city of London.' And as he spoke * * * *

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One long wild cry broke from the lips of the Countess! A cry, so dreadful and appalling, that years after, when on his dying bed, the until then relentless O'Kelly heard it with terrible agonies."

"That shriek which he had been destined never to forget! In vain he entreated to be moved from room to room—from house to house; that sound still pursued him, and rung in his ears like a fearful warning, to awaken his guilty conscience!

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"That cry, the only sound which the Countess had uttered since the appearance of O'Kelly, was also the last evidence of sense or feeling breathed by her for many years."

Disjointed and mutilated as are the extracts we have given from the Siege of Maynooth, they must have enabled the reader to form some idea of the character of this romance. If we have succeeded in imparting any feeling of the admiration with which it has inspired us, we shall be gratified at having performed an act of simple justice, in drawing attention to the talents of a writer whose name we never heard and never may hear. Nor shall we deny that "it is the cause" which inspires us with a strong predisposition in his favour; not that there is either vehemence or exaggeration in the nationality of the spirit which pervades the work, and the spirit is more Irish than the style. The dialogues among the subordinate personages have little of the breadth or raciness of Irish humour; their dialect is meagre, and somewhat bald and modern for the age in which they are supposed to live and act. There are, moreover, few traits of ancient manners, and some of the principal characters are rather romantic and historical personages, than natural and individualized human characters. But with, or in spite of, all these drawbacks, this romance, by the spirit of its action, the variety of incident, the brilliance and contrast of its rapidly shifting lights and shadows, and, above all, by the lively and growing interest which the narrative keeps awake in the mind from first to last, is fully entitled to all the praise we have bestowed upon it. Even now that Scott, Godwin, and Maturin have ceased to write, there may be historical romances of higher pretension, but none which the reader will not be able more readily to lay aside till a more convenient season. *The Siege of Maynooth* is a tale to begin with at the beginning, and read straight-forward to the end.

THE WORKING OF THE BILL—PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.*

The most hopeful circumstance of our political condition, is the firmness with which the People look their worst evils in the face, and the earnest and thorough-going way in which, through a body of efficient representatives, they are about to enter on the task of a root-and-branch Reform. There were persons interested in the preservation of every existing abuse, who, after offering all the opposition in their power to that first great step, Parliamentary Reform, were besotted enough to imagine that the People were to rest satisfied with the naked Bill, the print and paper, as a wrestler does with the trophy stuck in his bonnet; or that it was to be regarded as a charm or amulet, which, without farther effort, might be hung round our necks and work by magic; and which, without obtaining a single tangible benefit, was, in some occult way, to make us all prosperous and contented. These sages are disappointed, and those of them who were graciously willing to concede something, are not a little indignant that the ungrateful monster the mob, having extorted its plaything, is not now satisfied and hankful. They are enraged to find that if there be one principle more distinctly recognised, and clung to by the nation than another, it is that the Reform in the representation, wrested from the oligarchy at the knife's point, *is but the means to an end.* Without this principle kept steadily in view, the Reform Bill were of as much worth as so much waste paper, sent up to the moon at the tail of a paper kite, to inform the lunar population what simpletons the men of Great Britain are. But we have, thank Heaven and our own endeavours, the instrument of political regeneration at last securely in our grasp; and the immediate consideration is, where we may first and best apply the new power gained, how much may be undertaken at once, and where it is wisest to commence operations, and with most advantage enter the wedge. The *Spectator's Key to Political Knowledge* appears in good time; and is an intelligent and trustworthy guide.—It begins at the foundation. No. I. is spent in clearing the floor of the House of Commons for freedom of future operations. The clumsy, tardy, unwieldy working of the House, as it is at present constituted, is thoroughly exposed, and the necessity insisted upon, of simplifying, and regulating its movements, and getting it into immediate working trim. But we shall here employ the words of the *Key*.

"The people are entitled to hope great things from this change. They are entitled to hope that a House of Commons, consisting of the men of their choice, will labour zealously, ably, and efficiently, for the public interest. If they are disappointed in the extent of the improvement, there had almost better have been no Reform at all. If the business of Parliament is conducted only *a little better* than it is at present—if profusion is only *a little* checked—if legislation is only *a little* more enlightened—if only *a little* more activity, and *a little* more deliberate attention, are bestowed upon the complicated interests of this vast empire—the disappointment will be deep, and the indignation bitter. The people will either be incited to tear in pieces a constitution which does them so little good, after all the mending bestowed upon it, or will sink into indifference; and, not caring how they exercise a franchise so useless to them, will allow every abuse of the old system again to take root and flourish as rank as ever."

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* *Spectator's* Key to Knowledge. Clayton, Strand.

It thus becomes the question how the Representatives of the people, are, with most effect and despatch, to perform functions which have become somewhat different from the old, lounging, idling, speechifying, mistifying, and huddling up the scene by voting enormous supplies, or unjust imposts, and passing unwise or ignorant enactments, of which two-thirds of their whole number thought not at all, and for which the remaining part cared nothing. The House of Commons is a range too wide for our space. We recommend the *Spectator's exposé* both to electors, and to those who aspire to become representatives of the people. It is drawn up with great expense of labour; and it goes to the root, and traces all the ramifications of the evil. Nor can we doubt that, under this and other ministrations, by next February, the GREAT FREE AND EASY will, both in external decency of manners, and business-like habits, shew a very different face from what it exhibited "while only Gentlemen got into the House."

The *Spectator's* second number of the *Key,* is devoted to the PUBLIC EXPENDITURE—more correctly the Public Wastefulness. The same ground has been often travelled over, but the whole bearings of the case have never been exhibited in so compact a form as in this pamphlet. It also contains analyzed statements of the public accounts; that is as far as the national accounts are made public, or as it is possible for the most clear-headed adept in figures to comprehend what no human being actually does or can understand, and, least of all, those whose business, as guardians of the public purse, it is to check the Expenditure.

The Black Book, Cobbett and other journalists, and, coming closer home to us than all, the painful experience of diminishing capital among the middle classes, and pinching poverty among the lower, have already made the nation tolerably well aware of the thousand concealed and corrupt channels into which its wealth has been, and is drained. This *Magazine,* during its short career, has not neglected the duty of calling attention to the enormity of the Public Expenditure; and every one, save those who either fatten on the public, or have a prospective interest in maintaining "things as they are," is prepared for an instant searching into these abuses, and a rigorous cutting down, or extirpation in every branch of the Expense of Government. "This principle," says the *Key,* "it is quite plain, must be rigorously acted upon, at a time when, even after the public expenditure is pared down to the greatest practicable extent, the people will still be burdened beyond what they can bear without much suffering." But the principle is one which ought to be acted upon at all times. "Ce n'est point," says Montesquieu, "à ce que le peuple *peut* donner qu'il faut mesurer les revenus publics, mais à ce quit *doit* donner." Our legislators have always adopted the *peut* as their standard of exaction. The apparent reluctance of the present administration to consider any question of "paltry" economy which circumstances have thrust upon them, is another motive to the vigilance of the people, in searching out the causes of profuse public expenditure. This reluctance has been carried to a length which has shaken them more in public confidence than all their other questionable measures put together. "Oh, these shabby sums! mere candle-ends and cheese-parings!—unworthy the attention of a great nation." That salary (of the useless Governor of some more useless fortress) is so mere a trifle! The emoluments of such another sinecure office is so completely an old song—only a few hundreds—those diplomatic pensions, only a few thousands;" and this spreads, till the hundreds become thousands, and the thousands tens of thousands, with a government all the

while affecting to study retrenchment. In the words of the *Key*, "it is often foolishly argued against any particular reductions of expenditure, that they are of no consequence, for that their benefit, when divided among the whole population, becomes imperceptible. Why so much anxiety to cut off L.150,000 from the expenditure? When divided among sixteen or twenty-four millions, it only amounts to two-pence, or three half-pence a-head." But those arguers forget, or would have us to forget, that by lopping off L.150,000 from the expenditure, *some entire tax*, that presses unduly on some particular class, or seriously injures some branch of industry, could be removed. Two-pence a-head on the population of Great Britain, is equal to the whole amount of the hop-duty; or take Britain and Ireland, one penny three farthings would give the commercial classes the benefit of advertisements duty-free. Four-pence halfpenny a-head would extinguish the odious newspaper tax." These are facts which it is the duty of journalists to keep constantly before the people, and with which to stop the mouths of those who sneer at "shabby savings," and "small abolitions" of useless salaries, pensions, and fees, and retired allowances, to men who never did their country one iota of service, and much more probably did it all the injury, an active instrument, or truckling tool of misrule, could accomplish. The only question of revenue and expenditure, in which there exists any difference of opinion among Reformers, is the Debt. But this very difference should unite them, on the principle that retrenchment of the expenditure is become a paramount object. Those who would hold absolute faith with the national creditors, must save all that is possible out of the three-sevenths, if they would fully discharge what in interest consumes the other four-sevenths of the entire revenue. Those who contend for equitable adjustment are equally bound to economy, that even the dividend, they allow to be just, may be forthcoming; while, with one accord, all demand such retrenchment as may, so far as it is practicable, relieve the people of the most galling of their burdens, and set free the springs of industry.

The question next arises, in what departments may economy of expenditure be most readily or beneficially effected, holding sacred, meanwhile, the claims of the public creditor, or what all the people owe to a great part of the people. The expenditure of the year is calculated at above fifty millions, of which nearly twenty-nine is interest of the Debt, in one form or other. The other part, or above twenty-one millions, is under the control of Parliament—of the House of Commons as *the Guardians of the Public Purse*. We shall select but a few items of this immense sum for animadversion. There is first the *Civil List*, somewhat reduced, but still amounting to £435,000, granted to their Majesties. With that we shall not interfere. There is next, in pensions to the Royal Family, married and unmarried, legitimate and illegitimate, £218,822, of which the Duke of Cumberland receives £17,250, and his son Prince George £6000. The military pensions may come next; and of these we have £37,389, of which the Duke of Wellington receives £8,889. But this is nothing in amount, though a great deal in reality, to the whole of the military *dead weight*, that is, the *non-effective, i. e.* the useless military expenditure, which amounts to £2,669,697. We have again the *naval dead-weight*, which gives us in return two pensioned or paid admirals, and four surgeons, for every ship, and costs us £1,229,381. Next we have the *civil dead-weight;*—sums paid to retired or superannuated officers of customs, stamps, &c., &c., &c., often useless when in nominal employment, always overpaid, and retiring

to leave a burden on the country of £982,370. The expense of the actual army and navy,—the former above £5,000,000, the latter, though reduced considerably by the late alterations made by Sir James Graham, still above four millions,—we shall, for the present, lay aside, together with the expense of the Colonial management, the executive, the three millions for collecting the revenue, the large sums paid to the Bank of England for managing the debt and using the public money. But some of the *civil* pensions call aloud for notice, not so much for their amount as their shamelessness. £2000 a-year to Mr. Goulburn, for example; £1500 to Mr. Croker; £1000 to Mr. H. Hobhouse; £1500 to Mr. Joseph Planta; £3000 to the family of Mr. Canning; £3000 to Lord Sidmouth; £3000 to Mrs. Jane Carr, late Perceval, and so forth;—all for *civil* services to the nation, the nature of which the nation is not likely to forget; and for which, had any been performed, the functionaries were far overpaid by their salaries of office. "Thus, Mr. Croker, after receiving L.3000 a-year, for many years, for doing mischief, gets L.1500 for doing nothing," save all the mischief he can. To the noblemen and gentlemen alone, who have been kind enough to visit the Ottoman Porte for us, we are now paying £14,000 a-year. The husband of Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot receives L.2,300 of this, to eke out the pittance of L.938, 10s., granted for her services. And can we wonder to see discontent among the paying class? In some departments of the army, the expense has actually increased during seventeen years of peace. The ordnance expenditure has increased one-fifth. In 1817 it was £242,742; but last spring, the ordnance estimates were voted at £293,231—voted, too, in a grant of supply, amounting to a million and a half, among thirty-four other items of supply, and huddled over by the Guardians of the Public Purse, after midnight; and on a night when fifty-nine separate pieces of business had been before the House, besides the ordinary consumption of time in routine matters, receiving petitions, &c. The way in which *real* business is done may be inferred from this. A few more unconnected facts may be thrown out, as subjects of rumination; for, when the amount of expenditure is seen, the more readily will modes of retrenchment be suggested in the various departments. *Law and Justice* cost the country above £723,805. And this is exclusive of the legal pensions, amounting to £53,654, of which £4000 is paid to Lord Eldon. Another £4000 may be claimed, as soon as he pleases, by that pure patriot and consistent judge or statesman, or statesman and judge, Lord Lyndhurst, and will be claimed the moment he ceases to draw something better from the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, so prudently bestowed upon him. Of this, £53,654, Sir Samuel Shepherd draws £3000, and Mr James Abercromby £2000; one late Lord of Session, (Monypenny,) £2,400; and another, (Sir A. Campbell,) L.1,950; and three others £1,500 each; so that Scotland enjoys her fair share of the legal pensions. For *unknown services* we pay in pensions £55,642, of which the servants of George IV. get £13,832, and those of Queen Charlotte £9,681. Pensions to retired ambassadors and consuls cost us £63,423 a-year; and the expense of actual diplomacy is £264,616: the Colonial Department is not quite so much, only £220,357. The Executive Department is charged at £261,900. Legislation, that is, the expenses of the House of Lords and the Commons, including clerks, Speaker's salaries, stationery, printing, &c. £244,772;—enough to allow a remuneration of nearly £400 per annum to every member of the Commons', and thus throw open its doors to the talent and honesty excluded by the present system. For Law and Justice in the three kingdoms the coun-

try pays, as we stated, £323,805 in judges' salaries, &c. &c.; but this is exclusive of immense sums levied off the public, which never go into the public coffers at all, in the name of fees, of which no one can calculate the amount. It may lead to a shrewd guess of the total when it is mentioned, that in fees for law and justice, those unfortunate persons in Scotland seeking those high-priced commodities, pay our late city member alone, Mr Dundas, to wit, between six and seven thousand a-year, besides liberally remunerating those who do his business.

We might go on multiplying instances, but here is work enough for a reformed Parliament for one Session; and the member who shall either delay it, or flinch from it, is no true representative of the people. Instead of one Joseph Hume and a single Sir Henry Parnell, hundreds are demanded for this gigantic labour. There must be searching and severe scrutiny, indefatigable industry, unremitting perseverance, and a pertinacious hanging in the skirts of officious indolence, till every retrenchment practicable is obtained. For this task, neither great oratorical powers, nor flashy talents of any kind are required. Such attainments would rather act as hindrances. Zeal, industry, the economizing of time, and a firm determination to do their duty, are all that is wanting in the representatives who would set themselves, as a first duty, to curtail that enormous and shameful expenditure—which insults the people whom it grinds—and, in all time coming, to check, in their earliest symptoms, the lavish propensities of that great spendthrift, the State. Nor is the mere money, the means of bare life extracted from the poor, and of comfort and well-being from the middle class, to raise a fraction of the community into luxury, the whole of the evil. An excessive public expenditure is twice-cursed—nay it is thrice-cursed, first in the general impoverishment it occasions, next in the public corruption which it engenders and fosters, and thirdly, as it almost uniformly re-acts on the mass of the community, in demoralizing examples of the profligate personal expense of official men, dissolute living, and the many frivolities, and insolences, which operate to the debasement of society through all its inferior grades, and of which the first impulse, and most glaring and influential exhibitions are given by those who fatten and revel on the public purse. Who are "the observed of all observers," the leaders of every idle fashion, the instigators in every pernicious pursuit? Those who either actually live on the public, or who have risen to dangerous influence and notoriety by means of the profligate expenditure of public money. It would be a curious, and might not be an unedifying investigation, to trace the *moral* effect produced on society, by the State expenditure, Lord Ellenborough's sinecure of L.13,000, or Lord Lyndhurst's enormous salary as a judge, or the Duke of Cumberland's immense pension, or the smaller one of Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot, and such like. The profligate extravagance of the court of Louis XV. was less culpable from the embarrassment and ruin it caused in the national finances, than from the gross corruption it spread throughout the kingdom, and the pernicious and seducing example of unblushing vice, and triumphant villany, which it enabled princes, courtiers, and their minions, to set to France and Europe. Had the money taken from the oppressed people, for the purposes of infamous expenditure, been sunk in the sea, the effect would have been comparatively harmless. As it was, the price of the bread which should have sustained their lives, was wrung from them, to be spent in debasing, and vitiating the public morals and taste. And this will always be the case, wherever national expenditure is unrestrained by the vigilance of the people, acting through efficient and freely chosen representatives.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH.*

Last month we named this a delightful book. A more careful perusal deepens this agreeable impression. In moral tendency, it is a work to be classed with the Memoirs and Letters of Cowper and Heber, of Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, and Dr Edward Clarke, or of such old English worthies as More and Penn. It is consequently, in our estimation, among the books which, from their moral beauty alone, are to be regarded as the most precious treasures of literature. Such works are too few in number, and they are almost peculiar to England. They are quiet, truthful, domestic pictures of her best and greatest men, and of the sound and virtuous heart of her worthiest society; often making the power and charm of the hidden and enduring worth of the English character, be suddenly felt when it was feared all was hastening to vanity and demoralization. They are images of a kind of life on which no one can look with feeling, and in earnest, without a softening and moulding of the whole man into some faint resemblance of their pure and serene beauty. The appearance of works of this character in these troublous times, gives them double value. They are as the bow in the blackened and stormy heavens, giving promise of serener weather, and telling of all the peace and loveliness that is hid behind the gathered clouds. Though we rank this memoir with those manuals of humanity which, through the affections, teach youth how to grow unto virtue, and to live with honour and usefulness, we do not mean to say that their excellent and amiable subject, a man of accomplishment and information, a man of science also—and, in one branch of natural science, enthusiastic and eminent—was either a Cowper or a Heber, although we may assert that the record of his early life will be perused with nearly equal pleasure, and with at least equal advantage, as their memoirs. Sir James Edward Smith is here but one of an English family group. He is the most prominent figure, but some of those by whom he is surrounded are, to our taste, quite as captivating.

The life of Sir James Edward Smith is chiefly unfolded by his own correspondence; though the book is edited by his widow with the intuitive delicacy and fineness of perception, inspired by a warm and refined affection, and an unreserved, though dignified devotion to the memory of her husband, which beget a cordial sympathy in her readers. If there is fault to be found, it is with the almost overweening modesty which makes Lady Smith draw herself so completely into the shade, that we only obtain a transient glimpse of her through the lights reflected from the object of her proud affection. They must be stern critics who will think it a blemish in her book, that details, which indifferent readers may regard as trivial and tiresome, assume, in her sight, an immense importance from their connexion with her husband; for this is not only a feeling which does honour to her, but is the true temper in which biography should be written, if it is to be felt. It is but heartless work to compile the memoirs of a man whom one does not both love and honour. To this may be imputed the failure of several recent ambitious memoirs.

To us the early days of Sir James Smith are by far the most delight-

* Longman and Rees, London.

ful portion of his history; and we are not sure but that we like the father quite as well as the son. Lady Smith labours with sufficient zeal to trace the high maternal ancestry of her husband; so we may conclude that his sensible and excellent father had little to boast of in this way, on his side of the house. We are not told, but are led to infer, that the elder Smith, whose letters, besides proving the warmth and goodness of his heart, and the vigour of his understanding, display very considerable literary cultivation, was some sort of Norwich merchant, or tradesman. Sir James, his eldest, and for some years his only child, was born in Norwich in 1759; he was a delicate and sensitive child, peculiarly susceptible, both in mental and physical constitution; diffident, timid, and, as an augury of the future botanist, fond of flowers. In after life, we are told, he seldom saw the blue flowers of the wild-succory without remembering how he had loved them in infancy. This is not quite the passionate memory of his admired Rousseau, the "*voila le pervenche!*" but is among the connecting links which we like to gather between the childhood and manhood of a botanist. The delicate boy was left much with his mother; his parents seem to have been dissenters, though we do not learn of what particular denomination. They were, in all things, an estimable and well-assorted pair, in the middle ranks of the humble and yet lofty class and days of England's

Plain living and high thinking.

To their son, their first lessons were the encouragement of free independent inquiry, and the habit of exercising his judgment in the examination of every opinion, and of thinking for himself. In after life, he often expressed himself deeply indebted to his parents for cautioning him against the implicit or blind reception of unsifted opinions.

Sir James was not sent to school. At home, he acquired a correct knowledge of French and Italian, and made some progress in mathematics, though he was very backward in his Latin studies. He was, in fact, intended by his father for business, and the old gentleman had himself no particular respect for Latin prosody, or hammering at hexameters. Nor did he admire public schools; and Lady Smith remarks, and we pray British mothers to lay it to heart,—

"In the society of well-informed, sensible parents, those hours which in a public school are frequently grievous, or unavoidably wasted, those domestic evenings which expand the heart with the understanding, and 'leave us leisure to be good,' were devoted to reading, or lessons rendered pleasing by the associations connected with them."

His father's love of reading history stole upon the boy, and, at the age of eleven or twelve, he showed a precocious power of invention, in composing a fabulous history of two races of Scottish kings. On this juvenile performance, Lady Smith dwells with amiable fondness.

"The writer is not ashamed to acknowledge, that reading the history of this ideal court, its ladies, servants, and dependents, and the satirical verses and pasquinades upon some members belonging to it, has occasionally beguiled a winter's evening very agreeably, when the company of some young friend has been the occasion of introducing the '*Paper People*,' as they were called, upon the tea-table: and at the same time his own playful recurrence to the scenes of his youthful happiness produced an enjoyment which will never return."

About the age of eighteen, the love of flowers, which young Smith had always indulged, grew into a passion for botany. The following coincidence is remarkable:—On the 9th January, 1778, he obtained the first treatise he had yet seen upon botany, Berkenhout's Hudson's Flora; and on the 11th, with infinite delight, began to examine plants

scientifically. The common furze was the only plant then in flower. In examining it, "I first comprehended," he says, "the nature of systematic arrangement, and the Linnæan principles, little aware, that *at that instant* the world was losing the great genius who was to be my future guide; for Linnæus died on the same night."—"In an age of astrologic faith," Lady Smith remarks, "such a coincidence would have excited superstitious reflections, and the polar star of the great northern philosopher might have been supposed to shed its dying influence on his young disciple." Mr. Smith now wished his son to settle to business, as an importer of raw silk; but his love of science, and the interposition of friends, prevailed to change his destiny; and, in October 1781, his affectionate father escorted him part of the way to Edinburgh, where he commenced the study of medicine. The interest and value of these memoirs commence, and are nearly spent in the Correspondence regularly maintained between this exemplary son and his amiable family, during his residence in Edinburgh, and in his subsequent course of study and travel. The young student wrote frequently home, describing the progress of his studies, his pursuits, his friends, and amusements; beginning his epistles with the stately "Honoured Sir," sanctioned, or rather prescribed, by old-fashioned manners. The picture of a student at our university fifty years since, becomes curious now. Dr. Hope, the Professor of Botany, was Smith's chief friend and counsellor; but he had letters of introduction to several respectable and fashionable families. He began to study Latin with Dr. Adam, paying at the rate of eight guineas a-year for private lessons, though the customary fee was a guinea a-month.

"I hope," says the young man, "you will not grudge this expense, as it is quite necessary, and you may depend on my frugality in every case where I can save money without missing any thing of real importance. Dr. Hope thinks that, with the utmost economy, I cannot spend less than £120 a-year; but I don't see how it can amount to near that." At Dr. Hope's he met Lord Monboddo, whom he describes as "a plain-dressing elderly man, with an ordinary grey coat, leather breeches, and coarse worsted stockings. He conversed with me," he adds, "with great affability, about various matters; spoke of the great decline of classical learning in Edinburgh, and mentioned the Norfolk husbandry." Upon this the affectionate father, connecting himself, through his paternal sympathies, with whatever concerned his son, reads Lord Monboddo's works, and makes this sensible observation: "It is amusing to see to what great heights the imaginations of some contemplative persons will carry them in fanciful hypotheses, which the Abbé Buffier aptly calls philosophical romances. In this respect, metaphysicians are a sort of knights-errant in literature, who sally out in quest of adventures in fancy's regions." What follows is still better said:—"My dear, I cannot disapprove of any expense that is useful to your pursuits, therefore I have no objection to a Latin master. Latin and Greek are necessary to your profession, in more respects than being keys to the doors of science, into any of which you may enter if you have those keys; and I should wish you to have as good ones as any body else. They should have no advantage of me in that respect; though I believe, between ourselves, there *is a great deal in the parade of it besides the use.* The men of learning have agreed to stamp a high value upon classical learning: it sets them out of reach of the vulgar, and of those who are their superiors in every other worldly advantage; yet I do not think it at all

sterling worth, but a great deal of it imposition." Such were the opinions of a plain strong-minded English trader, fifty years since. How very long it sometimes is before men will act upon their convictions. After saying many kind and obliging things, and, on the study of medicine, much that is acute and profound, the good father continues thus,—"And how much were it to be wished that every father could safely so address his son. You say I may depend upon your frugality in every case. I know I may, my dear; but I would not have you cramp yourself, nor deny yourself either any enjoyment or advantage on that account. I am perfectly easy; satisfied that you would not wish for what I ought to refuse."

Old Mr. Smith seems to have been a good Whig in his generation, and sometimes he gives his son a little political news; and in one place quaintly observes, "I esteem the Scotch much for their zeal for the Protestant religion; yet I think two sermons at a time rather too much. I hope their Kirks are warmer than our Churches."

From the letters of young Smith, we see something of the fashionable society of Edinburgh, as well as of scientific institutions. There is an account of a *mourning* concert for the Earl of Kelly, at which all the company appeared in *mourning;* and St. Cecilia's Hall, in which it was held, is described as a most elegant room of an oval form! This compliment is paid to Scottish manners, in reply, probably, to some inquiry that does not appear, "I do not perceive that the better sort of people are less neat here than elsewhere. I am sure, in many places where I visit, the most exquisite neatness is apparent."

Young Smith had now acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and made some progress in Greek; but better and more valuable than these languages he considered the physiological lectures of Dr. Monro. "I know," he says, "no entertainment equal to them; his remarks are so ingenious, satisfactory, and curious, that we [the students] could never be tired with hearing them." This correspondence goes on in the same strain; and after young persons have been set for their improvement to peruse the letters of Cicero to Tyro, Chesterfield's and Chatham's letters, they may still, to our thinking, find much that is more instructive in the correspondence of this plain English trader with his beloved son. We cannot refrain from giving one specimen of it.

"Norwich, Feb. 25, 1782.

"My Dear Son,

"We are all much pleased that you spend your time so agreeably, and hope nothing I have said will convey the idea that I think you too profuse in your amusements: on the contrary, as you rightly say, it is a part of your education *de vous apprivoiser à la grande foule;* besides, I look upon diversions as useful, nay necessary, to relieve your mind and renew its vigour, to exhilarate the spirits and give a zest to life, for which end the beneficent Author of our nature has given us the capacity of an almost innumerable variety of enjoyments, which are all lawful when they are expedient, when they promote our happiness and that of our friends and connexions. I look upon the promotion or production of genuine true happiness to be the surest mark of virtue, if it is not *virtue itself.* Some philosophers call a mediocrity in all things, virtue: however that be, *medio tutissimus ibis* is an excellent maxim, and I am in no fear you should transgress; on the contrary, I would rather urge you forward to take pleasure than restrain you, for I am not in the least afraid you should go beyond what will do you real good. So, my dear, go to as many diversions as you like, see everything you can, and push forward your acquaintance with genteel, valuable people; and be not under any concern whether you spend a few pounds more or less in the year. I would not have you neglect any advantages, nor deny yourself any proper gratification for fear of swelling your expenses. Solomon says, 'There is a time to scatter, and a time to gather;' do you scatter wisely, and I will

endeavour to gather carefully, and hope I shall so far succeed as to leave a comfortable subsistence to every one that depends upon me for support. I think you had better not fix a time to leave off your tutor; 'tis impossible to tell where you may be situated, or how; and scholarship will recommend in all parts of the world. And as you have the elegancies of French and Italian, the useful Latin, with a little Greek will be desirable. God be with you and bless you, my ever-dear child!

"Your affectionate Father,

"JAMES SMITH."

To his mother, young Smith writes thus:—

"My happiness, honoured madam, in my present situation, is completed by your expressing so much happiness in my prospects, as well as my father. I cannot help considering it, as you say, peculiarly directed by the Almighty, and therefore I recur immediately to him when any gloomy ideas present themselves; as I hope I have the most perfect confidence in Him, and trust He will preserve us all to be a blessing to each other. But if He thinks fit to separate us, I hope we could acquiesce; and we know that not a single kind thought can ever be lost, or lose its reward. I have met with a number of young playfellows, as you said I should. The children of Dr. Duncan are very pretty, and remarkably sensible; and here are a sweet little boy and girl, the children of Dr. Adam, whom I often play with. Mrs. Adam is a very beautiful polite woman, and the children in perfect order; the little lass told her mamma I was 'a bonny man.' 'Ay,' says her brother, 'and a good man too!'"

In April 1782, Mr. Smith tells his father that he, in connexion with some fellow-students, had formed a society for *Natural History;* and thus incidentally he notices Dr. Hutton.

"It is accidental my not having mentioned Dr. Hutton; who is one of my best and most agreeable acquaintances, a man of the most astonishing penetration and remarkable clearness of intellects, with the greatest good humour and frankness; in short, I cannot discover in what his oddity (of which I heard so much) consists. He is a bachelor, and lives with three maiden sisters; so you may be sure the house and every thing about it is in the nicest order. I step in when I like, and drink tea with them; and the Doctor and I sometimes walk together. He is an excellent mineralogist, and is very communicative, very clear, and of a candid, though quick temper; in short, I am quite charmed with him. He has a noble collection of fossils, which he likes to show:—by the way, I do not mean to prosecute this study any further than is necessary and proper for me to be acquainted with; it requires infinite attention and labour, and there are few certain conclusions to be found. I shall endeavour to get a general knowledge of every branch of literature as it falls in my way; but believe I shall find enough to employ me in the strict line of my profession, with the two first kingdoms of nature by way of relaxation; for I am fully persuaded that an intimate acquaintance with these is not only peculiarly ornamental, but highly necessary, to form an accomplished physician, as literature now stands; and am sure the benefit I have derived, wherever I have been, and am continually deriving, from the little knowledge of this kind which I am possessed of, is greater than could have been imagined,—I mean with respect to introducing me to the literary world; for if I had been without such an introduction, I might have drudged here perhaps a couple of years before I could have done anything to have signalized myself, or have been taken half the notice of which I now am.

"I promised to give you some account of my young acquaintances. The name of the one I have contracted most intimacy with is Batty; he comes from Kirby Lonsdale, in Westmoreland."

Mr. Smith's correspondence with this young friend, who left College before him, shews all the kindly glow of a young and a good heart. He grudges that he cannot have his friend to share his pleasures—the lectures to wit,—and speaks quite touchingly of running down Robertson's close, to see the gloomy lodging where his friend had resided, and which he had often visited with a cheerful step, when it contained Batty. These young letters should serve the memory of Sir James more than his presidentship, and patent knighthood; and when we are told that these pure affections, and this glow of feeling continued with him to the last, and, "that this unsuspicious simplicity was never obliterated," we

are disposed to give him our hearts as well as our admiration. In the summer of 1782, he made a pedestrian tour to the Highlands, with some young students and Dr. Hope's son, the Doctor having recommended and advised the journey. The Doctor now frugally calculated the expenses of the youths, if out for a month, at L.3 a-head—we like to be thus minute—but Smith, reckoned upon spending L.5 or L.6. This Highland tour forms an agreeable subject for a long letter *home*. Smith was charmed with the city of Glasgow, with the Clyde, and Loch Lomond; and describes the Highland scenery very prettily.

Sage and steady as Mr. Smith was, he was touched with the spirit of the time. In the winter of 1782–3, he attended the lectures of Browne. There is both sense and nonsense in the following extract:—He is writing to his father—

"I really believe medicine, if it deserves the name of science at all, in its present state, is in the most barbarous condition of any science, and only now emerging from the greatest darkness and absurdity. It is commonly declared, by all practitioners, that theory is nonsense, and that experience, that is empiricism, is everything. Cullen's theory is visibly going into the same state of contempt as Boerhaave's has been reduced to, and his lectures are by no means consistent with it, though admirable as mere practical lectures. These considerations and some other have induced me to attend Browne this winter; and I am happy in having done it, for his system and view of the human economy are certainly the most philosophic of any, and are gaining ground in a wonderful manner: perhaps, however, he may have only his day. He has many of the most respectable pupils, and behaves very well to us."

As president of the Natural History Society, to which the Earl of Buchan had been admitted as an honorary member, Mr. Smith received a very characteristic letter from that nobleman, ending thus grandly:—

"I entreat of you, sir, to convey to your brethren the thanks of a member of the great Republic of Letters, who, at no advanced age, begins to grow old in the service of that community which seems to have adopted him more heartily than the other." This was the community of science and letters, of course—that other, the Scottish Peerage which had just refused to elect his lordship one of their sixteen representatives.

One or two other delightful preparatory letters are exchanged between the affectionate father and grateful son, who, after a residence of two years, left Edinburgh for his home, first visiting his friend Batty.

Lady Smith indulges in a retrospect at this first pause or stage in her husband's opening career of worth and eminence, which strikes us as being very beautiful in feeling and in diction. But as his own letters are her favourite mode of delineating his character, we adhere to them. After remaining for the summer months with his proud and affectionate parents, Mr. Smith repaired to London, to prosecute his medical studies under the Hunters and Dr. Pitcairn. He lodged in the same apartments with his friend and fellow-student Batty, and tells his father, that Mr. Baillie, (the late Sir Matthew,) "is very civil to us; but we are *charmed* with John Hunter; he alone is worth coming to live in London for." As in Edinburgh, Sir James here gained the friendship of his medical teachers, though Natural History seems to have engaged, even then, much more of his affections than medicine. He frequented the house of Sir Joseph Banks; and hearing that the son of Linnæus having recently died, his father's collection and library were to be disposed of, he anxiously applied to his generous parent to make the purchase for him, which was to be the foundation of fame and fortune. The price was fixed at 1000 guineas. Sorry we are that we cannot transcribe the whole

of the sensible and affectionate letter of the kind but thoughtful father to this eager appeal of his enthusiastic son. "Had I but *you*," he says, "I had not hesitated one moment; every shilling of mine should be at your devotion, to serve any good purpose, and your dear mother would be as contented as I could be to live upon the moderate income of our real estate, till it pleased Providence to withdraw us from the world."—The young man ultimately succeeded; and the purchase, which proved in every way advantageous, was happily completed. The history of it is somewhat prolix; but this was an important era in the life of her husband, and Lady Smith naturally lingers on a transaction which so powerfully influenced his future life. He hired apartments in Paradise Row, Chelsea, where he deposited his magnificent acquisition, and was assisted by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Dryander in arranging it. From this date, it may be said that Sir James gave himself up to Botany, and began to compose his Botanical works; but he also went to Leyden, instead of Edinburgh, to continue his general studies.

From this place, besides writing to his parents, he corresponded with several newly acquired friends, lovers of Natural History; and among others, Dr. Goodenough, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, with whom a friendship, cemented by their common attachment to botany and natural science, continued unabated till death divided them. In the Bishop's correspondence we find nothing of much interest; and, for our own parts, could easily have spared full three-fourths of the letters. The Doctor's humility, after attaining episcopal honours, and the pains he takes to set his friend at ease, by assuring him that these dignities have not inordinately puffed him up, nor impaired their ancient friendship, are amusing. These epistles answer another purpose. They shew what an easy, comfortable office is that of a Bishop of the 19th century. The mitre gave Dr. Goodenough, who certainly was a respectable, and even liberal dignitary, more leisure to watch plants and collect insects. Of the fatigues of legislation he complains immoderately, of late hours, and of being pent up in the smoke of London, during the sitting of Parliament. Some persons will think it advisable to relieve the bishops from such incongruous toils and fatiguing duties.

Sir James, after leaving Leyden, made a long tour on the Continent, an account of which he published on his return, under the title of "Sketch of a Tour on the Continent." He had previously published a "Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants," and "Reflections on the Studies of Nature." His picture, sent to his father, of the Court of Versailles, in 1786, is not very remarkable in any way. He does not seem to have viewed anything there *en beau*. The King, he saw; the Queen was in bed. The daubing of the ladies' cheeks, in the most refined court of the world, he describes as a European traveller might the ornaments and personal decorations of the beauties of an African or Otaheitean royal circle. But comparison would be a libel on the natural good taste of the islanders. "Nature," he says, "is quite out of the question." So indeed it was in many things there besides cheek-daubing. "Old hags," (thus the young Englishman speaks of the *élite* of the Court, and of the Fauxbourg St. Germain,)—"old hags, ugly beyond what you can conceive, for we have a very inadequate idea of what an ugly woman is in England, are dressed like girls in the most tawdry colours, and have on each cheek a broad daub of the highest pink crayon, or something like it. The King is a pretty good person; rather fat, his countenance agreeable. He had some prodigiously fine diamonds. * * * * * In a little shabby

apartment in the Benedictines Anglois, lies poor James II., under a rusty black pall and tattered escutcheon, waiting to be carried back to England! So very deplorable a spectacle softened my contempt into pity." The most agreeable of Sir James's Continental letters is one in which the traveller gives a lady an account of his visit to the tomb of Rousseau. It will be read with great interest even now. It places the character of Rousseau in a fairer, and, we have no doubt, a truer light, than most contemporary accounts of his latter years and days, and disproves the story of his suicide, so zealously spread by the enemies of this extraordinary and misrepresented man. Sir James first visited Chantilly, and thence, he says, he and his companion had a romantic ride of eight miles, through the forest, to Ermenonville.

"We arrived about dusk, and put up at a little inn, where the present Emperor, and the King of Sweden had been accommodated before us. The landlord knew Rousseau, and spoke of him with the greatest esteem. The day of his death this man saw him about seven o'clock botanizing; he complained of having had a sleepless night, from the headach. Before ten he was dead. Water was found collected in his head. Our landlord preserves his snuff-box, and the shoes in which he died; they have wooden soles and straw tops. One of his admirers has written something on the box; and another has written on the shoes, that he was proud to inscribe his name '*sur la simple chaussure d'un homme qui ne marchoit jamais que dans le sentier de la vertu.*'

"The next morning being very fine, we rose at six, and had a most enchanting ramble through the gardens of Monsieur le Marquis de Girardin, which form a striking contrast with those of Chantilly, being laid out in the most romantic style, what the French call *à l'Angloise.* They consist of about eight hundred acres, a great part of which are wild woods, and rocky hills and dales, as wild as the highlands of Scotland. We first passed a beautiful cascade, and went along a winding path through a wood by the side of the lake, from time to time meeting with inscriptions disposed with great judgment. We took a boat to go to the Island of Poplars, honoured with the ashes of Rousseau. His tomb is elegantly simple, of white stone; on one side is a piece of sculpture representing a mother of a family reading Emilius, with other emblems; the other is inscribed '*L'homme de la Nature et de la Vérité.*' He desired to be buried in the garden, and the Marquis chose this spot. I shall not attempt to describe to you what I felt on seeing and touching this tomb. I brought away some moss from its top for you.

"In another Island near it is a lesser monument, over a German who taught the Marquis's children drawing; and being a Protestant, could not be buried in consecrated ground. Hence we passed by some inscriptions in honour of Virgil, Thomson, Shenstone, and some others, to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, an unfinished building; on each of the pillars already erected is inscribed the name of some great man, with a word expressive of what he excelled in: thus to Voltaire is given, *ridicule;* to Rousseau, *nature;* to Priestly, *air;* to Franklin, *thunder*, &c. &c. On an unfinished column is written in Latin, 'Who will complete this?' This temple overlooks the lake; near it is an hermitage embosomed in a wood. From this spot we went to some simple wooden buildings, where every Sunday the Marquis and his lady amuse themselves with having the neighbouring peasants dance, &c., on the plan described in the Nouvelle Heloise. The woods around them are very fine; and after passing through them we came to a solitary elm-tree, on which the Marquis has written, '*Le voici cet orme heureux où ma Louise a reçu ma foi.*' From hence is an immense prospect, finely varied with fields, woods, and water. Descending the hill among heath and juniper, we came to two charming Italian inscriptions by the Marquis, which lead to a rock on which Rousseau has engraven, with his own knife, '*Julie.*' I have some moss for you from this very rock. Ascending another hill we came to the House of Rousseau, a little hut so called, in which he wrote several verses; for he often used to visit it during the short time of his residing here, which was only six weeks before his death, although he often used to come to Ermenonville with the Marquis's family before. Of his dwelling-house I shall speak hereafter. Within this hut is written, '*Jean Jacques est immortel.*' From it is another fine view; it stands among craggy rocks.

"Descending into another valley, we went by the water side through groves and across a meadow to the tower of *la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées*, who was mistress to

Henry IV. Tradition says this garden was their first place of rendezvous, which occasioned the Marquis to build this tower; it is in the Gothic style, and ornamented with trophies and verses. Among the rest is the very armour which belonged to a faithful follower of Henry IV., whose name I forget, and who passing through the street where that prince was murdered, a few days after that event, fell down in an agony of grief, and died the next day.

"Passing by a pretty grotto, by the side of a bubbling fountain of the finest water I ever saw, we at length arrived at Rousseau's garden, one of the sweetest spots I ever beheld, quite sequestered, and planted in the most romantic style; it chiefly consists of an irregular lawn, surrounded with a variety of trees and shrubs, and ornamented with flowers, but apparently all in a state of nature; nor is the hand of art to be traced at all, except in the beautiful velvet of the turf. On a tree is an inscription, signifying that there Jean Jacques used often to retire, to admire the works of nature, to feed his favourite birds, and play with the Marquis's children. Near this spot is a house intended for his dwelling, but he died before it was finished; 'tis a comfortable cottage, with a little garden of flowers before it, and is embosomed in apple-trees, vines, &c. In a small arched building near it, the Marquis at first intended to have buried Rousseau, but changed his mind. From this place we soon reached the front of the house opposite to that whence we set out, and our delightful tour was at an end.

"I think you will not be displeased at my giving you so particular an account of it, so I make no apology for the length of my letter; but I have more to tell you.

"Hearing that the widow of Rousseau was living at a place not far out of our road to Paris, and that many strangers visited her, we felt a strong desire to do the same; but had some fears lest we should discover something in her which might excite disagreeable sensations, and even perhaps lessen our veneration for her husband; for we heard that she had been his servant, and after having lived with him in that capacity ten years, he said to her '*Ma bonne amie*, I am satisfied with your fidelity, and wish I could make you an adequate return. I have nothing to give you but my hand. If you think that worth having, it is yours.' They were married; and lived together sixteen years afterwards very comfortably. She was several years younger than her husband. At last curiosity prevailed, and we went to see her. She received us with the greatest politeness, and appeared much pleased with our visit; spoke in the most becoming manner of her husband, and readily answered every question I put to her. What I principally learned from her was as follows:—The character of Julia was drawn from Madame Bois de la Tour of Lyons, a lady still living, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau often spent a great deal of time; she has a large family, and is the admiration of all who know her. The story of Julia has not, however, any connexion with hers. How far that is founded in truth, Mrs. Rousseau said, was only known to its author. The idea that Ermenonville was the scene of it, or that the real father of Julia lived there, is without foundation. She assured me that the Confessions of Rousseau were really all of his own writing. She confided the manuscript to the Marquis de Girardin, who expunged several names and anecdotes relating to people still living, but against her consent; for she thought the whole ought to have been published as the author left it. I think more ought to have been expunged, at least the name of Madame de Warens ought to have been kept secret.

"We asked her which was the best portrait of Rousseau. She showed us a plaster bust, which was cast from his face a few hours after death, and which, she said, resembled him exactly. The expression of the face, as well as its form, is vastly superior to that of any likeness of him I ever saw. There is great serenity in the countenance, and much sensibility. The mouth is uncommonly beautiful."

This is a very different acount of Rousseau and Therese from many of those we have been accustomed to receive; and it should be remembered that the writer was upon the spot, and the death of *the Man of Nature and of Truth* then very recent.

The tourist continued his journey through the South of France, and went by sea from Marseilles to Genoa. His letters, addressed alternately to his father or mother, continue the narrative of his tour through the principal Italian cities. His introductions from London and Paris procured him the acquaintance of the principal literary and scientific men in the places he visited, and of most of them he speaks with warm esteem. He was at Rome during the Carnival, saw the Pretender there, and at Naples, saw that other old lion, Sir William Hamilton. The replies

these letters draw from home might, on many points, have been written yesterday. His father tells him of the Norwich election, and the rivalship of the two Whig candidates, Mr. Hobart and Mr. Beevor. What follows is among those transparent truths which people who tuck their head under their wings, are so often astonished to see other folks have discovered. "As the dispute was not upon the ground of political principles, for both candidates professed the same, that is, Whiggism, and an attachment to the present Ministry, I wondered to see them so eager; but as it was for *power* and *interest*, and which of the two factions should rule, I ought to have known that the corruption of the present age would be as zealous as the principles of the last. * * * * The day that was to terminate the dispute proved good weather, and every room in the market was filled with well-dressed ladies, fluttering their white handkerchiefs out of the windows, with a favour in the corner." The political opinions of the worthy old gentleman himself were of a good school. It is delightful to find him reading such histories or books of travels as enabled him to track his son across the Alps, and among the many objects of art and antiquity which Sir James visited; and yet more satisfactory to hear him say,—"I am reading Milton, (the prose works,) with great reverence and pleasure. * * * * I never met so nervous an opposer of temporal and spiritual tyranny, as far as I have yet gone in the books. * * * The work is an invaluable gem in your library. As to the people of England, what with factions, plundering and being plundered, and luxury, they seem dead to their true interests, nay, to their safety."

Sir James made a short visit to Switzerland, and returned, through Savoy, to Paris, from whence he came home, and in the following year, published his tour, which his lady believes, and justly, is less known than it deserves to be. She says, "she feels she shall be treated with indulgence, if she speaks with enthusiasm of the volumes which first disclosed to her knowledge the taste and character of their author;" and the feeling is too amiable and sacred to be lightly regarded, although it rested on a slighter foundation than the refinement which pervaded the character of her husband, "and gave a charm to his domestic habits, and social pleasures, which stood in place of the luxuries of fortune, and surpassed them."

Early in 1788, Sir James removed from Chelsea to London, to commence medical practitioner in the Metropolis, saying to his father, at the same time,—"You may depend on it, natural history will always be the main object of my life, and, I doubt not, you will be thankful that I have so noble a one. I rely on this to give me real lasting honour, and to make me useful to mankind, through ages when I am no more." These were noble aspirations with which to begin life. And now we must again revert to the father, conceiving the illustration which these volumes afford of the ties of blood and affection, rightly understood, and manfully and generously acted upon, as their highest merit. At this new and momentous era in his professional life, his father thus addresses him:—

"I am proud of the light you stand in; and every advance you make to fame lifts my heart with transport, and I want only to give you an independent fortune to make me perfectly happy: but as I cannot do that, nor any thing like it, I must repeat, my dear James, that a determination to depend upon yourself and to be your own master is so consonant to my own disposition, that it gives me great pleasure. I believe it springs from a better principle than pride in both of us, the love of dear

Liberty, which is the birth-right of every individual of mankind, and has my strongest affection. I wish to see her universally enjoyed, and therefore must most earnestly desire it may be the portion of each of my dear children. Would to God I may be able to leave every one of them in a condition to possess it in a rational, virtuous degree!"

Sir James, at last, realized his fondest desires, by the establishment of a Linnæan society, of which he was chosen president, his treasures forming its wealth. Its first meeting was held at his house on the 8th April, 1788. "Thus," says his affectionate editor, "Sir James cheerfully abandoned the promise of a lucrative professional life to become the leader of a band of naturalists, who should follow in the steps of the immortal Linnæus." He gave regular lectures on botany and zoology, and was well and *fashionably* attended.

After his return to London, and when he had, for some time, been a fashionable lecturer, Sir James, by an accidental circumstance, or an opportune introduction, obtained the honour of—*conversing*, is the term—with Queen Charlotte and her daughters, on the elements of botany and zoology—and was highly flattered by a distinction which he soon forfeited. In one of Miss Edgeworth's novels, a young, low-born aspirant for the honour of an introduction to her Majesty's drawing-room, forfeits or impedes her chances, so dexterously manœuvred for by her courtier patroness, from unfortunately subscribing for a Whig pamphlet, and having her name on the obnoxious list; but Sir James was guilty of deeper offence, and forfeited his high privilege of *conversing* with Majesty about insects and flowers, in a very simple way. More and more charmed "by the benignity and cultivated understandings of the principal personages," Sir James was in the way of becoming as much of a courtier as a philosopher need be, when he seems to have abruptly received his *congée*. Some unlucky passage in his Tour had been represented as "injurious, in these times, to crowned heads." It was now 1791. "A passage, in which he eulogized Rousseau, was regarded as hostile to religion, virtue, and loyalty." Sir James was deeply concerned at the Royal wrath; and assuredly went far enough, when he represented what he says of Rousseau "rather as an *apology* than *eulogium*." What he said offensively of Marie Antoinette, he manfully vindicates, as the most favourable apology consistent with the regard due to truth, and the sacred interests of virtue, that he could make." One epithet he regretted,—he had called the Queen by the ugly name of Messalina, which the Court of the Prince Regent and of George IV. afterwards delighted to hear applied to the daughter-in-law of Queen Charlotte. Sir James had caught the spirit of the liberals of the time, and too readily credited the brutal calumnies propagated against the private character of the Queen of France, who committed great and dangerous political faults, though she was certainly free of the gross vices imputed to her.*

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* In the MEMOIRS OF LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH, which are about to appear, and which are said to have been written by the King himself, that Prince sagaciously says, or is made to say, that there was no reason either for the infatuation or calumny of which his sister-in-law was alternately the object. He means, we presume, that the Austrian Princess, with a strong temper, and a *mediocre* understanding, was no more the fitting subject of the chivalrous raptures of Burke, than of the brutal and obscene slanders, which, he asserts, were traced home to the courtiers themselves. The libellers of the Queen were neither the People nor the Men of Letters. They were, according to Louis XVIII., the Dukes d'Aiguillon and St. Florentin, the Rohans, and the Noailles, and other angry and disappointed persons around the unhappy Queen.

It is but justice to the memory of Sir James Smith to give at full length the obnoxious passages in his Tour, which lost him the grace and patronage of Queen Charlotte.

"Of her political faults during her prosperity, I presume not to form an idea; for who could dive into the intricacies of one of the most intriguing of all courts? Her subsequent conduct, her plots, as they are called, her *treason* against her oppressors, none that can put themselves into her situation will wonder at or blame. Her private faults I will not palliate. They were but too well known, when she was in a situation that might be supposed out of the reach of all justice, except the divine; but they will not fail now to be blackened, no doubt, where that can be done. Let it, however, be remembered, that the state prisons revealed no secrets to the dishonour of this unfortunate Queen, no victims of her jealousy or resentment, though they were often filled with those of the worthless mistresses of former kings. The canting Madam Maintenon spared no pains to entrap and to confine for life a Dutch bookseller, who had exposed her character: but Marie Antoinette took not the least vengeance of the most abusive things, written and published by persons within her own power.

"With respect to the character of Rousseau, about which the opinion of the world is so much divided, I have found it improve on a near examination. Every one who knew him speaks of him with the most affectionate esteem, as the most friendly, unaffected and modest of men, and the most unassuming in conversation. Enthusiastically fond of the study of Nature, and of Linnæus as the best interpreter of her works, he was always warmly attached to those who agreed with him in this taste. The amiable and accomplished lady* to whom his Letters on Botany were addressed, concurs in this account, and holds his memory in the highest veneration. I have ventured to ask her opinion upon some unaccountable actions in his life, and especially about those misanthropic horrors and suspicions which embittered his latter days. She seemed to think the last not entirely groundless; but still, for the most part, to be attributed to a something not quite right in his mind, for which he was to be pitied, not censured. Her charming daughter showed me a collection of dried plants, made and presented to her by Rousseau, neatly pasted on small writing-paper, and accompanied with their Linnæan names and other particulars.

"Botany seems to have been his most favourite amusement in the latter part of life; and his feelings with respect to this pursuit are expressed with that energy and grace so peculiarly his own, in his letter to Linnæus, the original of which I preserve as an inestimable relic. I need offer no apology to the candid and well-informed reader for this minuteness of anecdote concerning so celebrated a character. Those who have only partial notions of Rousseau, may perhaps wonder to hear that his memory is cherished by any well-disposed minds. To such I beg leave to observe, that I hold in a very subordinate light that beauty of style and language, those golden passages, which will immortalize his writings; and a faint resemblance of which is the only merit of some of his enemies. I respect him as a writer eminently favourable on the whole to the interests of humanity, reason, and religion. Wherever he goes counter to any of these, I as freely dissent from him; but do not on that account throw all his works into the fire. As the best and most religious persons of my acquaintances are among his warmest admirers, I may perhaps be biassed in my judgment; but it is certainly more amiable to be misled by the fair parts of a character, than to make its imperfections a pretence for not admiring or profiting by its beauties. Nor can any defects or inconsistencies in the private character of Rousseau depreciate the refined moral and religious principles with which his works abound. Truth is truth wherever it comes from. No imperfections of humanity can discredit a noble cause; and it would be madness to reject Christianity, for instance, either because Peter denied Christ, or Judas betrayed him.

"It will be hard to meet with a more edifying or more consolatory lecture on religion than the death-bed of Julia. Her character is evidently intended as a model in this respect. By that, then, we should judge of its author, and not by fretful doubts and petulant expressions, the sad fruits of unjust persecution, and of good intentions misconstrued.

"Nor would it be difficult to produce, from the works of Rousseau, a vast majority of passages directly in support of Christianity itself, compared with what are supposed hostile to it. It is notorious that he incurred the ridicule of Voltaire, for ex-

* Madame de Lessert.

alting the character and death of Jesus above that of Socrates. 'But he was insidious, and he disbelieved miracles,' says his opponents. If he believed Christianity without the assistance of miracles to support his faith, is it a proof of his infidelity? If he was insidious, that is his own concern. I have nothing to do with hidden meanings or mystical explanations of any book, certainly not of the writings of so ingenuous and perspicuous an author as Rousseau. Unfortunately for him, the whole tenour of those writings has been too hostile to the prevailing opinions, or at least to the darling interests of those in authority among whom he lived; for Scribes and Pharisees are never wanting to depress every attempt at improving or instructing the world, and the greatest heresy and most unpardonable offence is always that of being in the right. For this cause, having had the honour of feeling the vengeance of all ranks of tyrants and bigots, from a king or bishop of France, to a paltry magistrate of Berne, or a Swiss pastor, he was obliged to take refuge in England. Here he was received with open arms, being justly considered as the martyr of that spirit of investigation and liberty which is the basis of our constitution, and on which alone our reformed religion depends. He was caressed and entertained by the best and most accomplished people, and experienced in a particular manner the bounty of our present amiable sovereign.

"One cannot but lament, that one of the most eminent, and I believe virtuous, public characters of that day, should of late have vainly enough attempted to compliment the same sovereign, by telling him he came to the crown in contempt of his people, should have held up a Messalina for public veneration, and become the calumniator of Rousseau!

"It is, indeed, true, that a certain morbid degree of sensibility and delicacy, added to the inequalities of a temper broken down by persecution and ill health, made Rousseau often receive apparently well-meant attentions with a very bad grace. Yet, from most of the complaints of this kind, which I have heard from the parties immediately concerned, I very much suspect he was not unfrequently in the right. But supposing him to have been to blame in all these instances, they occurred posterior to his most celebrated publications. Was it not very unjust, therefore, for those who had patronized and extolled him for those publications, to vent their animosity against *them* for any thing in *his* conduct afterwards?

"Far be it from me, however, to attempt a full justification of his writings. I only contend for the generally good intention of their author. The works themselves must be judged by impartial posterity. I merely offer my own sentiments; but I offer them freely, scorning to disguise my opinion, either because infidels have pressed Rousseau into their service, or because the uncandid and the dishonest have traduced him falsely, not daring to declare the real cause of their aversion,—his virtuous sincerity."

Though his Tour lost Sir James the favour of Queen Charlotte, it gained him some valuable friends. Among these was Colonel Johnes of Hafod, a name familiar in the gossiping literary history of the last thirty years, and distinguished as that of the translator of Froissart. The visits of Sir James to Hafod, and his descriptions of that splendid place and its inmates, make an agreeable section of his memoirs. His first visit was made in 1795; and in the following year, a second was undertaken, in company with Lady Smith, then, we presume, newly married. She was charmed with the beauty of this romantic seat, and with its presiding genius.

In the previous year, Sir James lost his excellent father, of whom he justly says, "There never was a more honest, sensible, judicious man, or excellent parent." In the church of St. Peter's, Norwich, his inscription to the memory of this affectionate father may now be seen. His mother survived till 1820, when, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, he mentions, that "She fell asleep so happily as never to have known what death was: nor did she ever know the fear of it. Her religion was of the most cheerful kind; no gloom, no uncharitableness, had any share in it. I had been in the habit of almost daily calls, to chat a minute or two with her, and I miss her with a degree of sadness I did not expect."

Among the most agreeable of the correspondents of Sir James, is a young Swiss gentleman, Mr. Davall of Orbe, enthusiastic in his love of botany, and nature, and of their high priest in England. His letters are highly pleasing.

Lecturing, composing his works, and extending his scientific correspondence, the life of Sir James passed smoothly on. One of his works was dedicated to the Marchioness of Rockingham, and a *Most Honourable* letter is received from her, delicately expressive of her alarm at some terrible blunder in the style of address, lest offence be given to *noble* Duchesses by an infringement of their exclusive honours and rights. Lady Smith has been over-anxious for the preservation and promulgation of these testimonials of the nobility; nor can we help noticing, to the credit of his tact, that Sir James seems to have known the full value of female patronage.

After his marriage, he removed to Hammersmith to be near the nurseries, but spent the greater part of every year in Norwich, going to London to deliver his lectures. He also lectured on botany in other large towns in England, still going on with his own periodical works, and his contributions to those published by different booksellers.

By 1814, Sir James had so far overcome the bad odour of his Tour of 1788, that he received the honour of knighthood.

The miscellaneous correspondence which occupies so much of these volumes, would bear to be sifted and much diminished; yet there are interspersed many agreeable letters from Roscoe, from a warm-hearted Irish friend, named Caldwell, and from other persons eminent in science or in rank. Among the best of the letters of the remaining part of the work, is one from himself to Mrs. Cobbold, vindicating Mrs. Barbauld's poem, entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," which gave so much offence in certain High-Church and High-Tory quarters, that we believe, a Scottish literary lady was moved to put her pen in shaft against the Barbauld heresies. Mrs. Cobbold was indignant at the praises lavished upon America by the poetess, a subject on which no Tory can keep his temper quietly; and, at the deprecation of the war. Sir James vindicates the poetess with energy and fervour, and, it is very probable, shared her views. He, however, concludes very kindly; "Now, my dear friend, forget all party, and be (not a *false*, but) a *true* Christian philosopher, take this excellent woman to your heart as a congenial spirit; for if you knew her as well as I do, I will do you the justice to believe you would love and admire her as much."

In 1818 Sir James was induced to offer himself a candidate for the botanical chair of Cambridge, though neither a member of the University, nor of the Church of England, and though holding opinions materially opposed to the Church creed. His peculiar tenets may be given in his own words, and those of his editor, for we are rather at a loss how to designate them. They were those:—

"'That a man can be no Christian, *as to faith*, who does not judge for himself; nor, *as to practice*, who does not allow others to do so without presuming to censure or to hinder them.

"His opinions were formed from the same source whence many, with equal sincerity, derive very different ones. His creed was the New Testament, and he read it as a celebrated divine recommends; that is, 'as a man would read a letter from a friend, in the which he doth only seek after what was his friend's mind and meaning, not what he can put upon his words.'

"He was a firm believer in the divine mission of Jesus Christ; and, in maintaining the doctrine of the strict unity of God, as one of the truths our great Master was commissioned to teach, he considered his opinion truly apostolical.

"'I look up,' he says, in a letter to a friend, 'to one God, and delight in referring all my hopes and wishes to him; I consider the doctrine and example of Christ as the greatest blessing God has given us, and that his character is the most perfect and lovely we ever knew, except that of God himself. This is my religion; I hope it is not unsound.'

"Let it not be supposed that Sir James was indifferent to opinions, and considered all systems equally good; on the contrary, he preserved his own through good report and evil report, and no temptation of interest ever made him swerve one moment from the maintenance and vindication of those he had adopted: but among these, the first was *charity;* exclusiveness he considered as the very characteristic of Antichrist and pride. There was no sect of Christians, among the good and sincere, with whom he could not worship the Great Spirit to whom all look up, enter into their views, excuse what he might consider as their prejudices, and respect their piety: and whether it were in the pope's chapel, or the parish church, he felt the social glow,

> 'To gang together to the kirk,
> And altogether pray;
> Where each to his great Father bends,
> Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
> And youths and maidens gay.'

The affection he thus felt for others, he in general had the happiness of finding reciprocal, 'for love must owe its origin to love.' No one had less of a sectarian spirit; nor did he ever attempt to make converts, except to Christian charity."

After this it is almost unnecessary to say that his attempt to obtain the botanical chair at Cambridge was unsuccessful. This good and amiable man died in March 1828, after the illness of a single day. His character is summed up by Lady Smith, with the natural leanings of affection; and it is impossible it should be otherwise, though nothing is said that is not warranted by the whole tenor of the life of her husband, and by the documents and correspondence placed before us. And her estimate is exceeded by the praises of his other friends. We shall give but one sample, and in her own words. "Of the poor and humble it gave him heartfelt pleasure to enter into their scanty pleasures, their little vanity, or even weakness; but the knowledge of the sacrifices they made to humanity and duty, of their kindnesses to each other, their fortitude in distress, melted his heart, and willingly would he have wiped all tears from their eyes. He truly felt that "God hath made of one blood all the families of the earth;" and his benevolent sympathies extended to the whole human race.

Having so high an opinion of the moral tendency of the early memoirs of Sir James Edward Smith, and being so much pleased with the amiable and tender spirit in which his editor, has fulfilled her task, it may seem ungracious to whisper, at parting, that the work is far too bulky, that it contains much that is of little importance, and a great deal that is of none whatever. Nor is the arrangement what it might be, nor the narrative clearly developed. We should certainly also have liked to have seen a little more of the fire-side of a man, who at college, filled us with so much interest of a familiar and domestic kind. The youth who wrote so delightfully *home,* and to Kindersley his cousin, and Batty his friend, could not all at once lose this faculty. If the modesty of the writer has kept back letters, because addressed to herself, we are sorry for it. A few more of Sir James' own familiar letters were worth all the complimentary epistles in the volumes, and of these we have scarce one after his return to England in 1787. Still we owe Lady Smith thanks and gratitude for having given us so much that is instructive, and of most winning example; in the history of her husband, and in the character of his parents.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DANDO, THE OSTRACIDE.

The subject of the following verses having become "better known than *trusted*," among the proprietors of coffee-shops and eating-houses in the metropolis, was fain to make a predatory excursion, a few months before his death, into Kent; and to gratify his *taste* for ocean delicacies, confined his esurient researches to the principal towns along the coast. Here the fresh sea-breezes gave a keener edge (if possible) to his inordinate appetite,—by the *unlawful* indulgence of which he frequently committed himself, and was as *frequently committed* by the *civil* magistrates,—until at length he was *arrested*, once for all, in his career of gastronomical glory, by the unrelenting bailiff who makes his caption at the suit of nature, and whose prison is the grave. To this circumstance alone we may ascribe the preservation of the *native tribes* (of oysters!) from total extinction.

"Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying."

Dando was won't to exclaim, with ancient Pistol,—"The world's mine oyster," &c.—and oysters indeed to him were the *dearest* objects to him in the world; albeit he contrived to obtain *for nothing* the enormous quantities he consumed of them. But since he has paid the debt of nature, although unable to discharge any other of his debts, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Oh, death! what havoc in this world you make!
From kings to cobblers,—nay below the last,—
Now from his throne an emperor you shake,
Anon a beggar sinks before the blast;
What though of health incessant care we take,
And bleed, or blister, physic, feed, or fast;
'Tis all the same to you, who cut us short all,
For I suspect that even *I* am mortal!

Dando's defunct,—the chief of sponging caitiffs,—
How will the cook-shop keepers all *deplore!*
Who saw him oft astonish so the *natives*—
Scores upon scores,—and never pay his *score:*
An idler,—yet the first of oper-atives,—
Who, when his work was done, still long'd for more—
To plunge in pepper, vinegar, and mustard,
Then *bolt*—as would an alderman a custard!

Yet though his thoughts were always on his belly,
Dando, at times, evinced *poetic taste*,—
Lamb he devour'd, and his delight was *Shelley*,
Gloated on *Crabbe*, and sometimes *Sprat* embraced:
Though little *versed* in *rhymes* of L. E. L., he
Could give his I. O. U.—for that I've traced—
And when he'd banqueted on sweetest *soles*,
He always loved to wash them down with *Bowles!*

Milton to him was aye an honour'd name,—
But there are *Milton oysters*,—which explains it;
Chaw-cer he thought well merited his fame;
And *Cow*-ley had the charm that always gains it;
Boil-eau, though French, put forth a potent claim,
But Doctor *Kitchener's* (and who arraigns it?)
Still was the spell that made the rest seem *flummery;*
He *dress'd a devil*—better than Montgomery!*

"Say, what is *taste?*"—he said, with *aching side*, †
When to his straining optics once appear'd,—
In a snug cook-shop, which hot joints supplied,—
A dish that brought the water o'er his beard,
"Say what is *taste?*—I'll *try*,—though scullions chide"—
So in he popp'd, and his intestines cheer'd;
But when he'd pick'd the bone, off ran the glutton,
And gave but *leg*-bail for the *leg of mutton!*

Yet seldom this impunity he found,—
When thus to break his fast he broke the law,—
Has been, for eating lobsters, in *Lob's pound*;‡
Though sometimes he got off, and with *a claw!* (eclat.)

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* Author of "Satan," a poem.
† Akenside.
‡ A sublunary limbo, for the *damned poor!*

By magistrates in gaol he hath been bound,
Because a *maw*-solemn was his *maw*,—
Entombing fish, flesh, fowl, in spacious rooms,
Within his paunch's boundless catacombs!

In vain would prudence with his craving cope,—
A satisfied appearance he could sham ill;
Nor would he *fast* for Perceval,—if Pope,—
Whenever he could break through hunger's trammel:
He ne'er believed that *Pleasures dwelt with Hope*,
And, sooner than such lays, he'd bolt a *camel*,—
Old Sherry's dramas,—though beneath the turf he's,—
Not much could move him, but he relish'd *Murphy's*.*

Though not a great philosopher he was,
He'd heard of *comets*, and a monstrous *tale* he
Had deem'd our sages' theories and laws,—
Fictitious, though sublime, like songs of Bayley:
Yet he was always *making out the cause!*
And when his face I saw, I thought 'twas *Paley*;
But he abhor'd a *Lock*(*e*), or I'm mistaken,
Near any library that held his *Bacon!*

'Tis true, he thought but little of philosophy;
Piscivorous was his craving, and he sought
(I do not mean to offer an apology)
Where he might batten on a feast unbought:
Perhaps he then was studying conchology,
And oyster-eating was a *help*,—he thought;
But this I know, he had not vow'd in cloisters
To lead a life austere, eschewing oysters.

Oh, it would cheer the *cockles* of his heart,
And set the *muscles* of his jaws in motion,
To see as many as might fill a cart
Of those delicious denizens of ocean!
When once set down, he knew not to depart,
Nor had he of repletion the least notion,
Devouring all he saw,—'twas really cruel,—
But oysters to his appetite were fuel.

Yes, oysters ever were his fav'rite fare,
Of which for lunch, 'tis doubtful, if a dollar a
Sufficiency could purchase for this spare,
Gaunt epicure, whose stomach so intolera-
Ble would demand a barrel for his share,
And stuff in stern defiance of the cholera!
His thoughts were constantly, and eke his wishes,—
Just like a statesman's,—on the loaves and fishes!

Rejoice, testaceous tremblers! ope your lips,
And show the shining pearls that lie between;
Whose snowy lustre can so far eclipse
The dental masticators of a queen:
No more your foe shall take his coastwise trips,
With maw insatiate,—yet with looks so lean,—
To banquet on six bushels, for a meal,
At Hythe or *Dover*,—where he ate a *Deal!*

I've often grieved to think how many fears
Disturb'd your oozy rest beneath the waters,
Which rose, like spring-tides, with your *briny* tears,
Anticipating Dando's daily slaughters:
But hush your apprehensions, little dears!
The *gourmand's* gone,—with stomach like an otter's,—
So (of his yarn since Atropos the threads
Hath cut) you may *sleep easy on your beds!*

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* Query—Murphy's Plays, or *Murphies*, alias *potatoes*.

THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

Before this article reaches our readers, the result of nearly all the Irish elections will have been known, and conjecture as to the effective strength of the various parties will therefore have been superseded by certainty. A short statement, however, of the nature, objects, and means of those parties will not be useless. While it forms a necessary preparation for any future observations on Ireland, it will have its value even for the past. The ground occupied by the contending armies during the elections will be understood, and many perplexities and apparent contradictions will be cleared up, as soon as the position of each is delineated.

There are at present in Ireland three great parties—the Conservative-Orange ; the Government, or *Juste Milieu ;* and the People. The object of the first, however absurd it may appear, is the recovery of their ancient ascendency. For this they sometimes praise, and for this they always oppose the Government. According as they perceive the Government incline towards themselves, or, staggered by the weight of public opinion, adopt a more rational and honourable policy, their organs flatter or denounce it. When the Yeomanry were armed, when the tithe war commenced, when a county was placed under the *Peace Preservation* Act, as it is wittily termed, they were soothed into a sort of sullen approval ; but when any symptoms of deference to general opinion appear, when any attempt is made to heal ancient party divisions, they stun Heaven with clamour, and pour every sort of abuse upon the devoted heads of the Ministers. It is not, however, to be imagined, that in their most cordial moods of gratitude they would not dash out the brains of the present government. On the contrary, their hatred knows no ebb. Instinct tells them that a Whig government must often bow to the declared sense of the nation, and that the very support they receive from it is in the teeth of all its principles and professions for the last fifty years. While, therefore, they accept favours from it, all their force, either secretly or openly, is directed to its overthrow. Reform never can be forgiven ; but the very announcement of a real revision of the Church Establishment has driven them nearly frantic. " War to the knife," is their motto at present,—" Overthrow the government at all hazards, —the Tories must come in, and then farewell reform," expresses the sole object of the Conservative Club at Tims's. This party has been shaken, first, by the *slight* absurdity (for the conviction is gradually making way) of expecting that Protestant Ascendency can be restored by any government,—that the Catholics can be stripped of property, of education, and the elective franchise, all of which, the very notion of ascendency, implies : and, secondly, by the advancing distress amidst the lower and middling classes of Orangemen, which is driving them into the ranks of repeal, slowly indeed in the country, but in a more decided manner in the towns.

The Government party, besides those who in all countries lick the hand that dispenses for the time being the public money, includes those who are opposed to Repeal ; some from conscientious motives, no doubt ; some because they fear the name of agitator, and therefore require, that before they join Repeal, the country should be so completely beyond recovery, that the most timid would acknowledge it was time to attempt a cure ; but the majority, because they are already so rich, that no increase of general prosperity could be expected to add anything to their

personal comforts or gratifications. "Let well alone," is their principle. "The country is happy," "its exports increasing," and if there be distress, it is only the the unavoidable inequality of condition; some must be poor; the misery of the lower classes is part of the scheme of Providence. "The looped and windowed raggedness" of the tradesman, to the philosophical eye, gives the pleasure of contrast to the surface of society, and by its simplicity relieves the glare and gorgeousness of opulence. Without misery, charity could not exist. The finest feelings of the heart would be dead or paralyzed for want of practice. Moreover, if you make the lower orders content with their situation, they become turbulent at once. If they can earn a sufficient livelihood by their daily labour, they give the night to plans of insurrection and Whiteboyism. Distress preserves the national dependence of society. With low wages incendiarism disappears, and a seditious spirit varies directly as the comfort of a people. A man whose belly is full fears nothing; put him in danger of starving, and *there* is one great element of terror. Juvenal held, that a man has no fancy for horrors while he is "thunderstruck" about getting a dinner or a blanket. The lower orders, after a year of good wages, are ripe for anything.

This party, about two years since, issued a manifesto against Repeal, and (certainly with much prudence) at the same time declared, that prompt measures for the relief of Ireland were necessary; that, in short, there must be a total change of system; meaning, it is to be presumed, that the old detestable scheme of division and force must be abandoned, and that Government must be conducted in accordance with the interests and feelings of the community. Let us very briefly examine how far the Whigs have followed the advice of this great body of their supporters. Let us review their measures and see what they have done to heal divisions, how have they advanced the prosperity, or consulted the feelings of the people.

They revived the Orange yeomanry, and told them they were revived for their exclusive loyalty. They put arms into the hands of 30,000 men, naturally violent, but then exasperated by what they considered as defeat, and told them they did so in order to coerce the people. They appointed a known, open, avowed Conservative as their Attorney General; a man, whom the Duke of Wellington, if he had ousted Lord Grey, would have cheerfully retained—a man whom the Conservative press, while it denounced and opposed reform in all modes, loaded with praise; and they have made him run a career of Special Commissions, of prosecutions of the press, of tithe arrests, and attachments and prosecutions, unexampled in the same duration of Tory power, and which has thrown the country into the terrible ferment we see, from one end of it to the other. What has been the consequence of this policy? —Read it in the Conservative Club at Tims's—in the struggles for Protestant Ascendency—in the strenuous efforts to overthrow the government—in the elections—in the L.2000 subscribed to throw the Irish Solicitor General, and Lord Grey's relation, Mr. Ponsonby, out of Dublin College;—read it, in short, in the deadly hostility of the Conservatives to that Government which has provoked their passions without the means of gratifying them, and tantalized them with the prospect of enjoyment, while reform has rendered it impossible.

Pass over the conduct of the Whigs upon Repeal; grant that, circumstanced as Ireland is, irritable, suspicious, perhaps ferocious, from a continued system of coercion, violent measures were the fittest to check

it; let the policy of treating it as an overt-act of rebellion be conceded; although, this day that we write, 67 Repealers are announced in the *Times* as candidates for Irish counties and boroughs, all pledged to this *treasonable* project: whisper nothing of the employment of the statute conferring such monstrous powers on the Lord Lieutenant; a statute which Lord Anglesey and Mr. Stanley, (see Hansard's Parliamentary Debates for 1829,) were the most conspicuous in denouncing, for which, coupled even as it was with emancipation, Henry Brougham declined voting; and take the Ministry on the only important measure they have attempted—Tithe Reform. In this, Mr. Stanley has equally disregarded the interests and the feelings of the people. A course as remote from justice, as from policy, has been pursued. To enforce a tax upon the consciences of men—a tax, which from religious, political, and economical motives, is hateful to them,—the country has been filled with massacres and assassinations. To make law respected it has been converted into an instrument of injustice: life and property have been wasted alike under it. Let his measures speak for themselves. The simple recapitulation of the results is sufficient. The names of Newtownbarry, Carrickshough, Wallstown, Carrigeen, Dunmanway, with the assassinations that reply to them in such frightful numbers, pronounce the heaviest condemnation on the course he has taken. Will the country be tranquillized by the shedding of so much blood? Will peace, or morality, or law, be promoted by these dreadful measures? Will the people trust to laws and tribunals for protection, when they know the one by military executions, and the other by the vexations of legal processes in a cause they abhor? Were tithes undeniably just, and useful in their application, surely it should still be considered, whether they ought to be enforced at the expense of so much life and money.

There are many scenes in this great piece of Mr. Stanley's. Not the least worthy of remark is the war against the press. Observe the dignity that marks it, and the felicitous manner in which the distinction between an Irish and English paper is made obvious to the most unreflecting. *The Tipperary Free Press* has had *three* prosecutions against it—for what?—for publishing Advertising Resolutions on the subject of tithes, those advertisements being signed by the chairman and secretary of the meeting at which they were passed! The *Freeman's Journal* has been prosecuted twice—one prosecution being for copying Mr. O'Connell's letter from the *True Sun*, while that journal passes free! The *Kilkenny Journal* has been prosecuted once; and, at the last notice we saw of the subject, two more prosecutions were understood to be in progress against it. The Dublin *Comet* has been prosecuted at least twice. One conviction was effected in the following ingenious manner, without the troublesome intervention of a jury:—The proprietors were brought before *the Judges*, on a charge of endeavouring to prejudice the public mind on some approaching tithe-trials, and were sentenced by them to fine and imprisonment forthwith. In the second case, which was for a libel on the clergy of the Established Church, the Irish Solicitor-General, a Whig, defined libel, according to Holt, thus:—"A malicious defamation, expressed in writing or signs, for the purpose of bringing an individual into hatred, contempt, or ridicule, or intended to blacken the character of the dead, or injure the reputation of the living." Not a syllable about the truth or falsehood of the charges against a public body! That is quite immaterial. The *Pilot*, also, has been prosecuted—once at least; and even the *Penny Caricature Journal* (Dub-

lin,) has not escaped. The miserable proprietors—poor men! were required to give enormous bail, and, in default, were committed.

The next striking feature is the cloud of attachments issued at the suit of Government, in some cases for sums incredibly small. Under these, arrests and seizures were, and are still making, through the country. The circumstances attending them are often well calculated to increase respect for law. On the 22d of October last, the persons whose names are subscribed to the following address were arrested. This masterly document will explain their feelings:—

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

We, the undersigned, now prisoners in the gaol of Carlow, under a process issued against our persons at the suit of his Majesty's Attorney General, on account of arrears of tithes alleged to be due of us, adopt this mode of protesting before Heaven and the nations of the earth against the punishment inflicted on us, and of appealing to you for sympathy in our confinement, whilst we pray you to *imitate* our obedience to the constituted authorities, our constancy in trial, and our legal opposition even unto chains and prisons, to those claims which our conscience, the voice of nature, and the judgment of the whole civilized world proclaim to be unjust.

We have heard, with sorrow of heart, of the blood of our countrymen shed in struggles produced by the enforcement of tithe. May we hope, that from the depth of a prison our voice may be heard, imploring our fellow-subjects and fellow-sufferers to oppose no resistance but such as is legal and constitutional, and such as we have given to those agents of power who execute against us laws which we detest. Our strength is in suffering, and not in opposing our naked breasts or excited passions to the armed force which is arrayed against us. By patiently submitting to the loss of our goods, or imprisonment of our persons, we will expose the injustice of the laws which oppress us; we will collect and strengthen the indignation of three whole nations—England, Ireland, and Scotland; and direct it through Parliament to the destruction of that old iniquity, which, in the name of Christ, deprives us of our peace and of our property, and repays us with stripes and insult.

But what fills us with affliction, and adds peculiar pain to our confinement is, that we suffer at the suit of a government to whose support we contribute some thousands of pounds sterling annually—to a government whose measures and stability we maintained with all our strength and mind against the very men who sought its overthrow, and factiously opposed, and still oppose, all their measures; but whose alleged claims *this same Government have adopted*, and have now enforced by the imprisonment of our persons.

Our pain in this respect is no way alleviated by the specious but uncandid allegation, that a government is obliged to uphold existing laws: for the law under which we suffer was introduced into Parliament by the Government itself, and instead of being called for by the country, was denounced, in and out of Parliament, as injurious to all the feelings and interests of the people of Ireland. From our prison we protest against this law; we blame the Government which introduced it, and we believe that no friend to Ireland consented to its enactment, or shares in its execution.

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We therefore conjure our countrymen who are fellow-bondsmen with us, or likely to become so, to submit patiently, as we have done, to the loss of goods, and even to incarceration of their persons; and to protest aloud and unceasingly, but at the same time constitutionally, legally, and peaceably, against the injustice exercised against us—to deprecate the Government from warring against their own subjects—from oppressing those who would be their friends; and to petition, with one voice, the Legislature utterly to abolish tithes, and apply the residue of what is called church-property to those purposes of religion and charity which the wisdom of Parliament can so easily discover.

The Very Rev. Dr. FITZGERALD, President of Carlow College.
Mr. J. HANLON, Proprietor, Coffey's Hotel.
Mr. J. COFFEY, 80 years of age, and the richest trader in Carlow.
Mr. J. HAUGHTON, of the Society of Friends, and Distiller in Carlow.
Mr. R. PAUL, Brewer.
Mr. R. IVERS, Shopkeeper.
Mr. J. LENNON, Farmer.
Mr. Js. BEEHAN, Farmer.
Mr. Js. D'ARCY, Farmer.

The third great party is the people; and it is manifest to all that they are for repeal. In the fourth number of this magazine it was stated that six out of eight millions support it; and there are few who will not now feel that this view was perfectly correct. This is the first year that a repeal pledge has been demanded; and sixty-seven have given it already! In the cities and boroughs (speaking generally) the question is triumphant. The recorder, with the power of the corporation at his back, and extensive personal interest, has fled from the city of Dublin. Mr. Wise has lost Tipperary. Mr. Wallace, a very popular member, has lost Drogheda, and Lord Killeen is jeopardied in Meath, because they refused the pledge. In Limerick, it is notorious that two repealers can be returned unless the popular strength be mismanaged: For Galway two repealers are candidates; but perhaps the most remarkable sign of the times, and the prodigious progress the question has made, is to be found in the adhesion of a man of such splendid and various abilities as Mr. Shiel. In the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, and other tenderer requisites to domestic happiness, he stood aloof from agitation, determined to try the Government by its actions. The last year, the complete surrender of Ireland to Mr. Stanley, the rigid policy pursued by that gentleman, in contempt of the feelings and interests of the country, and the apathy of English members, or their worse readiness to vote for any measure proposed by Ministers,* have convinced him "that the people of Ireland can never be happy or prosperous until the repeal of the union is passed into a law." In fact, as has been elsewhere observed, there are not repealers enough. It is not constituencies but candidates that are wanting. The mass of the people is devoted to repeal. The trunk of the kingdom, the middle and lower classes, are entirely for it;—the rich are next to be tried, for it is there the opposition is centred.

It behoves men to prepare themselves for the consideration of this question of repeal. Whether the number of repealers returned be small or large, considering the mere infancy of the subject, is a matter of little consequence, the extraordinary number of candidates who rest their pretensions on the advocacy of it, is the circumstance that compels reflection. And in examining it this caution should be strictly impressed—not to confound repeal with separation. To do so, in policy, is unwise, in fact, is erroneous, in argument is sophistical. The union is but thirty-two years old. It was resisted by Mr. Fox, Lord Grey, Lord Plunket, the present Irish Chief Justice:—*they* were not rebels, they did not desire the dismemberment of the empire:—let not, therefore, such designs be now imputed to the persons who would merely restore things to the state in which those able men struggled to keep them. Whether a repeal of the union would, in remote consequences, lead to separation, is a subject for parliamentary and national discussion; but to attribute the direct design to men, to treat them, therefore, as little better than rebels, and let loose a pack of ferocious laws upon them, is imprudent and unjust. Such conduct has contributed in the degree next to Mr. Stanley's policy, to give repeal that mighty impulse we see it has received.

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* The writer has heard certain Irish members, men whose gentle manners gave an additional charm to the firmness of their political principles, complain that English members who had not heard a word of the debate used to crowd in before the divisions on the tithe bills, and vote for Mr. Stanley on every thing.

It is not difficult to perceive that the repeal party possesses in itself a principle of growth which is not to be found in the others. It is the people; and whatever has once taken root there is not easily eradicated:—Creeds of all kinds, by a wise and noble dispensation, spread upwards from it. Besides, the cause is congenial to the spirit of the nation: it rests on the glory of the past and the hopes of the future: the most splendid period in Irish history is associated with it; and the nation, which, under a superficial levity, possesses a wild untameable obstinacy of character, is led on by men conscious of great powers, and flushed by recent victories. From this party there will be no defections. From the other they are unavoidable. It is in the nature of things. There is contagion in the consent of a people—there is a magic in national honour. No Irishman speaks of eighty-two without faltering in his voice, and what many will think of equal consequence with the sentiment of national honour, there is a strong bond in national distress. Men are forced together by its advancing waves, and new combinations of party are produced. The dreams of the Conservatives must have an end. The idea of Ascendency is obselete by a full century already. A gulf yawns between it and the spirit of men and the policy of nations. The prejudices, the haughty superiority, the misconceptions that keep them aloof from the people, will be washed away in a short time. They must perceive that it is only as Irishmen they can be known; and that they will grow great and dignified in the eyes of the world, only as Ireland is elevated by her children. Were their abilities and wisdom doubled, they could not still raise themselves to eminence. They are not the people;—but nothing can supply the place of the *corpus regni*, the body of the nation. No, no expedient whatever. This cessation of party spirit is not far distant; and whatever brings it—whatever be the merits or demerits of Repeal—is a blessing.

The other party, viz. the declarationists, have been much shaken by the conduct of Government. The conditions of their adhesion have not been fulfilled. The tithe war is not *the* change of system they desired. The prosecutions of the press,—the attachments, descending like clouds of locusts on the country,—the vexatious arrests of respectable men at midnight, and the hauling them from their homes at that hour to jail—the converting the country into a huge monster between a prison and a barrack—these make them reflect, and doubt the wisdom of their support. There is still a fourth party, which has hitherto been undetermined—the Presbyterians of the North,—Mr. Stanley has probably gone some length in convincing them. This,—a numerous, intelligent, powerful party, slow to move, and slow to leave off,—has not, as a body, been enemies to repeal, but rather to the time of agitating it. They thought the question was premature by three years; that men should have been allowed to rest after emancipation, and the country to forget its feuds, defeats, and victories. Mr. O'Connell, who is disposed to think as well of his own notions as any other man's, entertained a different opinion; and would probably refer to the formidable catalogue of repealing candidates as proof of its soundness: but it is evident that the junction of such a party, differing only as to time, is not very remote.

We have now shewn the real magnitude of this question—its present and probable supporters—and the only wish we express is, that it be fairly discussed, that its merits and demerits be stated, and the ultimate decision be according to the preponderance of one or the other.

THE ANNUALS.

It is to the Annuals that we are mainly indebted for those delightful works of graphic art, which monthly, almost weekly, spring into birth; and for this we owe to them a debt of deep gratitude. The beautiful prints, which, year after year, have been scattered among their pages, are, it is well understood, the great, indeed the only attraction,—the "letter-press" being too insignificant, in a literary point of view, to provoke much notice, and received only with much the same feeling, that prompts a tolerating smile to the pompous and vapid chaperone, who introduces to us some fair creature of surpassing brightness. The original speculation was a bold, and for the first two or three years, a highly profitable adventure; but, unluckily, the returns have been diminishing with each succeeding year; and we sincerely grieve to say, that for "success," we must now write "succiduous." It is not, however, of the Annuals we are about to speak. We allude to them only as a noble origin, and to express our regret at the termination, that, in another year or two, will, in all probability, be put to publications from which such valuable results have followed.

To those who remember the pitiable productions that figured away illustratively, in the volumes of our literature thirty years ago,—the change that has been wrought, seems more like the mighty work of enchantment, than the effects of plodding labour, the drudgery of manual employment. In those days, engraving, as an art, was confined to exalted limits only; the labourers were few, their productions expensive, and the circulation restricted to the wealthy. Not that the same appetite, and as much real taste did not then as now generally exist; but the commodity chanced to be of too sorry, or too costly a nature to produce a demand;—and the modern science of political economy cannot have a neater illustration of one of its most striking principles than this fact. The well-directed application of human industry, as certainly ensures a profitable return, as the natural objects of its employment are inexhaustible; and he who out of the abundance of such materials can create a want, may make a fortune. Another among the many wants of cultivated life—and one more innocent, more delightful, it were difficult to conceive—has, by the efforts of industry and talent, been thus luckily created; and while a class of artificers in head and hand, which then scarcely had existence, are now called into activity, a means of honourable and lucrative employment devised for numbers, who else might have rejoiced in the calling of insolvent cheese-mongers, or half starved haberdashers, and the development of genius effected, which else had been hidden in the obscurity of neglect,—society at large has been benefited, a new enjoyment opened up, and the great moral good which ever results to a civilized community from the cultivation, diffusion, and encouragement of the arts and sciences, is silently but surely spreading its blessings "about us, and about us."

The very excellence of any work of art tends to give to it an immense circulation; and this circulation in return, reflects back a retributive advantage. Such an amount of remuneration to the labourers is afforded, in the first instance, as repays them for the expenditure of their industry and the exercise of their talent; a goodly crop of competitors is then in consequence raised, by which the article becomes reduced to a just and marketable sale price; and what primarily was a luxury, which wealth

alone could purchase, gradually falls, by reason of its easy attainment, (still flourishing in vigour and excellence, like a flower that is not the less lovely because it is common,) into a homely necessary of civilized existence.

In an age like this, where art and science march (all things intellectual now-a-days *march*) hand in hand with commerce, it was sure enough to occur to some long-headed man of trade, that the beautiful might as well expend its treasures on the useful, as waste them upon the trashy effusions of hired nonsense writers; and, instead of adorning some tale, "spun by a Countess and by folly weaved,"—some "Poem" of half-a-dozen couplets long, or some nothing so somethingized, that the talent of the skilful might be profitably devoted to a tangible good, and do the state of literature some service. The fund was inexhaustible, and standard modern productions were fertile in scenery, events, incidents, forms and faces, all of which might be "illustrated" with benefit alike to the author, the reader, the artist, and the publisher! Thus cities and countries became, one after another, "illustrated;" Great Britain was illustrated; France was illustrated; Italy, that land of loveliness, laziness, ——ziness, languor, and lazzaroni: Germany, Switzerland, every spot of European earth that had a charm for the eye, or a claim upon the heart, became severally illustrated. Dry, pictureless Itineraries had had their day; prosy description was a drug in the market, and the type ceased to typify what the vision yearned to behold. Then, up started at once, and of course, the works of Scott and of Byron, and put in their claim for illustration. Both depicters of real, as well as of ideal, life, their writings abounding in glorious imagery; the things, the scenes, and the personages they immortalized, were to the popular reader an "unreal mockery," existing at best but in the deformity of a confused, impoverished, and untutored conception, crude in proportion as thought was circumscribed by limited vision. (For say what one will, the mind of man is made up from the objects of the material world by which he is surrounded, and which are made manifest to him by the aid of his five simple senses, of which sight is, without question, the field-marshal and commander-in-chief; and where these prime quintupal organs have been little exercised, fertility of mind is not apt to be over conspicuous: he who has been domiciled all his days in beastly Barbican, can, we modestly presume, form but an imperfect notion of the Lago Maggiori, or the Highlands of braid an' honest Scotland.)

Thus has the natural craving, to test all things by the perception of the senses, begun to be abundantly gratified; and an "enlightened public" is at length made wise in matters, whereof they were in a state of most villanous ignorance. If the eye of the book-read man have not glanced discursively upon the actual scenes, with which words did their best to make him familiar, it is now the fault of his own indolence; and he may be no longer sore wroth, for he is at liberty, if so it chooseth him, to luxuriate upon their protraiture, secure in the faith of its exceeding truth, for the mere gazing upon sundry slips of manufactured rags stitched in a cover. Of no localities need he be longer unacquainted; the proclamation of his ignorance in such particular were the proclamation of his own exceeding shame. There is scarcely a region famous in history, a spot remarkable from past or present circumstances, a town, a mountain, a lake, a palace, rivers, tombs, castles, cottages, Alps, valleys, roads, monuments, all, every thing *en masse*, or in detail, of which the sem-

blance is not cut on copper for his use. Left no longer in the darkness of his bewildered wonder, the images of memorable things as they are, or have been, are presented to him with a fidelity which the wand of a fairy could scarcely make more clear. No more need he deplore the obstacles of space which intervene betwixt them and his own curiosity; no more need he sigh to behold scenes from which wastes of waters or countless leagues of land divide him; no more need he screw his courage to the sticking place, and be prepared to brave untold dangers, to explore Nature's wildest horrors or break-neck extravagancies; the impossibilities have been achieved, the inaccessible attained for him. No longer need he peril his sacred person, or hazard his health or his pocket in search of the picturesque; dozens of dashing dogs, pencil in hand, and eager for the sketch, are scouring the world for his behoof, and taking note of all that is wonderful on its surface, for his especial gratification. That which was wont to cost months of labour and exhaustion, and many, very many, respectable pounds sterling, gone for life, ere it could be encompassed, may now, for a few shillings, be comfortably and fatiguelessly had over the counter of the first printseller's shop he passes Or, if he be foggy in mind, or of conception dim, and so unable to figure forth the goodly personages, whose deeds, real or imaginary, have been sung or said, in these or in other days, here again may he be made easy; for, if they have lived in the actual flesh, their heads, like King Charles', shall be neatly executed, from portraits in the possession of somebody; and if they have lived but in the imagination of the tale-teller, the imagination of the artist shall embody them out for him, and they shall be subdititiously engraven upon steel, or scratched upon stone, for the edification of his stultified comprehension.

To such a pitch has this branch of the Fine Arts come! and if it proceed as it has begun, if it be fostered and encouraged and patronized as it ought to be, the ——; but we abominate predictions.

THE ELECTIONS.

We are free! It is true that one or two constituencies have betrayed their trust, and that the result of a few elections shew the necessity of adding some more boroughs to the list in schedule A, to say nothing at present of an extension of the franchise and the ballot; but, on the whole, the results of the general election are glorious. The Tories are crushed, and party, of all kinds and denominations, lies on its death-bed.

England.—The first blow was struck in the metropolis. In the cities of London and Westminster, and in the districts enfranchised by the Reform Act, the electors gave a plumper for reform. Not one anti-reformer has been able to poke his nose in. The most triumphant return was that of Mr. Grote, whose unblenching liberalism, splendid talents, and extensive knowledge of business, entitle us to expect much from his parliamentary career. Mr. Tennyson was supported in a manner that must have been gratifying to his feelings, and was merited by his principles, by the electors of Lambeth. Sir Stephen Lushington has been sent by the men of the Tower Hamlets; and his knowledge of international law renders him an important acquisition to any Parliament.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, though not defeated, has been shrewdly shaken in Westminster, and will not offend again with impunity. The counties in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis have likewise done their duty. Lord Henley, shamed with the crime of bearing false witness against his neighbour, and galled by the consciousness that he has sinned without his guerdon, has ignominiously retreated from Middlesex, leaving the field free for Mr. Hume. Turning to our great manufacturing and commercial marts, the returns are likewise satisfactory on the whole. Birmingham has returned the ostensible leader of its Union, and one of his most unflinching co-adjutors. Manchester has not made quite so satisfactory a choice. Mr. Poulett Thomson is no bad selection, but why the conformer Lloyd? To make amends, Leeds has carried Marshall and Macaulay high over the head of poor canting Saddler Worcester has returned two bill men. Coventry is true to her reformers. And although underhand means have gained Sandon the tarnished honour of a re-election for Liverpool, Ewart headed him, and Thornely run him hard. Bristol has acted equivocally; but Hull, Newcastle, and most parts of consequence, have stood true to their faith. Brighton and Windsor, illustrative of the feelings entertained towards a Court and irresponsible Aristocracy, by those who see them most nearly, return Radicals. And Bath, in despite of the undue influence of the least worthy part of the present Ministry, has rejected the Secretary at War's Tory brother, and accepted the able and fearless services of Mr. Roebuck. It is in vain to dream of recapitulating every triumph. The result of the first two hundred returns, was one hundred and sixty tried friends of reform, in opposition to forty enemies, or hollow allies. The partial triumphs, too, of the Conservatives, are of a nature to ensure their final damnation. Bribery, of the most unblushing kind, has secured them a victory in Norwich, and brute violence another at Stamford. But all in vain; these reckless and unprincipled efforts but precipitate the triumph of ballot, and then the Tories are extinguished for ever. Two or three of their minor lights have already gone out,—prophetic harbingers of their approaching darkness. Sugden and Wetherell have been rejected at Oxford and Cambridge cities. Mister Praed has sighed his last at St. Ives, and John Wilson Croker is reported "missing." On the whole, we do not look upon the new English members as a body of Catos and Lycurguses; nevertheless, they are a set of sturdy honest fellows, representing at times the stupidity fully as much as the intelligence of John Bull. Where, however, there is a will, there is a way. Time will enlighten both the representatives and constituents, giving them a clearness and precision of vision, of which they have at present no idea. Both have yet to learn that aimless bartering differs from deliberate progression, and that there is at times more danger in timorous hesitation, than even in undue precipitancy.

Scotland.—It is no reformed representation that has been achieved in Scotland: it is the grant of a representation where nothing of the kind had ever before existed. The more curious and interesting is it to observe the working of this new constitution. The first decided electoral triumph was obtained in Edinburgh. Mr. Aytoun had withdrawn, and not only an immense majority of the reformers rallied round the other two liberal candidates, but the affections of every grade of the populace were conciliated by the feeling that they were the only representatives of the people, as opposed to the old dominant faction. The conservatives still continued to put a bold face on the matter, although their

increasing spite showed a growing sense of their own weakness. On the first day of the election, the High Street was densely crowded, from the Tron Church to far above the Royal Exchange, long before the hour fixed for the ceremony of nomination. Every window was thronged with spectators. A short time before twelve, the Lord Advocate and Mr. Abercromby, preceded by a band of music and two banners, and accompanied by their committee, threw themselves, without any previous arrangement with any class of spectators, among the crowding multitude, and proceeded, amid loud huzzas, to the hustings. The measures of the Conservatives were more guarded. It was with the utmost reluctance that they acquiesced in the erection of hustings, or agreed to exhibit themselves or their candidate upon them. Early in the morning a stout guard of hired porters, commanded by the most young and able-bodied of their party, had been stationed in front of that portion of the hustings they proposed to occupy. The special constables, to a man Tory factionaries, were assembled in the body, and on the roof of St. Giles's church. The Lord Provost had assembled a numerous body of Tory claqueurs on the leads of the low range of buildings which constitute the front of the Royal Exchange. All these arrangements having been made, Mr. Blair, accompanied by a very few gentlemen, and some of the most courageous of the workers of the party's dirty work, marched, without beat of drum, from the Royal Exchange, and glided, with the silent and stealthy pace of spectres, to the hustings. Their appearance was greeted by cheers from their hirelings, which called forth a rushing sound of groans and hisses from the surrounding multitude. The citizens of Edinburgh had at last, after two long years of labour and excitement, succeeded in unkennelling the foxes of the Council Chamber. The hunt was up; the view hollo was given in a tone of determined hostility, unmingled with violence or ferocity. The nomination of the liberal candidates was received with exultant jubilee; that of the gentleman thrust forward by the Tories, with yells of scorn. The laugh of unmitigated contempt with which the efforts of the Conservatives to affect a tone of liberality and independence, was received, stirred up the venom within them till they looked purple. At the demand of the Sheriff, whether the Lord Advocate and Mr Abercromby should be declared Members for the city, a huge dense forest of hands sprung up from the Townmarket to the Netherbow. To the name of Mr. Blair no such response was made, except on the part of his body guard. A poll was accordingly demanded on the part of the Tories, which commenced the next morning. So determined were the citizens, that out of a constituency consisting of more than 6000 electors, upwards of two-thirds had voted before the close of the first day's poll, and the return of the liberal candidates had by that time been placed beyond a doubt. The final result at the close of the second day's poll was:

For the Lord Advocate 4058
——— Mr Abercromby 3865
——— Mr Blair 1519

and this triumphant, this annihilating majority was achieved in despite of the most unprincipled threats, and the most barefaced addresses to the selfish interests of every individual of the poorer classes. The victory, too, has been achieved without the occurrence of one scene of violence, or even extraordinary noise. A few police-officers, under the guidance of their commissioners, were more than was required. The people of Edinburgh, in the exultation of victory, have exercised their new

franchise with enthusiasm, but with an order and decency, which never could be preserved even by the small assemblages of their ex-masters. The Tories have been beaten from their strongest citadel. The spiders have been crushed in the inmost web of their machinations. The party has not been defeated but annihilated. Before the termination of the Edinburgh Election, Mr J. A. Murray was returned for Leith, his antagonist's heart dying within him at the sight of the assembled electors. In Glasgow the utmost efforts of the Tories, joined to the silly dissensions of the Reformers, were yet able to do no more than return a Reformer, who, for old acquaintance sake, was less unpalatable to the oppressors than men who had through life been opposed to them. In Dundee, Mr Kinloch of Kinloch received the reward of his long and fearless services. The St. Andrews, Kirkaldy, Stirling, Ayr, Kilmarnock, and Dumfries districts, have all returned Reforming Members. Mid-Lothian, at the period at which we write, is all but secure; although Haddingtonshire is likely to remain in the hands of the Tories. Sad mismanagement renders the result of the Linlithgowshire Election more than doubtful. But elsewhere, the Tories are—

> "Drooping as the leaves do,
> To die in December."

The result of the Irish Elections remains uncertain, up to the time of our going to press. From what is already known, the Ministry will have a tremendous hold on the new House of Commons; and it cannot be denied, that that House will represent most accurately, the sentiments of the middle classes throughout the country. We see the promotion of several eldest sons of Peers to the Upper House announced; which looks as if Ministers were about to bestir themselves. The fate of the country is in their hands, or more properly speaking, in the hands of that Parliament which is to hold them up. Our only ground of fear, is their want of boldness. If they unhesitatingly carry through such trenchant measures of Reform, as are enough to convince the labouring, and, in a great measure, unenfranchised classes, that they are in earnest, all will be well; if not, we are still at sea. We invite the attention of our new Legislature to the following important questions:—The Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, paid Members of Parliament, and partial extension of the Suffrage.—Equalization of all Christian communities in the eye of the law, and diminution of Church Burdens.—Abolition of Corporations in England, and the Old Burgh System in Scotland.—Commutation of Tithes, Abolition of Hop and Malt Tax, and of the Corn Laws.—Abolition of the Entails, and the Law of Primogeniture.—Abolition of all Restrictions upon Trade.—Introduction of a graduated Property-Tax.

THE TROUBADOUR.

SPECIMEN OF AN UNPUBLISHED METRICAL ROMANCE.

'Twas prime of noon, and Branston's lord,
The gayest of his festal board,
Joy beaming in his clear blue eye,
Sat on the dais of honour high,
O'erlooking all the princely hall,
Where knights and ladies, dight in pall,
Rained largesse on the Bard that sung
The glories of De Vere the young;
But aye bright Guy Fitzhaubert's strain
Was sweetest of the minstrel train.
Much did he sing of knightly glory,
Yblent with Love's endearing story:
And thus flowed forth the parting hour
Of Annet and her Troubadour:—

Gay spring budded on field and tree, the bloom was on the flower,
And silver light shone on the sea, at matin's dewy hour,
When Eric sang, with harp in hand, before his lady's bower,
The last song of his native land,—the gallant Troubadour!

"My sword is belted to my side, my casque is on my brow;
And, lo! to cleave the yielding tide, yon galley turns her prow.
My comrades muster on the strand, the silver trumpets bray,
And I must to the Holy Land, my liege lord leads the way;
Yet ere upon the battle plain, the gallant legions pour,
O, ladye love, do not disdain to bless thy Troubadour!

"Although no blazoned shield I boast, nor far-descended name,
My sword amidst the Paynim host shall carve a deathless fame;
And in the thickest of the fight, where proudest warriors die,
Both Moslem chief and Christian knight shall hear my battle-cry.
Thy name shall echo through the plain in danger's darkest hour;
Then, ladye love, do not disdain to bless thy Troubadour!

"When far on blood-stained Gallilee, the red-cross warriors roam,
Haply some favoured minstrel's glee will waft their thoughts to home.
Amidst the sterile, desert sands, and 'neath the blazing skies,
The verdure of their native land, her streams and vales arise,
My harp shall wake for thee the strain, at noon-tide's burning hour;
Then, ladye love, do not disdain to bless thy Troubadour!"

Whilst Eric sung, entranced he gazed, in ecstasy divine;
When, lo! a hand the lattice raised, and spread the trellissed vine;
And then a snow-white scarf was flung from his dear ladye's bower;
And thus the blushing Annet sung to bless her Troubadour:—

"Go, warrior, go! if maiden's love, her faith and constancy,
Can ere the soldier's solace prove, thou hast them all from me.
My secret vows were ever thine, though ne'er before confest,
I swear it by the holy sign that glitters on thy breast:
And may its blessings from me flee, at my expiring hour,
If ever I prove false to thee, my gallant Troubadour.

"Within yon pious hermit's cell, still daily will I mourn;
Like cloistered nuns my beads I'll tell, and pray for thy return;
And in our convent's chapelrie, at eve and matin hour,
I'll weary every saint for thee, my gallant Troubadour.

"Then go; and may St. Elmo's light, thy bark in safety guide,
From storm by day, and rocks by night, through yon dark rolling tide;
And well I know Our Ladye's aid amidst the bloody field,
Ay, and thine own good battle blade, will be thy safest shield,
But, hark!—my sire!—our parting knell rings through my lonely bower;
He calls me—oh! farewell, farewell, my faithful Troubadour!"

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

ST. STEPHEN'S AND "THE FANCY."—"John Gully, Esq. of Ackworth Park," ex-pugilist, and fisty-cuff champion of all England, is about to represent the ancient and loyal borough of Pontefract in the reformed Parliament! There is nothing like fighting one's way through the world after all. It is hard to tell on what subject Jack is ambitious to legislate, or what odds he would give or take on his race as a senator. They say that as an orator he is quite a "fancy" man; though prone to argue in a circle, his remarks are of the most striking description, and generally smashers. John is a horrid Radical; and the Conservatives consider his election to be one of the severest blows the Constitution ever received.

MERCY OF THE LONDON POLICE!—A piece of humbug is running the round of the papers, about the respite of a ruffian named *Sutton*, condemned to death for a brutal assault upon one of the new police, at whose merciful intercession (backed by a declaration that the commutation of the sentence would be "agreeable to the feelings of the whole body!!") his life is to be spared. This is a sorry trick to make palatable to the Cockneys, the new police force, which is in terrible *mauvaise odeur*. A schoolboy could see through the clumsy device, and it will fail. The police will take nothing for their generosity, and a desperado is spared to society whom society would be mightily pleased to spare. Who was the deep dog that originated this transparent manœuvre?

CORPORATE MEATINGS.—We are told by one of the Sunday prints that "the Corporation of London had a *meating* last week!" "Whether this felicitous misprint was accidental, or designed by some chuckling wag of a compositor, it is difficult to decide; inferring analogically from past events, however, by which *Meetings* invariably terminate in MEATINGS, we are disposed strongly to recommend the new orthography for especial adoption by the Corporation of London, as indicative of the two-fold purpose uniformly implied by their summonses of convocation.

COURT CIRCULARS.—The greater part of the paragraphs which the newspapers quote from the "Court Circular," are often a disgrace to their columns, their readers, and the very age we live in. For what object (*reason* is out of the question) they are concocted by the parties or personages whose names figure away therein, it is impossible to conceive: it cannot be to "keep them before the public," because the drivelling sickening absurdity of the announcements would heap such a mass of shame upon them, as the warmest aspirant after notoriety would hardly find it his ambition to covet. At the expense of a little contempt, we might forgive the impertinence which informs us that "the Right Honourable Fum Fitz-fusbos visited the Admiralty yesterday," on the score of the hollow empty-headed vanity, which it is Fum's pleasure to display before a gaping nation; but why Royalty should be so over-fond of parading their titles and their deeds to the lazy loyalty of this most thinking people, is indeed a marvel. Who, for instance, cares to be told that "in consequence of the rain and wind which blew from the N.E. yesterday noon, the Princess Augusta was prevented taking her usual promenade," or that "Prince George of Cumberland, attended by his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Jelf, visited the Park on Thursday, and blew his royal nose with considerable energy?" It is useless to multiply quotations; we heartily wish the absurdity done away—it brings into contempt the names of persons which better grace an honourable privacy, and it answers no purpose but to raise one's bile.

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.—Never, surely, has war been accompanied by more of odium, folly, and wickedness, than that bloody farce which is now being acted before Antwerp. It makes the flesh creep to think upon that murderous, monstrous, extravagant absurdity. Hundreds of lives have already been lost, and hogsheads of human blood are still destined to flow for one of the most abominable follies, surely, that the historian ever had to record. It is not for the possession of a city that the struggle is made,—*that* is gained; it is not for the chances of mastery that the Citadel is attacked,—none exist; the particular object is sure to be obtained, and by a given

time. The two generals write notes to one another, determining the points of attack and resistance in the most courteous imaginable manner, devising schemes for the least possible loss of life, and destruction to the habitations; and conveying, like gentlemen well bred and punctilious, the assurance of the high consideration with which each has the honour to be the mortal enemy of the other. The letter bearers who deliver their packages, are escorted back with the answer—and, pop! both go to work again like Trojans good and true. And the result of all this murder is as well and confidently known to both, to their countries, government, and to the surrounding states, as though it had actually taken place; and yet it is allowed, and honour, and valour, and loyalty, and chivalry, is breathed about as flippantly as if it was the holiest contest that ever engaged the anger of the oppressed. Detestable as is the very name of war, the thing might perhaps be tolerated if there were a chance, a possibility, however remote, of ultimate, effectual resistance; but here is none, literally, positively, undeniably, none; and yet men consent to be battered down to death for the pleasure (!) of the King! This cold-blooded butchery, this slaughterous waste of life, for the obstinacy of one man, is enough to make one blush for his very nature.

WANTS AND CAPABILITIES.—We are never so much tempted to moralize as after a perusal of the advertising columns of the *Times*. There is not one want "which frail humanity is heir to," that has not as its counterpart a power of assauging its smart existing in the person of some other human being. The mischief is, that even the bland whispers of the Brobdignaggian go-between we have named, do not always succeed in making patient and physician aware of each other's existence. There is something intensely pathetic in many of the sighs which exhale from the damp surface of that broadsheet. What hope can be held out to a "respectable young woman *without followers?*" who is so unreasonable as to desire a situation "as *nursery-maid* where there is *no infant?*" Or, to a "respectable *strong* youth," who will only be satisfied with the office of "*light* porter?" Both must pine unheeded, unless they agree to meet and sigh to each other. They are, indeed, "two for a pair." The following we are inclined to think rather suspicious:—"A lady of 30 years of age is desirous of meeting with a situation as *useful companion*. She is naturally cheerful, and to an invalid, flatters herself she would be an acquisition."—Dear creature! who could find in his heart to shut the door in her face? We fear, however, she has no chance against the experience of a widow. "Wanted, by a respectable widow, age about 36, and free from every incumbrance, a situation to superintend the concerns of a widower. To one who has a family, she flatters herself she would be an acquisition," &c. Who doubts it? We will back the widow for a rump and dozen they are man and wife in a month. These widows! Here is another:—"A widow lady, of most respectable connexions, wishes for a situation to manage the domestic establishment of a widower or single gentleman. She feels confident of giving satisfaction." This is plain enough; but there is another still plainer. The noose matrimonial dangles in every sentence. "A widow, respectably connected, wishes a situation as housekeeper to a *single gentleman* or widower. She flatters herself she would be found an acquisition, as she is competent, and would not object, to superintend the education of *the younger branches of his family.*" What not of the "single gentleman's?" Oh, fie!

POSTHUMOUS GARRULITY.—We remember to have read, in some gossiping anecdotic work,—Walpole, Wraxall, or St. Simon,—of the lying in state of a French Princess, arrayed, according to the prevailing custom of the times, in full court dress, long white gloves, &c. &c.; in the course of which lugubrious ceremonial, the royal corpse was observed from time to time to lift up its dead hand, and blow its dead nose. It appears that her Royal Highness having died of an imposthume in the head, it was found indispensable that a lady of the bedchamber should conceal herself behind the body, and enable it to minister to this mortal necessity. The crowd admitted to view the funeral pageant, ignorant of this arrangement, were, however, naturally surprised at the posthumous activity of the Princess; just as many of Byron's friends (acquainted with his taciturnity on certain subjects, and his contempt of blues and *precieuses*) are amazed at the streams of loquacity now pouring forth under his name. They do not give sufficient credit to the activity of the lady of the bedchamber concealed behind the illustrious dead!

ULTIMUS ROMANORUM.—The star of the ascendant of departed Majesty, the *real Georgium Sidus*, has set for ever. Stultz, the immortal Stultz! the Hungary tailor,

as he was baptized by Brummel,—the Baron von Göthenberg, as he was heraldized by the Emperor,—STULTZ is no more! He who led a *pattern* life, whose *measures* were unimpugnable, whose operations were at once *fitting* and *becoming*, has fallen beneath the *shears* of destiny. Scarcely an ornament of the Georgian era now survives, and the Baron von Stultz may be regarded as the "Last Man" of the world of Carlton House. It would be scandalous to pass over *his* death in silence, who, during his lifetime, received all but divine honours. The Roman Emperor made a Consul of his horse: it was reserved for an Austrian one to ennoble a tailor!

GREAT MEN.—"A great man," says Montesquieu, in his Lettres Persannes, "is one who sees the King, is familiar with ministers, has ancestors and debts, a pension or a place. If, in addition to all this, he can manage to conceal his inertness by an officious air, and his *ennui* by affected gaiety, he is a lucky man as well as a great one." This description is intended to depict the *Parisian* nobleman of 1718!

LITERARY SENATORS.—*Il faut opter!*—We have long been of opinion that the career of the literary man, and the career of the politician, are parallel, and incapable of junction; and accordingly reverence the firmness and candour with which the great Irish lyrist has rejected the mantle thrust upon him by his worshippers. Many great statesmen, it is true, have written books;—but it is not by their books they are remembered; nor can we recall an instance of any voluminous author having made a figure in Parliament. The bloom of his spirit is shed elsewhere; and though Prior was a diplomatist, Addison, a Secretary of State, Waller and Steele, Senators, we do not conceive that the country was ever much the better for their political labours. There is an essential distinction of faculty between the minds of our men of letters and our Conscript Fathers; many qualities indispensable to a legislator, are unavailing to the calm, contemplative, deliberative, plodding, primming, correcting, polishing man of type and printer's ink. The first object with an author, who has generated a brilliant or original idea, is to wrap the bantling in the choicest robes, adorn it with a coral and bells, and parade it about for the admiration of the world. The first point to a politician who conceives a new opinion, is, on the contrary, to divest it of all flaunting drapery, strip it naked, and examine it with jealous scrutiny; lest, under the deceptious garb of Mentor, he should admit some artful goddess into his confidence. A man who has once coquetted with the favour of the public upon hot-pressed paper, seldom surmounts the fever fit of vanity occasioned by the excitement; and even in the gravest debate, the notion of himself, the notion of the sufferings he has to conciliate, of the press, the clubs, the coteries, the universe,—clips his wings, qualifies his opinions, and perplexes his better judgment. So great is he in his own conceit, that the shadow of himself eclipses the subject before him. A great legislator never thinks of himself. If he attempts to produce a strong sensation in the house, it is for the sake of his country,—for the triumph of the cause to which he has bound himself. Like the Brahmins who conceal themselves under the car of Juggernaut to roll forward the stupendous machine, they are careful to remain out of sight, that the triumph of the deity they serve, may be all in all. Your author, on the contrary, arrays himself in the embroidered raiment of the Catholic priest, and by fantastic genuflexions and incense-offerings, renders himself as ostensible as possible. This authorship is always uppermost in his mind; and he is anxious to reflect upon his books, the distinction of his parliamentary triumphs, rather than impressed with a becoming sense of the mighty, enduring, and most responsible trust delegated to his guardianship. Instead of exclaiming with the Moor,

> "It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul!"

he smiles, like Malvolio, in the fondness of his self-conceit.

THE RADICALS.—"Free and fair discussion of every tenet of political faith, however bold or speculative, characterizes the Press at the present eventful period. Proscriptions, gags, and other instruments of intimidation, we must now class with the things which were—with the burning of witches or the "divine right" of Monarchs. The force of public opinion may be said, in the first instance, to bring about events; but it is evident that the latter again work upon public opinion, giving it consistency, and strength, and boldness. In these latter days, the Radicals, formerly an insignificant and isolated body, have taken a bold and prominent place in the ranks of political sectarians. Their numbers have increased to an extraordinary extent; and, of course, their weight and importance has been proportionably augmented. If they do not surpass the Whigs or Tories in wealth and talent, we are inclined to concede

that they do so in the multitude of miscellaneous recruits who will be found to have lately mounted their facings and insignia. The name by which they are distinguished, from being one of reproach, has become respected; and we now generally associate with it something like moral daring and political courage. Ten or twelve years ago, if a Radical were spoken of in genteel society, a feeling of horror, combined with pity and commiseration, immediately seized upon the minds of the company; while fancy shadowed forth, as a fair specimen of the body, some squalid Paisley weaver, whom sharp misery had worn to the bones—his desperate hand armed with a sithe or pike, and haply entrenched behind a "dry stane dyke" awaiting the attack of Mr. ———'s dragoons. Look upon that picture, and then upon this—where, in the foreground, you will see Mr. Attwood addressing a multitude of respectable well-dressed tradesmen, who occupy a measureless perspective before him. Such is the change which a few years have produced. They are now a mighty and a resolute body, destined for great good—or evil."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

For good, we have no doubt. The grand principle of the Radical or Independent Reformers is, "The greatest happiness of the greatest number." How can such a principle, steadily kept in view, lead to any thing but good?

Let us consider who the champions of Radical Reform are. Whose political writings have most completely developed the true principle of social order? Those of the father of Radicalism, the illustrious Bentham. What great writer of the present day is most distinguished for high moral and political principle? The Editor of the *Examiner*,—a gifted apostle of Radicalism. Who, among the patriots of the day, has laboured with most zeal and success, in the arena of Parliament, for the true interests of his country? Joseph Hume,—another apostle of Radicalism. Who will say that these men and their disciples work for evil? The *Quarterly Review*, with a felicity of idea worthy of Castlereagh, who talked of men turning their backs upon themselves, declares that it is necessary to *protect the people from themselves*. But the *Quarterly* may rest satisfied that the Radical Reformers, that is the people, will not act contrary to their own interests. There have been many instances of the people not understanding their real interests, or being wholly neglectful of them; but there are no instances of their rulers acting better for them than they would do for themselves. The population of a few towns or districts may, for a short time, lend too willing an ear to local teachers of a false doctrine; but small harm can result from such a cause. In the first place, the people of those places will not receive a merely specious but deceptive doctrine from any but men whom they believe to be honest in their intentions towards all ranks, as well as zealous for the people's interest. To say that any large class of the people would listen to any thing which they perceive to be unjust, is a gross calumny. 2dly, Besides its being necessary, that the false doctrine, to delude any, should come from a man believed to be honest, and should have the *appearance*, to the minds of the people, of being just; if it is to endure for any length of time even in its own district, it must be able to stand the attack of the press, the pulpit, and all the intelligence of the place, the discussions of public assemblies, meetings of the different parishes, of the several crafts; and also, that continual discussion in private circles, which every doctrine of importance is sure to receive before being generally received by the population of a town or district. Lastly, the false doctrine has to encounter the attack of all the intelligence of the other towns or districts, and must overcome it all, ere the error can be so extensively received as to be productive of danger. This last security can scarcely be supposed to fail, in a country where brutal ignorance does not prevail. Of the safety of the great body of our working population from false doctrines, we feel perfectly assured, even at present; and when the taxes on knowledge shall be removed, it will be impossible for false doctrines, either to spread abroad to other districts, or to maintain their existence in those places where they have arisen. In our present state of comparative darkness, what harm has Mr. Attwood's currency doctrines done? Only a part of the population of Birmingham has been for a time led to believe in them, as coming from so worthy a man; while everywhere else these doctrines have been exposed, and fallen harmless. Instead of support from other Unions, the Birmingham Union has, in this instance, met with nothing but ridicule. Cobbett's Equitable Adjustment has had a little better reception, because it is a much better way of doing the same thing. But there is not one town in Scotland, and we doubt if there are three in England, where the Equitable Adjustment would be carried by the votes of the working classes. Through out the whole country the scheme would be scouted as it deserves, were there any thought of its being carried into effect. Cobbett's attacks on sinecures, pensions, &c. were most effective during his late progress through Scotland, while his argu-

ments against paper money, or rather his abuse of it, made not the slightest impression.

The Radical Reformers are not a *party*, in the usual sense of the word; they are no set of men of the same opinions, united for the common purpose of ousting the party in power from their places, and obtaining power and place themselves, as well as currency for their particular opinions. They are too numerous, being in fact the *people*, to form a party; and their views and doctrines are in many respects dissimilar. In only one important point they agree,—that the good of the people, the just, and the true, is to be sought, and every thing inconsistent with these objects rejected. They support a Reforming Government, by supporting Reform; and do not profess to support Reform only by supporting a Reforming Government. Every man sincerely attached to the principle of Reform, for its own sake, and not for the sake of a party or set of men, is a Radical Reformer. From Reformers of such a description, much good is to be expected; from such men no evil is to be dreaded.

The *Times* has given the independent Reformers a new title. After describing them, with all its usual force of language and carelessness of truth, as the friends of anarchy and spoliation, it has bestowed on them the emphatic title of "Destructives." The object of the independent Reformers is, with much fury, declared to be the destruction of the institutions of the country, the demolition of the Constitution. Of late years, we have heard much of the destruction of the Constitution. We should be sorry to believe the Constitution so very ricketty as it is represented by many of those who pretend to be its best friends. These gentry remind us of an impostor steward, in one of Mrs Centlivre's plays, who gave a false account of a feeble old gentleman's sudden death; adding, "that he was very subject to it." The Constitution is always dying, it would appear. According to Tory notions, it was destroyed by Catholic Emancipation; by the repeal of Test and Corporation Acts; and, a third time by the Reform Bill. It is plain, from each of these Acts having been described by the Tories as destructive of the Constitution, that "the Constitution" must, with them, have meant, Protestant and Prelatic ascendency, and the Rotten Burghs. When the *Times* uses the Tory cry of "the destruction of the Constitution," we wish it would tell us plainly what it means. The Radical Reformers do not threaten to destroy the House of Commons, nor Royalty, nor even the House of Lords. It cannot, therefore, be what is vulgarly understood by *The Constitution* that the *Times* means by that term. The Radical Reformers insist for the destruction of Monopolies. Can the Constitution, with the *Times*, mean Monopolies? The Radicals call for the destruction of Pensions and Sinecures. Are Pensions and Sinecures the Constitution? They ask the Ballot and Short Parliaments. Are the Septennial Act and compulsory voting (or, as it is falsely termed, the *influence* of property,) the Constitution? The Independent Reformers ask for equality, not toleration, of religious rights. Is the supremacy of one church out of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Catholic, to say nothing of the many other forms of Christian worship, and the compulsory payment by one man for another man's spiritual teacher, the Constitution? The same honest Reformers demand the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge. Is the ignorance of the people the Constitution? Which of these things is the Constitution which the *Times* says, the Radicals wish to destroy? Is it any, or all of them?

THE MINISTRY AND THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.—It has been proved by the issue of the Elections, that the Whig Ministry has the support of a vast majority of the middle classes of England and Scotland, if not of Ireland. Few Tories have got into Parliament; and still fewer avowed Radical Reformers; although not a few of those members, who call themselves Whigs, and profess to support the present Ministry, are in reality Independent or Radical Reformers, and will only support those acts of the Ministry, which they shall think right. But even making allowance for these, the Ministry will have a decided majority of the House of Commons to support any question they may chuse to make a Ministerial one. It will be impossible for them to plead the want of power to carry any *good* measure, which they are known seriously to wish carried. The country has, therefore, a right to expect that they will proceed with vigour in those Reforms for which alone a Reform in the Representation was desired. There is one measure, which, if they will give quickly, we shall, for our own parts, allow the Ministry credit for a sincere desire to give, in due time, every other Reform, which the true interest of the people shall dictate; we allude to the Abolition of the TAXES on KNOWLEDGE. Let the light of political knowledge shine freely upon all classes, and no abuse, no fallacy, can long exist. Knowledge is to the health of the popular mind, what free air is to the health of the body. Those who wish the people to possess the means of political instruction, must intend to govern them by the conviction of their understandings, and not by force or improper influences; and that Ministry which excludes knowledge from the poor, must as certainly mean to govern for their own interest, and not that of the naiton. By this infallable test we shall try the patriotism of Ministers.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved on the 3d of December, and the writs for the election of the members of the New Parliament are returnable on the 29th of January. The last of the boroughmonger Parliaments is thus brought to an end, and a new era opens on the country with the commencement of the present year. Public attention has been almost solely directed to the general election, but the early period at which we must go to press, prevents us from recording the result. As far as we can judge from the elections which have already taken place, we may anticipate a great victory for the friends of liberty and order. In London, the whole sixteen members are liberal, not a single Tory being returned. Many of the new members are pledged to support the vote by ballot, and the shortening of the duration of Parliament; measures which are absolutely necessary to complete the reform in the Parliamentary representation.

IRELAND.—All proceedings for the recovery of tithes have been suspended during the general election. The prosecutions which have hitherto taken place, have had very little effect in enforcing the payment of tithes. A change of policy in the management of Ireland is loudly required, for the proceedings of Mr. Stanley have all but driven the country into rebellion. The question of the repeal of the union daily gains supporters; and it is not wonderful, considering that Ireland has been so long treated rather like a conquered country, than as an integral part of the British dominions. That the repeal is a measure fraught with evil to all the three kingdoms, but more especially to Ireland, we cannot doubt. There is little chance of a British and Irish Parliament going on for any considerable time without serious collisions, which will ultimately result in a separation of the countries.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The French ministry are much stronger than was anticipated. The address at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies was carried by a triumphant majority of 233 to 114. An attempt was made to assassinate the king on his way to the Chamber on the 19th ult.; at least a pistol was fired at him, but whether it contained a ball or not is uncertain; and many entertain strong suspicions that the whole affair was got up by the police. The supposed assassin has not yet been apprehended. The expedition against the Dutch is popular in France.

SPAIN.—The Queen's party has great difficulty in keeping head against the Carlists; and the death of the King, who still continues in a weak state of health, will, in all probability, be the signal for a civil war. A serious conspiracy, which was to have been attempted in Madrid in favour of Don Carlos on the 5th of November, was fortunately discovered in time to prevent it being carried into effect. The conspirators were supported by the body guards, and the scheme embraced nothing less than the assassination of the King, Queen, and Infantas, and all who had declared for the new system of government. The Spanish Liberals are, in general, unwilling to avail themselves of the late amnesty offered them, fearing that its protection would be at an end whenever either of the contending factions obtained a decided superiority.

PORTUGAL.—The Marquis Palmella has returned to this country with the view of endeavouring to prevail on our Ministry to recognise the government of Donna Maria. He has not, however, succeeded in this object, though great exertions are making by the French government to induce our government to take this step. Don Pedro is at present completely shut up at Oporto. He has been long blockaded by the Miguelites on the land side; and by means of a fort erected by them at the mouth

of the Douro, they have completely cut off his communications by sea. Several vessels which went from this country with provisions and reinforcements have in consequence been forced to return. A vessel which sailed from the Clyde for Oporto with about 450 recruits, was wrecked off the coast of Galway, and all on board perished.

BELGIUM and HOLLAND.—General Chassé, the Dutch commandant of the Citadel of Antwerp, having refused to surrender the Citadel when summoned, in name of Britain and France, on the 30th November, commenced the same day firing on the French in the trenches, which they had begun on the night of the 29th November. The French did not return the fire seriously until the 4th ultimo. They continue to push on the siege with much vigour; and it is now certain that the Dutch will defend themselves to the last extremity. The fire on both sides is tremendous. The city has hitherto been spared the horrors of bombardment, but how long it may escape is a matter of uncertainty. The Dutch army, though in great force in the immediate neighbourhood, has made no attempt to raise the siege, and no hostilities have yet taken place between the French and Dutch armies. Prussia still maintains a powerful force on the Dutch and Belgian frontier, but does not seem prepared to take active measures against France. The state of the finances of Russia, and the failure of the attempt to raise a loan in London, as well as the season of the year, prevent her assisting the Dutch; though little doubt is entertained, that the proceedings of the British and French governments on the Dutch question, are most galling to her government.

TURKEY and EGYPT.—It appears by news from Constantinople of the 10th November, that Ibrahim Pacha, after giving his army nearly two months' rest, has resumed offensive operations. He commenced by taking possession of the defiles of Cilicia, and, having dispersed a corps of Turks assembled to oppose him at Ereckli, entered Koniah on the 1st November.—Koniah (the ancient Iconium) is half way between the frontiers of Syria and Constantinople. This news is said to have hastened the departure of the Grand Vizier for the army. The Turkish fleet entered the Hellespont on the 5th ult. The Egyptian fleet had returned to the harbour of Suda. The ravages of the plague at Constantinople were on the decline.

STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

DECEMBER, 1832.

IT is pleasing to observe that the true principles of commerce continue to gain ground, notwithstanding all the efforts of the supporters of the system of protections.—The progress of just and liberal sentiments in France is most cheering. The merchants and manufacturers of Lyons have earnestly expressed their conviction, that the protecting system, injurious as it needs must be to all, is yet far more so to the party which inflicts it, than to those against whom it is in intention directed. Their petition to the Chambers, praying for a relaxation of duties on foreign, and especially British articles of manufacture, breathes a spirit as wise as it is benevolent.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURERS are well employed, and the large demand which they now have for the home market is clearing off the heavy stock of goods they had accumulated. They also find their payments come in punctually; which speaks well for the situation of the drapers. The foreign trade is improving. The wages are, however, low at Glasgow. A weaver may work industriously from fourteen to sixteen hours each day, and yet earn no more than five shillings a-week.

THE FLANNEL TRADE in the West of England is brisk. Fine pieces meet with a ready sale, and low-priced goods are also in demand. A slight advance has taken place in dyed goods.

IN WOOLLEN CLOTHS there is a declension of the demand. Some orders for army cloth have been received, but the prices offered are so extremely low that it is difficult to find clothiers to undertake the working of them. There is some demand for merinos and the finer qualities of stuff goods; but with regard to low-priced articles, the market is extremely flat.

THE WORSTED STUFF TRADE continues in a very good state; all the mills are fully employed, and the markets are regularly brisk.

SILK TRADE.—The silk-weaving in

the neighbouring towns round Manchester is moderately brisk; fancy weavers particularly inquired for; very few of the sarcenet weavers have to wait for work, although wages are uncommonly low. The sarcenet weaver cannot earn, on an average, more than 8s. per week; the fancy weaver may earn about 12s. At Paisley, though blue dresses are rather dull, flushed trimmings continue brisk.

The turn-out of the weavers at Macclesfield, has been accommodated by the masters agreeing to a rise in the wages of the workmen.

THE LEATHER TRADE.—This trade has been extremely flat and depressed for the last twelve months, and prices have been so low, as in many cases not to leave the tanners a profit. It now, however, appears that prices have passed their lowest ebb, and that the tanners have again the prospect of realizing a fair return for their capital.—The stock of leather at present on hand is very limited, as compared with that of last year at this season; a good deal of leather has been sold of late, and some articles are becoming scarce, and looking up in prices. Stout foreign backs are now scarce, and have advanced considerably in prices. Good calf-skins, Spanish and German horse hides, are also scarce, and advanced in prices. Crops are getting in short supply also, and looking upwards. Shaved hides are now the dullest article in the market; but when other articles have improved in prices, they may naturally be expected to follow soon.

WHALE OIL.—It appears from an account of the Davis' Straits and Greenland whale fishery for 1832, that 81 ships had been employed, of which five were lost. The produce of this fishery has been 12,578 tuns of 252 gallons each, and the quantity of whalebone was about 670 tons weight, valued at about L.100,000. The value of the oil was L.250,000. The number of seamen employed was nearly 4000.

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S TEA SALE.—On the 3d ult., the East India Company's December sale of teas commenced at the India House. The total quantity of the several descriptions of teas declared for the present quarterly sale, was 8,300,000, consisting of the following descriptions:—viz., 1,900,000lbs. of Bohea; 4,900,000lbs. of Congou, Campoe, Pekoe, and Souchong; 1,120,000lbs. of Twankay; and 300,000lbs. of Hyson. As compared with the last sale, the present declaration shows a deficiency of 100,000lbs.; the decrease in the two first qualties being 100,000lbs. in each, while in Twankays there is an increase of 100,000lbs. The sale was fully attended, and the biddings were animated. The first breaks of Boheas realized from 1s. 11½d. to 1s. 11¾d. per pound, which will render them liable only to the 96 per cent duty. The prices obtained averaged rather higher than those obtained at the September sale.

AGRICULTURE.—The weather has continued on the whole favourable for the sowing of wheat, and there are few years in which the seed has been put in the ground under more favourable circumstances. Little variation has taken place on the Grain Markets, although the tendency on the whole is upwards. The price of cattle, which had risen considerably in the month of November, sunk a little in the beginning of last month, and the dealers who sold the cattle they had purchased at Doune Fair in the Border markets lost considerably. Markets have, however, again revived, and the demand for fat cattle is on the increase. The horse markets have been rather brisk. At Newtonstewart horse market, on the 24th November, five-year-old farm-horses brought about L.40, three and four-year-old horses about L.35, and two-year-old horses L.30. At Castle Douglas fair, on the 4th December, the demand for horses, of a fair quality, was good, and the business was great. There were nearly 600 horses exposed. The best pair of draught horses brought L.80, and the highest price for a carriage mare was L.50.

Nothing is so difficult to sell at present as Landed Estates. The impending change in the Corn Laws prevents speculation or the investment of money in land. Many good judges consider the present a favourable time for purchasing land, being convinced that no change in the Corn Laws can materially depress corn below the prices of late years. The rapid increase of the population of Europe, as well as of this country, is the great preventative of a permanent low price of agricultural produce, for it is improbable that any improvements in agriculture can keep pace with the population. Over Europe, therefore, recourse must yearly be had to soils of constantly decreasing fertility, and hence, the amount of labour of the agriculturist to produce the same quantity of grain must inevitably augment.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE literary increase of the last month exceeds all ordinary limits. The biographers muster strong, the young poets come forth singing in bands, the novellists are in formidable force, and the class *miscellaneous* exceeds calculation. To our regret and disappointment, a bare dry notice is all we can accord to the merits of some, and a mere intimation of existence must supply what we should have liked to say of others.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY W. WEIR, ADVOCATE.* Besides the maxim, that "fools and bairns should not see half done work," we have an objection to thrusting the first published Memoir of the first man of his age and country, into a nook of this Magazine. Ampler space is required to do justice to both the writer and the subject. The former, who already enjoys a considerable local reputation, if he be not in very truth "the rose and expectancy of our literary state," comes forward avowing his name, and staking his reputation upon his work. All, therefore, that we propose doing, till the book be completed, is to notice that it is in course of publication, and excites a great sensation in our literary circles. The Part published, relates to the childhood, boyhood, and youth of Sir Walter. It is full of interest and beauty.

SELECTIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. BY S. AUSTIN.† In this volume, which is introduced by a very modest preface, the Hebrew Scriptures are, without in the least disturbing the literal text, so arranged as to form separate books, sections, and lessons of some length, illustrative of Scripture doctrines and precepts. The plan will be at once understood, when we mention that one book is devoted to the attributes of God, another to the condition, duties, and destinies of man; and that under the last one, there are such sections, as *Duties of Children*, *Humanity*, *Humility*, &c. This is a useful and loving labour for the young and the uninstructed, and should be so received by parents, and all who have the religious interests of their humbler fellow-creatures at heart.

MR. KNOWLES' TALES.‡ Mr. Knowles has done himself the justice, and the public the kindness, to collect his strays and *waifs* into the penfold of one small volume, instead of permitting them to ramble where few could see them, through Magazines and Annuals. The Tales bear animated traces of the author of the *Hunchback*, but cannot add much to his reputation. Our favourites are *Love and Authorship*; and the story of the Bastile.

THE AMULET.*—The *Amulet* is, so to speak, a religious annual, *par excellence*. If not told this on the title-page, we should conclude the present volume to be much like its less professing contemporaries. The *Amulet* contains some pretty, a few good, and a great many so-so pieces, and the usual number of engravings; of which the *The Gentle Student*, *The Evening Star*, *The English Mother*, and perhaps the *Duchess of Richmond*, are *pretending*; while *The Theft of the Cap*, *The Young Navigators*, and the vignette, *The Golden Age*, are really beautiful. There is, besides, a portrait of John Kemble, in the character of Cato, painted by Sir T. Lawrence, and beautifully engraved. But altogether, there is too much Lawrence. *Grace Huntly* is a pleasing tale, by Mrs. Hall; and the *Wonders of the Lane*, are verses in the best manner of the author of Corn Law Rhymes. There are several things, but none very noticeable, by L.E.L., and a slight sketch, *Soldiers' Wives*, by the Rev. Charles Tayler, much to our mind. Every thing the pen and burin of the annuals could do to please and attract, has been done for the *Amulet*.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.†—Our manhood and literary taste apart, we should not scruple to confess that we generally like the *annuals* of the juveniles, much better than those *got up* for the ancients or the *adolescents*. This of Ackerman's is always a charming one, and was never more so than for 1833. The ladies who contribute so much to these pretty volumes, seem to feel more at home and at their ease in the nursery, than when striving to minister to the caprices of the over-grown, spoiled children on the floor below. Yes the floor below; for every body knows that it is the custom of England to send the children to the attics, and keep the best rooms sacred to the bronzes, or-molu ornaments, and China, and other gregarious monsters, dead and alive. Miss Landon contributes some sweet verses for a print, (the *Grandmother*, a clever picture by Fraser,) and a pretty and fanciful, if not very probable, *Indian Tale*. Mary Howitt writes the *Sailor's Wife*; and her verses are much better than so gawky looking a Sailor's wife deserves. *The First Sad Lesson*, by Miss Bowles, is the finest thing in the volume; full of pathos and beauty.

* Ireland, Junior, Edinburgh. Part I. With Portrait of Sir Walter. Pp. 99.
† Effingham Wilson, London. Pp. 304.
‡ Moxon, London. Pp. 6.

* Westly and Davis, London.
† Ackerman, London.

POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL. BY M. MOTHERWELL.* The public has, in this instance, forestalled critical judgments. Its testimony is applausive and unanimous. Mr. Motherwell's stray pieces, which already enjoy a most extensive and genial kind of popularity, are here collected into a handsome small volume, well fitted to occupy an honoured place in any select modern cabinet collection of favourite authors. It is needless to say how well we conceive this volume entitled to a distinguished nook.

POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON.† Mr. Tennyson's new volume contains many good and a few beautiful pieces; but it scarcely comes up to our high-raised expectations of the author of the *Poems chiefly Lyrical*. We must return to it more at leisure.

THE BROKEN HEART, A METRICAL TALE.‡ This is a rather unlucky subject, redeemed by much that it is beautiful in thought, feeling, and language; though, as an entire poem, the production is more distinguished by elegance and careful elaboration, than force of imagination, or the simplicity of conscious power.

THE WANDERING BARD AND OTHER POEMS.§ This is one of those poems of which a certain number appear every year, and the average of which has of late years prodigiously increased. In the *Wandering Bard*, there is a thread of story; but the poem is chiefly sentimental and contemplative. The writer is more eminent in the spirit than in the sleight of his craft. He assuredly wants the organ of tune, if he possesses the ordinary number of fingers, which might partly have supplied its place, and spared us many rugged lines.

MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNEY, BY HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME D'ARBLAY.‖ Those—and they are many—with whom the authoress of Evelina and Camilla, is a love and a memory of youth, will eagerly open these volumes, be, perhaps, at first somewhat disappointed, but again return to their perusal, and find some true, though sadly faded images of what was once so delightful. Among the many volumes of reminiscences we have lately had, these are entitled to hold a high place, all eminence being comparative. But with something to interest and instruct, there is certainly a good deal that is tedious, and a prodigious deal that is *de trop*. If it were not felt becoming in critics to look reverentially at Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs of her father through the veil of Miss Burney's early fame, there would be knitting of brows, if not decided marks of languor, and disapprobation of much of her books. It has always struck us that Mrs. Thrale's *coterie*, and, still worse, the small place in the court of Queen Charlotte, spoiled and chilled our originally charming, natural, and lively Miss Burney. When Burke, on the appearance of her second novel, said, "Die to-night, Miss Burney!" he spoke as the true prophet of her literary reputation, which was crowned by Camilla, and thenceforth declined and fell.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE JOHN MASON GOOD. BY OLINTHUS GREGORY.* The life of this truly excellent man forms the seventh volume of the *Select Library*. The first section, containing the Life, is of interest. The second, which is a review of his publications, is occasionally prolix.

THE BUCCANEER, BY MRS. HALL.† This romance comes under the class historical, we presume, from Cromwell and Milton being occasionally introduced, and the former, with his family, mixed up with the narrative. It is a work in character somewhere between the romances of the American Cooper, and those of Mr. Horace Smith; and the agents are, as in those cases, bravoes, knaves, ruffiers, odd people of the olden time, wild beldames, and daring outlaws. The story possesses considerable interest from the progress of the plot, but more from the descriptions and characters. There is a heroic and devoted Constance, contrasted with a lively Lady Frances, a daughter of the Protector; but these ladies are neither so rich nor rare as a certain charming Barbara, the waiting damsel of the former. She is the daughter of the Buccaneer, and a true and original woman, delineated with feminine delicacy and grace. A very delightful chapter, referring to a period of ten years subsequent to the events which close the tale, concludes the work most happily.

OTTERBOURNE, A ROMANCE.‡ This, which is a tale of the chivalry of the Borders, is not, in our judgment, among the most successful of Mr. James's romances; or perhaps we are getting tired of the thing altogether. The story relates to the state of the Borders, and of the kingdoms of England and Scotland previously to the battle from which the romance takes its name. Save mannerism and rigid truth of costume, there is nothing remarkable in the book. The author is more happy in catching, not the language, not the idiom, but the queer words of the age he depicts, than its spirit; and with human

* Robertson, Glasgow. Pp. 232.
† Moxon, London. Pp. 163.
‡ Tait, Edinburgh. Pp. 147.
§ Anderson, Junior, Edinburgh. Pp. 135.
‖ In 3 vols. 8vo. Moxon, London.

* Fisher, and Fisher and Jackson, London. Pp. 328.
† Bentley, London. 3 vols.
‡ Bentley, London. 3 vols.

nature at large, his characters have small concern. There are two fair cousins, a blush and a pale rose, and a sweet and a dignified maiden; there are domineering and ferocious chiefs, and a gallant squire of low degree, who deserves to win, and does win his spurs, and a fair lady and her broad lands; and there is also Harry Hotspur himself, and battles, captures, and escapes in large abundance, and still there is much wanting to make even a tolerably good imitation of Sir Walter; which in the historical romance is all that any one now looks for.

TALES OF THE MANSE.* We are to have more *Tales of the Manse*, and the second series is to be about the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Charles Cranston*. The present is a romance or legend of *St. Kentigern*, the scene of which is laid in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale during the sixth century. It might as well have been entitled the fast of the Druids. The choice of the subject shows knowledge and power of imagination, but whether directed in the way most likely to be generally popular, is a matter of grave doubt. The tale is introduced by a lively editor's preface, connecting it with the *Manse*, and by a second preface, introducing the story which restores the rites of Baal, and the wild superstitions of Druid worship, in times when Drumsech the Plump, and Lidel the Lank were the chieftains of Strathclyde, instead of Mr. Hamilton of Dalzell and Lord Corehouse. The writer shews considerable power of description, and of simple pathos, as in the dying scene of the poor dwarf, the faithful tried servant of Prince Rederec, for such was the high style of the great Westland lairds 1200 years ago. The lesser ones loved "nappy ale," and caroused o' nights much as at the present day; and very pleasant it is to us to hear about them in ST. KENTIGERN.

THE EXCITEMENT† is a neat small volume of selections, published annually, and intended to *excite* young persons to read, and thus gain information; and also with the farther object, or hope, that if the faculty of attention be awakened to any one object, it may easily be directed to another more valuable. The selections are judiciously adapted to this beneficial purpose; and, besides this, the *Excitement* makes a pleasing miscellaneous compilation of facts, wonders, and adventures.

THE INFANT ANNUAL.‡ Unless reading and writing do come by nature, it is not likely that the INFANT ANNUAL can be otherwise than a sealed book. The *Infant Annual* is, nevertheless, a nice, neat, pretty nursery *tome*, for childhood, if not for infancy. Some of its little stories are really touching. "*My own Infancy*, in spite of the Evil One," is one of these; and another is *Poor Bessy*, and a third, *My Brothers and Sisters*. But the *Frosty Day* is not so right; and mamma should not tell her darling, with the tippet and cloak, and shoes and stockings, that the poor little girls sliding on the ice barefooted are "quite happy," with "their little *pink* feet and toes, just like pigeons' toes," and that "they don't feel it, because they are accustomed to it." We can assure the "little darlings" that the poor boys and girls *do* feel it, and that it will be the duty of the children with the shoes and tippets, if they are good children, as soon as possible, to think how they may best contribute to obtaining for the *pink*-toed children, comforts which are equally necessary or agreeable to all children; and, in order to do this, they must not be brought up in the belief that though the poor bear, they do not feel, hardship. The cook, when she flayed the eels alive, believed they were used to it, and did not feel it; but she was mistaken. The moral of all this is, that children's books are most difficult compositions.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, Vol. X.* *Humboldt's Travels. By Mr. Macgillivray.* It is next to miraculous that this rich mine was left untouched, until it suited the convenience of *Messrs. Oliver and Boyd*, to lay open its wealth to the public. They have done so in another of their neat, well-executed, compendious volumes; and, in one word, have given us the substance of the collected treasures of the first of modern travellers, Humbold for five shillings! We give them thanks for the enterprise; nor do we forget that, unless there were, as in this case, talented Mr. Macgillivrays, to give effect to such literary speculations, and to set in motion the printing-presses, we could have no such publications. To both author and publisher we, therefore, give the honour due, and warmly recommend their joint labours for the amusement and information of mankind.

NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE; OR, STORIES OF AUNT JANE AND HER FRIENDS. By the Author of the "The Diversions of Hollycot," "Clan-Albin," "Elizabeth de Bruce," &c. Second Series.*—The first series of this delightful work is too generally and favourably known to require more at our hands than a simple reference to it. The tone of the second is slightly different from that of its predecessor. There is none of the glowing richness of "The Three Westminster Boys," or the intimacy

* Blackie and Son, Glasgow. Pp. 272.
† Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.
‡ *Ibid.*

* Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.
† *Ibid.*

with the dazzling and fantastic passions of the rich exhibited in "The Two Janes." In return, we have more impressive pictures of the gentle power of self-control, and the rich treasures of household affection. "The Quaker Family" is the most beautifully elaborated picture we have seen of the folly of excessive restraint of the playful emotions. "The Two Scotch Williams" is a tale which is at once similar and dissimilar to that of the Westminster Boys. It traces the progress of the fortunes of two bold and original minds, through an adverse world. The heroes have neither the dark glossy grandeur of Hastings, nor the glittering raciness of Thurlow, nor the plaintive wildness of Cowper; but, in return, they have a strength of purpose, a truth of feeling, and a loftiness of aim, that impresses us with the sense of a simpler and sublimer greatness. "The little Ferryman" displays eminently the author's powers of embuing, with depth of sentiment, the plain pictures of every-day reality. The talents developed in this volume are, in short, different from those displayed in its predecessor, in kind, not in degree. As a mere work of taste, it is eminently delightful; as a work with a moral, it assumes the true station on the confines of the land of imagination and sound judgment. In one word, the author's morals are fitted to advance the pure and practical creed of the citizens of a free island.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Murray is preparing for publication a new Monthly Work, illustrative of the pages of Holy Writ, consisting of Views of the most remarkable places mentioned in the Bible. It will appear in the month of February next, and will be called "Landscape Illustrations of the Old and New Testaments." The Drawings, exclusively made by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. are copied from *original* and *authentic* Sketches taken on the spot by Artists and Travellers—the utmost regard being paid to the fidelity of the views. The Plates will be engraved by William and Edward Finden, and other eminent artists under their superintendence. They will be executed in the best style of the art, and sold at a very moderate price. A detailed Prospectus and a Specimen Plate will be issued immediately.

Dr. Boot is preparing for publication, in two octavo volumes, to be published in January, a Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong, late Physician of the Fever Institution of London, and author of Practical Illustrations of Typhus and Scarlet Fever; to which will be added, an Inquiry into the Facts connected with those Forms of Fever attributed to Malaria and Marsh Effluvium.

Mr. Hurst is preparing for publication, in Monthly Volumes, The Dramatic Library, comprising all the Standard Dramas in the English Language. Illustrated with Remarks Critical and Biographical, forming a complete History of the English Stage during its most interesting periods. The first volume will be published on the 1st of January, 1833.

The Dramatised Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart, uniform with the Dramatic Library, is also preparing for publication, and will be ready for delivery on the 15th of January next.

Mr. Taylor has a Life of Cowper nearly ready for publication, which will contain a more complete view of the Poet's religious character than has hitherto been given to the public; together with a variety of interesting information respecting some parts of his personal history, not before generally known or correctly appreciated. To be comprised in one volume, demy 8vo.

The First Number of the Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, forming a monthly series of highly useful and interesting reading for young people, will appear in a few days. This attractive work will be published at such a moderate price, as to be within the reach of all classes of the community.

Friendship's Offering (the oldest but *one* of the English Annuals) has this season added the talent and Interest of the Winter's Wreath to its other attractions,—the latter work being now combined with it. It retains its usual style of elegant binding, and grand array of highly finished engravings by the first Artists, while its carefully selected literature comprise contributions from the most popular and eminent writers, thus maintaining the high character of excellence for which this Annual has always been distinguished.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, bound in an embossed Morocco cover, is embellished with upwards of sixty most humorous designs by various comic artists, and enriched with facetious contributions by the principal female and other talented writers of the day.

We understand that the new volume of the Continental Annual will this season appear with attractions which no other Annual can possibly exceed, not only in the superiority of its embellishments, which are being engraved in the highest style of the art, from original drawings and paintings by Roberts and Parris, but in its literature, which is exclusively contributed by the talented author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. The New and beautiful style of the binding will also be in accordance with its other attractions.

Capt. Head's Overland Journey from India is now nearly ready for publication, in large folio, with elegant plates, illustrative of India, Arabian and Egyptian scenery, and accompanied by accurate plans and maps. This work will not only form a complete and highly interesting guide-book to the traveller from Bombay to Alexandria, but will gratify the merchant and the politician by showing the practicability and expe-

diency of having, by the Red Sea, a steam communication with our Eastern possessions, and the consequent means of defending them from Russian invasion to which they are at present exposed.

A very excellent work is now at press, entitled The Scripture Manual; or, a Guide to the proper Study and Elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, by a new and corrected arrangement of all those corresponding passages, dispersed throughout the Bible, which relate to the most important subjects, classed under appropriate heads, and in alphabetical order. Designed to set forth, in the pure language of Scripture, the Rule of Faith and Practice, and to afford assistance to family and private devotion.

The Third Part of the Byron Gallery has engravings by Wm. Finden, Bacon, Goodyear, &c., after original designs by Howard, E. C. Wood, Richter, and Corbould. These, we understand, surpass the former numbers of this splendid publication.

Mr. Stephen, the author of The History of the Reformation, has just completed his new work, entitled "The Book of the Constitution, with the Reform Bills abridged," —embracing, amongst a variety of interesting information, our Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Civil and Military States, The Revenue, National Debt, Courts, Feudal System, Poor Laws, Tithes, &c. &c.

A Description of the Chanonry, Cathedral and King's College of Old Aberdeen, in the years 1724-5, illustrated with plates, is nearly ready, in demy 12mo.

On the 1st of January, the first Monthly Volume of a cheap series of Original Novels and Romances, by the most popular authors of Europe and America, conducted by Leitch Ritchie, and Thomas Roscoe; comprising "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," by Leitch Ritchie, author of the "Romance of French History," "Heath's Picturesque Annual," "Turner's (J. M. W.) Annual Tour," (forthcoming,) &c. &c. Banim, Fraser, (Kuzzilbash) Victor Hugo, Galt, and other writers of the first eminence will immediately follow.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Simeon's Works, 2d Portion, 2*l.* 10*s.*
The Waning Church, 12mo, 6*s.*
Hayward's Tenterden's Acts, with New Orders, 5*s.*
Sprague on Revivals of Religion, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*
Powell on Optics, 8vo, 10*s.*
Currie's Burns, diamond edition, royal 24mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Otterbourne, a story of the English Marches, 3 vols., 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*
Chambers' History of Scotland, 2 vols., 15*s.*
Memoirs of Louis XVIII. 2 vols., post 8vo, 21*s.*
Heath's Book of Beauty, 1833, 21*s.*
Nicolas's Report of Claim to the Earldom of Devon, 12*s.*
Hansard's Debates, vol. 12, 3d series, 1*l.* 10*s.*
Arnold's Thucydides, vol. 2, 8vo, 14*s.*
Guerney's Sermons and Prayers, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Morrison's Portraiture of Modern Scepticism, royal 18mo, 4*s.*
Nights of the Round Table, 12mo, 2nd series, 5*s.*
Edinburgh Cabinet Library, (Humboldt's Travels,) vol. 10. 5*s.*
Paris, or the Book of the Hundred and One, 3 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Tales and Conversations, by Emily Cooper, 3*s.*
Lanzi's History of Painting, 6 vols., 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.*, 6*d.*
Anstice's Greek Choric Poetry post, 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*
Peter Parley's Tales, 280 cuts, 12mo, 5*s.*
Anatomy of the Horse, 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Draper's Life of Penn, royal 32mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Pickering's Statutes, 8vo, 2 & 3 William IV. 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*
Valpy's Classical Library, vol. 36, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Valpy's Shakespeare, vol. 2, 5*s.*
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 37, 6*s.*
Brodie on the Urinary Organs, 8vo, 8*s.*
Alderson on Cholera at Hull, 8vo, 5*s.*
Edgeworth's Novels, vol. 8, 5*s.*
Arrowsmith's Grammar of Modern Geography, 12mo, 6*s.*
Arrowsmith's Modern Atlas, 8vo, 7*s.*
Moral Life, 8vo, 15*s.*
The Buccanneer, 3 vols., 1*l.*, 11*s.* 6*d.*
Album Wreath for 1833, 4to, 1*l.* 4*s.*
Four Lectures on the Study and Practice of Medicine, 5*s.*
Poems by the author of Corn Law Rhymes, 5*s.*
The Broken Heart, a Poem, 5*s.*
Bellegarde, the Adopted Indian, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 10*s.*
Magazine of Natural History, vol, 5, 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*
Cole's Renegade, and other Poems, 6*s.*
Philips on the Uretha, &c., 8vo, 8*s.*
Rogerson on Inflammation, vol. 1, 8vo, 15*s.*
Britton's Picture of London, with Maps, 6*s.*
Lloyd's Winter Lectures, 8vo, 12*s.*
Letters of Sir Walter Scott to the Rev. R. Polwhele, &c., post 8vo, 4*s.*
Select Library, vol 7.
Memoir of Dr. Mason Good, 6*s.*
Jones's Biographical Sketches of the Reform Ministers, 8vo, 18*s.*
Austin's Selections from the Old Testament, royal 12mo, 5*s.*
Count Pecchio's Observations on England, 8vo, 10*s* 6*d.*
Gesenis's Hebrew Lexicon, 8vo, 1*l.* 5*s.*
Principles of Population, 8vo, 10*s.*
Year of Liberation, 2 vols., 8vo, 18*s.*
Sir A. B. Faulkner's Visit to Germany, 2 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, vol. 4, 8vo, 14*s.*
Biblical Cabinet, 5*s.*
Girdlestone's Commentary on the New Testament, 9*s.*
Tennyson's Poems, 6*s.*
Shelley's Masque of Anarchy, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Mrs Marcet's Stories for Young Children, 18mo, 2*s.*

The Happy Week, 18mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Brown's Zoological Text Book, 2 vols., royal 18mo, bds.
Mudie's Guide to the Observation of Nature, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Brown's Taxidermist's Manual, 12mo, bds., 4*s.* 6*d.*
Fleetwood; Standard Novels, 6*s.*
Bell on the Liver, 8vo, bds. 6*s.*
Selections from the Old Testament, or the Religion, Morality, and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, arranged under Heads. By Sarah Austin.
America: a Moral and Political Sketch. By Achilles Murat, son of the late King of the two Sicilies.
Goethe, drawn from near personal intercourse. A posthumous work of Johanne Talk. Translated by Sarah Austin.
The Nautical Magazine, vol. 1, containing the most authentic information relating to Maritime Affairs in general, in bds., 11*s.* 6*d.*
Atkinson on the Marketable Tithes, 8vo, 1*l.* 4*s.*
Shelford on the Law of Lunatics, 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*
Outlines of Pathology, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Outlines of Physiology and Pathology, 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Turner's Annual Tour of Views on the Loire, 21 plates, royal 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*
Records of Travels in Turkey and Greece, &c., in the years 1829-30-31, 2 vols., 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
East India Register and Directory for 1833, 10*s.*
Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern, 8vo, 12*s.*
Coventry on the Stamp Laws, 8vo, 15*s.*
Lodge's Genealogy of British Peerages, post 8vo, 16*s.*
Mainwaring's Instructive Gleanings, &c., from Writers on Painting, &c., 8vo, 6*s.*
Vale of Light and Vale of Death, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Rev. R. Hall's Works, vol. 6, 16*s.*
Lights and Shadows of German Life, 2 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*
A Harmony of the Four Gospels, 8vo, 12*s.*
Historical, Geographical, and Pictorial Chart of the Gospel, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
Lodge's New Peerage for 1833, post 8vo, 16*s.*
Tales of the Manse, 12mo, 6*s.*
Pigott's Johannic, 8vo, 6*s.*
Fifty-One Original Fables and Morals, with 85 designs by R. Cruikshank, 8vo, 12*s.*,
Mrs Child's Mother's Story Book, 3*s.*
The Wandering Bard, a Poem, 5*s.*

FINE ARTS.

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON.—PART 9.* No work that ever issued from the press more thoroughly fulfilled the professed objects of the publishers, or realized the expectations raised by the first number than this. Each "Part" is excellent, and, depending upon its own intrinsic merits, needs no complimentary contrast, or estimation by degrees of comparison with its predecessor. The contents of the present number are: 1. Cape Leucadia—Copley Fielding. 2. Venice—Harding, from a Sketch by Lady Scott. 3. Cork Convent, Cintra—Stanfield. 4. Castle of Ferrara—Prout. 5. Ianthe—Westall. 6. Petrarch's Tomb—Cattermole. 7. Seville—E. Finden. Fielding has made a beautiful drawing of the Cape, and the Lover's Leap; the water in the *foreground* is liquidity itself. Harding's Venice is a charming picture. Prout, that living parallelogram, in his Castle of Ferrara, is as square as usual. Finden's Seville, is a sweet little vignette; ditto, Petrarch's Tomb by Cattermole. The extraordinary pictures of this extraordinary and curiously-named man, must, we should think, well nigh defy engraving altogether. Every figure and every outline, thanks to Mr Finden, is here *distinct*; we should like to see the original. It is good that we are old in age, and withered of substance, else how should we mouth and babble about *Ianthe*, thou pattern of excelling sweetness! Truly, Mr Westall, you must have made the young blood of many a fiery-mooded boy leap in his very veins at this face of yours; she is,

——"But words are wanting to say what,—
Think what a girl should be, and she is that."

It is a pleasure, however, to find fault with what we cannot enjoy,—the outline of the nose is unlovely:—confident we are right!

* Murray and Tilt, London.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. No. 9. (No. 8, lost, mislaid, or not received.) This pleasing little work continues to 'hold on the even tenor of its way;' and those who originally patronized it as a fitting illustration to the possessed productions of the most popular author of our times, have no reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which the task is proceeding. *Fast Castle*, representing the residence of the Master of Ravenswood, is an appalling place to look upon: desolation, dim, dark, and dismal, reigns throughout the scene. The other scenes—the Links of Eyemouth, Dunstaffnage, Inverary Pier, are pretty drawings. "Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter," says the quotation from the Antiquary;

and Mr Wright has illustrated the passage, by the portrait of a sweet placid-faced child, beaming out innocence and undisquieted adolescence.—But who will regard its inaptitude!

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD, &c. No. 2. The plates in this number are the "Interior of Christ Church Cathedral, and the Exterior of the Library;" together with five wood-cuts, all clever and all creditable. When completed, if completed as it commences, the work will be a very acceptable addition to the library of the historian.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE. Part 2.*—When first we stumble upon the happy thoughts of clever people, we are always surprised that they never occurred before, or to ourselves; and accordingly, when first were placed before us these illustrations, we could not, for the soul of us, conceive how this glorious mine of the rich and the beautiful should have so long remained unwrought and even unthought of. Compared with the sister arts, sculpture has been hitherto confined to the admiration of the few; for few have had the opportunities of appreciating its true value, which the advantage of multiplied representations would have afforded. The obscuring curtain, however, is now drawn aside, and the vision of all that is noble in form and excellent in conception—the palpable embodiment of the essential soul in its loftiest flights, and its holiest exercises, displayed in the imagined perfection of human configuration, is now in progress of being disclosed; and very particularly done. We thank and congratulate you, Mr. Hervey, upon the task you have so creditably and chivalrously undertaken.

The work now before us, in its *second* number, justifies the high encomium we passed upon the *first*, considered as the splendid precursor of a publication which we deemed eminently calculated to elevate sculpture to its proper position among the Fine Arts, in the estimation of all classes. From the cordial welcome with which the periodical press has received it, and the influence which the unqualified commendation of persons of cultivated taste is sure to have on the public mind, we have fair reason for believing the object of the publishers will be fully attained, and their efforts correspondingly rewarded. The choicest conceptions of the great minds of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, Flaxman, Westmacott, and other noble spirits thus made beautifully manifest on paper, and enriched (it is hardly too extravagant a word) by the gentle effusions of Mr. Hervey's muse, cannot fail to make way.

The subjects of the present number are—1. CHANTREY'S *Resignation*—2. BAILY'S well-remembered group of a mother and child, here called *Maternal Love*; and 3d. The *Hebe* of THORWALDSEN, "a name which disputed the palm with Canova, during that great artist's life, and has no Continental rival since his death." A non-extensive circulation for such a work as this would be a disgraceful stain upon the national taste.

We have just *glanced* at the *Landscape Annual*, and TURNER'S *Annual Tour*: they both appear to be rich in all that is delightful to the eye, and excellent in art; but the latter, on a rapid survey, seems certainly a production of extraordinary beauty and extraordinary merit. Year after year have we been supposing that the works of this description had reached their climax of perfection, that the lovely in nature had been fairly wrought dry, and that human skill could go no farther; yet, strange to see, every succeeding year throws into comparative shade those which preceded them. Truly nature and art are both exhaustless!

WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The Society's rooms in Suffolk Street have been opened for the *winter* season; they contain a very excellent selection from the works of Reynolds, Lawrence, Northcote, and other distinguished artists, which will well repay the connoisseur, and be meat for the minds of young aspirants for digesting.

A similar Exhibition is opened at *Exeter Hall*. We have not yet visited it, but report speaks very favourably of the selection.

* Relfe and Unwin.

THE DRAMA.

EDINBURGH.—At the THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH, we have had De Begnis' Italian Company, performing for some weeks the best Operas to full houses. We are glad that the reception of this Company of excellent performers has been such as they deserved. Since the departure of the Italians, we have had Rob Roy, and our other standard Dramas, performed by the Edinburgh Company to comparatively empty benches. By and by, however, we expect to see the Theatre

filled in every part with merry faces, expanding with glee at the drolleries of an excellent Christmas Pantomime. Murray gets up these things well.

LONDON.—We regret to say that the non-arrival of our London correspondent's remarks on the theatrical events of the month till the last moment allowed us for going to press, prevents our doing more than abstracting the gist of them. At Drury Lane, OTHELLO has been several times repeated, with a success which the resuscitation of Kean's original powers, and the excellent acting of Macready were sure to command. Don Telesforo de Trueba has had the distinguished gratification of bringing out a Drama, which has been very heartily damned every night of its performance; and of being accused of plagiarisms therein, in terms which must have raised the Hidalgo's blood several degrees beyond the boiling point. Other things have been dragged forth, which, like bubbles on stagnant water, have risen and burst, leaving the surface stagnant still. At Covent Garden, Mr Knowles has been playing his own William Tell and Virginius to full audiences, and creditably to his rising reputation as an actor. Miss Kelly is engaged at this house, and her powers are undiminished; she is unquestionably the best actress on the English stage. The *Ballet* of "Masaniello" has been got up gorgeously, and has attracted houses "full to overflowing." These matters, as we have said, we are compelled to divest of their amplitude; and the MINORS must be content with our simple assertion, that they deserve the patronage they receive.

MUSIC.

THE OVERTURE AND INTRODUCTION TO THE OPERA OF ROBERT LE DIABLE. G. MEYERBEER.

THE PAS DE LA BOUQUETIERE, Danced by Mlle. Taglioni. G. MEYERBEER.

SOUVENIRS OF MEYERBEER'S CELEBRATED OPERA, &c. arranged for two Performers, by W. WATTS. Book II. SCHAPPLE.

To those who had the good fortune to witness the production of this delightful Opera last season at the King's Theatre, these pieces will be received not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous! It would be something supererogatory to enter just now into a disquisition upon the merits of a composition, after the very able critiques which were elaborated on the occasion of its first introduction; and we will spare our readers and ourselves the infliction of a repetition. The overture is arranged for the piano with a flute and violin accompaniment. This and the *pas* will be found to contain some stiff but very instructive practice; the grand and imposing style of the one, and the delightful measure of the other, are very beautiful exemplifications of the composer's genius.

The Souvenirs of the present book contain the chorus of "Nous sommes tous flattés," "O Fortune," and "Malheur sans egal." They are very cleverly arranged for two performers on the piano; and while they reflect great credit on the ability of Mr. Watts, their simplicity and *contrivance* will render them, there is little doubt, very popular.

J. Johnstone, 19, St. James' Square, Edinburgh.